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and other articles together with a twelve-page Literary Supplement

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Editor: ROSALIND WADE

Associate Editor: BETTY ABEL

Editorial Advisers: PROFESSOR ESMOND WRIGHT, PROFESSOR PAUL WILKINSON

Fine Arts Correspondent: ERNLE MONEY

Music Correspondent: DAVID FINGLETON

Business Manager: DENIS MCCARTHY

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THE SANCTIONS OF 'PRESTIGE'

by Tam Dalyell, M.P.

'GESTURE politics' may often lead those who indulge in them down roads along which they do not wish to travel. So it was in the case of the last topic on which I was asked to write for *Contemporary Review*—the Scotland Act. So it is in the case of the Iran Sanctions Legislation. Politicians who put forward measures in which they do not themselves believe tend to come to grief. Not only does lack of conviction become transparent, but the very concept which is on offer becomes engulfed in a bog of anomalies. When Governments do something, not out of belief that it is the right thing to do but because they think that such a course will appease those whom they think ought to be appeased, fiasco ensues as certainly as night follows day.

A Labour Government tried to appease the Scots. In their attempt, they pleased no one: neither those who wanted a separate Scottish State, and would be satisfied with nothing less, nor those of us who held strong beliefs about the sanctity of the unity of the United Kingdom. A Conservative Government has now tried to appease the Americans. There was no other compelling reason for the imposition against Iran. In the act of doing so, they have got the worst of all possible worlds, by insulting the Iranians and arguably, many others in the Arab world; at the same time infuriating those Americans who suppose that sanctions are in the interest of the United States by the futility and half-hearted nature of implementation.

Shortly after I was elected in 1962, that rebel and learned spirit, and marvellous Parliamentarian, the late Sydney Silverman, said to me, 'Young man, you can always be certain of one thing in the House of Commons:

if there is a major issue, which by its nature ought to divide the Parties and does not do so, but unites the Front Benches across the Floor of the House, you can be certain that both Front Benches will be wrong!' This proposition, if not a Law of the Medes and Persians, is very often true in the long term. In the case of Devolution, the proposals put forward by the Labour Government in general outline had the apparent though vague consent of those who were leading for the Opposition of the day. Equally, when the political boot was on the other foot, Foreign Office Ministers in the present Conservative Government may well be forgiven for supposing that their support of sanctions against Iran had the general support of the Labour Opposition. Nor is the truth in either case dishonourable to those involved. In the case of Devolution, it was indeed the case that among the major progenitors of the 'half-way house' idea of appeasing the Scots were Ted Heath and Sir Alec Douglas-Home. Equally, those life-long Atlanticists, James Callaghan and Peter Shore, with a record of deep friendship towards the United States, were appalled at the predicament of our friends across the Atlantic over the seizing of American hostages. They felt emotionally outraged that the diplomatic way of dealing in a civilised manner between nations had been abused and injured. Not even in 1939 had it occurred to any country to hold the diplomats of another nation as hostage.

What the Front Bench did not fully grasp is that the more the House of Commons is made to think about a matter, and the more through a process of self-education it learns about a proposition, the less it may like it. It is to the credit of the 1976 and 1980 House of Commons that we are more turbulent than our predecessors in post-war years. The willingness of Labour Members to vote against their own Government, or abstain, in the years after 1974 was a rude shock to those who had come in to the House in the disciplined days of 1945, and had grown up under the tutelage of Herbert Morrison. Equally, the bucksomeness and assertiveness of the new Conservative intake has belied the notion that now that a Conservative Government is in power, Tories being Tories and the leader being generally acknowledged as an uncompromising disciplinarian, rebellion would be a thing of the past, associated with Labour's days in Government and the traditional turmoil of a party of the Left. Not so.

For readers of the *Contemporary Review,* it may be worthwhile to glance at the chemistry of what pundits have labelled as this Government's first U-Turn. What is beyond dispute is that on Monday, 19th May 1980, the Government had acquiesced in Lord Carrington's plan to make sanctions on Iran retrospective and as meaningful as possible, and that by 8 pm the same evening not only was the 'retrospective element' in sanctions thrown out of the proverbial window, but the whole policy was in tatters.

What follows cannot pretend to be an authoritative objective judgement on an episode, which will certainly command the interest of Ph.D. students, looking at decision-making in the body politic for some time to come. Rather, it is one participant's subjective version of some of the events, while they are still fresh in his memory. Nothing more.

The starting point for me was listening to my colleagues in the House discussing various aspects of the Bingham Report on Sanctions against Rhodesia, having decided from the first to exclude it from my field of activity. (A politician who tries to be a universal expert is not listened to by his fellow M.Ps.—quite rightly.) However, listening to the eloquent Attorney-General, Sir Michael Havers, defending the indefensible, I remembered the oft repeated adage of Dick Crossman, a contributor many times to *Contemporary Review,* whose Parliamentary Private Secretary I was for six years. 'Never', he said, 'pretend to be able to do that which you have no hope of being able to do.' The act of letting bygones be bygones, in relation to those who had transgressed sanctions legislation in relation to Rhodesia, generated extreme scepticism about the sense of sanctions against Iran, which unlike Rhodesian sanctions, did not even have the imprimatur of the United Nations.

The next obvious step was to sound colleagues in the corridor of the Commons, on how they felt about the wisdom or unwisdom of sanctions. As Chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party Foreign Affairs Group, I had some *locus* to do this. It was quite clear that across the wide spectrum of the Party there was disenchantment with the notion that the Party in Opposition should go along with the Government's plans.

Therefore, the question arose whether to have an Early Day Motion (the procedural device by which M.Ps, ostensibly in the form of asking for an urgent debate, but in reality giving a smoke signal as to a particular point of view) on sanctions, or to call a meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party Foreign Affairs Group to discuss the issue. I opted for the latter—partly because it neither helps relations inside a Parliamentary Party nor wins waverers to a cause to present them with a *fait accompli* about which they will learn for the first time from their newspapers.

On Monday, 14th April, the Prime Minister made her statement on Iran. Astonishingly, in view of the hurried nature of the meeting, over sixty Parliamentary colleagues were able to attend. Though Peter Shore, Opposition Foreign Affairs Spokesman, acquitted himself very honourably, it was clear that the mood of this meeting was against going along with the Government. The meeting was significant. It strengthened the hand of those in the Shadow Cabinet meeting that very night, who were against supporting the Leader of the Opposition in his wish to vote for the sanctions policy. It diffused the bitterness which would have been caused by an early day motion, or some other public posturing by groups before the proper vehicle for resolving differences of opinion in the Party had been used. It prepared the way to allow the Opposition to have a free vote on the merits of sanctions themselves. In the event, when it came to the crunch on May 12th with the Second Reading of the Iran Sanctions Bill, 85 Labour Members of Parliament, including Denis Healey and Roy Hattersley, voted against sanctions, while Peter Shore, the Opposition Chief Whip, Michael Cocks out of loyalty to the Leader who had embarked on his journey to China, and a handful of others went in to the

same pro-sanctions lobby as the Government. Most M.Ps. were in their constituencies, since understandably they did not wish to come to London on a one-line whip, to find that they could not return for the 'Day of Action' organised by the TUC, scheduled for Wednesday 14th May.

Indeed, it was this particular circumstance of the enforced unusual absence of so many M.Ps, committed to engagements on the Day of Action, which enabled me to open my account with a speech of 118 minutes on the first amendment, and in all to detain my colleagues myself for a little less than 5 hours, continuing the business through to 7.30 am the following morning: the first all-night session of the Parliament which prompted many new M.Ps, on the Conservative side, to say that they had enjoyed the experience, though I suspect in the sense of feeling that they had been initiated into a Parliamentary ritual. This is neither the occasion nor the place to dwell on the detailed arguments of the Government's policy, either during the Second reading Debate on the Monday, in which Enoch Powell summed up the situation by observing that he had never witnessed a Government Minister introduce a measure with so little enthusiasm, or during the marathon session on the Tuesday. Both debates repay study by anyone interested in the Sanctions issue.

What I would claim is that the marathon paved the way for subsequent events. It is a truth to which Members of Parliament had better accustom themselves, that few of us, (I am an exception in this matter), listen carefully to what our colleagues actually say. On the other hand, the House of Commons is like a village: gossip and news travel with remarkable rapidity on the grapevine. Though many M.Ps. were absent, a few did wander into the Chamber when they saw the same name, Dalyell, up on the TV screen, carrying on at a length unusual other than for the Chancellor's Budget Speech, out of curiosity to find out what on earth the man was 'up to'. It gradually got round that, damn it, the proposals under scrutiny were pretty unsatisfactory and ridden with loop-holes and ambiguities. What was an 'existing' contract? Did the definition include a renewable contract, so important in the package deal set-up which was an integral part of the Iran trade? How would sanctions be enforced, when people could continue to trade with Turks, East Germans, or citizens of Dubai, all in constant touch with the Ayatollah's Iran?

The important fact about the Parliamentary Marathon was that it alerted the press to the importance of the argument and caused a large number of Conservative M.Ps. to ask: 'What great cause is it for which we are tramping through the lobbies?' If it had been for some ark of the Covenant of the Conservative Party, such as Trade Union Reform, it would have been one matter. But it came home in the early hours of the morning that all this activity was in the service of a policy in which the overwhelming majority of Conservative Members of Parliament did not believe. Out of loyalty, the Government back-benchers, 150 of them, remarkably loyal to their Ministers who would have to be in their offices next day, had trooped through the lobbies, many times during the night. But by dawn of the sunlit morning of Wednesday, 14th May, there was a

groundswell of opinion, that the whole business was a tragi-comedy-farce.

Albeit, on Wednesday, May 14th, the Government got their business through despite this atmosphere of low farce which was important for the next round, on Monday 19th May. It only needed a spark to light a bonfire of rebellion, which neither the Foreign Secretary nor the Prime Minister could put out—in the questionable event that she really wanted to.

On Saturday 17th May, the Foreign Secretary, Lord Carrington, had gone to meet with EEC counterparts in the Villa Rosebery, in Naples, at the invitation of the Italian Presidency. There he had agreed, to the astonishment of many of his colleagues at home, that not only would the sanctions policy go into effect on an EEC basis, but that sanctions would apply to existing contracts, entered into after November 4th. Now, it is possible to argue that such a course was not ruled out by the Foreign Office Minister in the Commons, Douglas Hird, who had borne the brunt of the day and night of the marathon debate. But that would involve recourse to the small print, and refuge in the obscurer terms of the 1939 Trade Act, brought in for the exigencies of the Second World War. What mattered was that the impression had been left all round that existing contracts were not affected—and indeed, I was able to quote very specific passages from the speeches of Cecil Parkinson, the Trade Minister, precisely to that effect.

The collective view of the House of Commons was that 'We have been done!' At the heart of the woodpile was Lord Carrington, whose success in Rhodesia, combined with non-membership of the House of Commons, had made him a more vulnerable target than might have been overtly supposed. Once there was a debate and with it the real possibility of defeat for the Government, and the possible consequent resignation of the Foreign Secretary, it was clear the wisest thing the Government could do was to alter policy as gracefully as possible.

The international effects of this alteration, both for our policy towards South-West Asia, and towards the United States, cannot yet be clear. What is clear is that this episode was a victory for the House of Commons over the Executive in a case where the executive, or most of it, had been carried along a line against the better judgement of many of its members, for reasons of 'gesture' politics.

[Tam Dalyell, M.P., Labour Member of Parliament for West Lothian since 1962, is Chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party Foreign Affairs Group. He has been Parliamentary Private Secretary to the late R. H. Crossman, M.P. and a member of the Scottish Council for development and Industry in addition to many other appointments. Publications include *Devolution: The End of Britain?*]

ROY JENKINS: THE END OF AN EPOCH

by Cosmo Russell

BY July 1980 the succession to Mr. Roy Jenkins in the Presidency of the European Commission will be known, according to the established practice that the incoming President should be allowed time to consult Member Governments of the European Community about his future colleagues and to suggest any preferences he may have. From then on the Community will understandably be looking to the future, although the work of the present Commission will continue with full responsibility for all issues under the benign Presidency of Mr. Jenkins until December 31st. The corridors of the 13th floor of the Berlaymont building will display the names of himself and his colleagues on their office doors until 1981 and the new Commission, including a Greek Member for the first time, will take over to be welcomed like its predecessors by the Secretary-General, M. Emile Noel, who has been present since the first Commission met under the chairmanship of Walther Hallstein in 1959.

Writing this article in May there still seems a long time to go; in fact it is short but long or full in terms of what may happen. Looking back, the main features of Mr. Jenkins' Presidency over the last three years and four months have been the acceptance of the President as a regular participant at the European Summit, the creation of the European Monetary System and the election of the European Parliament. These have been positive achievements for a style of presidency that has been persuasive rather than demanding, objective in pronouncement rather than pessimistic. One has to recognize that the highlights have been matched by moments of obvious difficulty for Roy Jenkins as an Englishman, since even a European President cannot fully escape his national background nor is he meant to do so. He had not been in office for a week before the British Government, of which he had previously been a leading member, were taken to the European Court on an admittedly minor breach of the Community rules, soon settled. Thereafter he had the continuing saga of United Kingdom opposition to the Common Agricultural Policy and in 1979/80 the knotty problem of a United Kingdom budget contribution so much greater than that of other Member countries: 1209 million net deficit compared with 699 million for Germany and 13 million for France. The other six, Italy, Belgium, Ireland, Netherlands, Denmark and Luxembourg, are net beneficiaries in that order of benefit. The problem as stated by the United Kingdom is firstly that the figure for our contribution is far too high in any case and secondly is aggravated because Britain has the third lowest Gross Domestic Product of the Nine, only exceeded by Ireland and Italy, the two recognisably poor Community countries. In fact, the forecast for 1980 suggests that it will have the lowest of all countries with -2.5, the only country, apart from Denmark (-0.3), to show a minus figure.

Some partner countries, notably France, suggest that Britain's situation

could improve if we took more food from Europe and less from overseas since we should then pay less levy to the Community, and that of course we have the asset of North Sea oil. A further factor has been the appreciation of sterling which would certainly be less if we were to join the European Monetary System, at present we are the only country to remain outside. Since its inception the EMS has, on the evidence, contributed to keeping the exchanges of the Eight countries steady. The budget issue has now been resolved with substantial reductions for Britain over a three year period. The quid pro quo—a feature of Community solidarity —has been agreement to a 5% rise in food prices and the organisation of a common market in sheep meat, advantageous to Britain, which unlike our partners will not have an intervention price but a deficiency payment to benefit sheep farmers without raising prices to the consumer. This is an important innovation in Community policy and has been welcomed by the British Government.

A short answer is that the world situation itself is so infinitely complicated that local issues should by comparison be more easy to settle for peoples who are certainly united on essentials, even if those essentials are all too often obscured by domestic problems on the front door step. On these issues the objective critic would say that Mr. Jenkins has fallen over backwards to stress the European optic in the full light of his background and nationality. He has perhaps suffered from one disadvantage that while his speeches to the European Parliament have been models of objective statecraft, his low profile approach has led to the criticism recently voiced in the *Stuttgarter Zeitung* that he has been too ready to give his colleagues on the Commission a free hand with their various fields of responsibility and has not always sought to knit their respective activities together or give a lead from the Presidential chair. An answer to this criticism, also implicit in the Spierenburg report of which more presently but which was critical more of the actual situation than the office holders, is that since Governments appoint Commission members through the Council neither the incoming President nor the Parliament have any real say in the matter. The President is and must be *primus inter pares* and a Chairman dependent in the last resort on voting procedure in the Commission.

Sometimes even the Commission as a whole appears to act in a manner contrary to the views it is supposed to hold. An example has been the much debated question of sales of subsidised butter to the Soviet Union. Why has the Commission seemed unable to prevent this? The answer is that the butter is in fact stored by national agencies and once stored is outside the Commission's control. If it is sold to the Soviet Union, it is because that country is a ready buyer. To sell butter even at a reduced price outside the Common Market is firstly no breach of Community rules, secondly it is more economical than keeping it in store, for which the cost is phenomenal. Other outlets have been suggested—the most obvious being the poorest developing countries as a form of aid. The fact of the matter is that those countries are ready to take powdered milk but not butter in the quantities available. This is a development problem in itself.

A suggested alternative is that butter should be taken out of store with the national agencies and sold in domestic markets at a very low price to people with below average income: parents with large families, pensioners and the very old. This appears to be a breach of Community pricing policy, although it was done some years ago by the Government of Ireland. If the matter could be resolved positively in the months remaining to Mr. Jenkins and his Danish colleague Mr. Gundelach who is responsible for agriculture, this would unquestionably be an admirable parting achievement. It could of course evolve around changes in the Common Agricultural Policy itself. A cardinal feature here is that the CAP is supported essentially by VAT and levies on food imports from outside the Community, and the VAT proportion will have reached its ceiling in a matter of eighteen months, so that it looks as if changes must be made to meet inevitable economies in the running costs of the CAP.

The Spierenburg report abovementioned will present the Commission with major problems from now until the end of the year. In January 1979 the Commission asked a group of five wise men presided over by the former Netherlands Common Market Commissioner, Dirk Spierenburg, to examine the Commission's structures, functioning and staff policy. Mr. Dick Taverne, the former Labour British Member of Parliament, was a member of the group which reported its findings in September. The main features of the report were as follows. Firstly, it stressed that the Commission must continue to be an independent institution and not become simply a secretariat. The group believed that over the last ten years the influence of the Commission had been in decline. This trend must be reversed and the Commission become more influential, which implies that its organisation must be improved. The group believed that the role of the President should be reinforced; in particular, it should be responsible for coordinating and programming the Commission's work and that of its departments together with correct staff distribution. In practice the group plan also showed that this would give substantial coordinating power to the Vice-President (one only in the proposed reorganisation) for virtually all administration and budgeting would be his responsibility, for which he would of course be responsible to the President as well as to his other colleagues on the Commission. Like all revising groups, this one is no exception in concentrating on central planning and that much used and abused word coordination. In practice, it would appear that all this is designed to strengthen the hand of the Commissioner responsible for administration. It is some years since this Commissioner has actually been a Vice-President. At present the responsible Commissioner is Mr. Christopher Tugendhat, the United Kingdom Conservative who is the youngest Member and who has performed a difficult job with distinction. He is not a Vice-President, but if the plan goes through whoever is responsible for administration in the Commission will hold that title. In practice, one must wonder how this will 'rub off' on the functional departments who do the work by which the Commission is known, and which is the reason for its existence. The coexistence of policy and administration is a consistently thorny problem

both in international organisations and national government.

Reference has been made to the main features of the Jenkins Presidency. In fact these are more appropriately the events which have made news. It is pertinent that all these issues are marginal to the main work of the Community, which has carried on and expanded regardless of economic recession and the crises so often manufactured by the Press and media. Many such crises would be treated as part of the day's work in a national parliamentary setting. The Community's economic panorama is vast and is continually growing. If one takes the main subjects: food and agriculture; energy; trade and economic revival, regional and social policy; external relations and the operation of the Lomé convention with the developing countries and the maintenance of the system of generalised preferences now agreed in principle for the next twenty years with revision every five years, it must be realised that these involve decisions so wide ranging that they affect all branches of human activity not only in Europe but globally. Moreover these are issues which are well beyond the capacity of any one country to tackle on its own. More problems will develop with the advent of Greece, while it seems clear that every endeavour will be made to hasten the entry of Spain and Portugal. All this work is in progress and is very little affected by the standard periodical debates on, for instance, agriculture and the budget which arise in the Community institutions. There is today hardly a country in the world with which the Community has no trade agreement. It is relevant to make this point in view of recent despondency in Britain over the effect of Community membership on ourselves and the recurrence of the question: would we be better off outside?

This argument was dealt with purely from the angle of British economic benefit and then only the financial aspect in a series of articles in the *Guardian* last March. An objective reader might conclude from reading these articles that there could be advantage to the British economy in withdrawal, although sustained by hypothetical assumptions that the basis of advantage to other European countries in maintaining free trade with Britain could result in reasonable terms of association. It was also maintained by the concluding writer of the series, Mr. Peter Shore, that since Britain is a member of a large number of other international organisations much of the work of decision making on a global scale could be maintained between Britain and the former EEC partners through those institutions. Furthermore it was suggested that Britain had received commitments from the original Community of the Six on accession which had been set aside. It is maintained here that all these arguments are deceptive.

First, to take the argument of commitment by the Six. Verbal undertakings such as they are or were are customarily overtaken by time. So far as the Accession Treaty is concerned there is certainly no commitment to change the Treaties or subsequent decisions save in Article 4(2) as follows:

> The new Member States undertake to accede, under the conditions laid down

> in this Act, to agreements or conventions concluded by the original Member States and any of the Communities, acting jointly, and to agreements concluded by the original Member States which are related to those agreements or conventions. *The Community and the original Member States shall assist the new Member States in this respect.*

There is therefore a general undertaking to assist; no commitment to change. There is more general satisfaction in Article 6 of the EEC Treaty itself:

> 1. Member States shall, in close cooperation with the institutions of the Community, coordinate their respective economic policies to the extent necessary to attain the objectives of the Treaty.
> 2. The institutions of the Community shall take care not to prejudice the internal and external financial stability of the Member States.

This can be related to the aim of the Community at Article 2 comprising '. . . a harmonious development of economic activities, a continuous and balanced expansion . . .' and to Article 3(g) whereby an aim is 'the application of procedures by which the economic policies of Member States can be coordinated and disequilibria in their balances of payments remedied.'

Two comments may be relevant: firstly the new Members of 1973 entered the Community after weighing the balance of advantage and believing, so far as Britain was concerned, that higher food prices would be compensated by the benefits of a large free market, secondly that help would be forthcoming from the Community in times of difficulty. In fact for largely domestic reasons, Britain has been unable to take advantage of the wider market for our manufactured goods. In fact, our exports to the Community have declined but on the other hand we have received considerable help from the Community in respect of coal and steel, regional and social development and agriculture. Moreover, the realities of economic life and therefore Community life are changing continuously. It is not therefore to commitment but to inevitable change that we should refer in this context. To leave the Community and yet to retain free trade would not affect the situation of our ailing manufacturing industry while we would be debarred from decision making. On the other hand, protection would invite counter measures, thereby annulling the benefits of the proposed dis-association. No membership of global organisations such as OECD, the International Monetary Fund or GATT would compensate for this exclusion.

There remain the final savings due to withdrawal. These can only be hazarded and would almost certainly be wrong. They include the benefit of cheap food imports—if they were to remain cheap—against which our farmers would have to be subsidized out of our own resources. There is every prospect that if we continue in the Community changes in the Common Agricultural Policy will increase the Guidance Section of the Fund in relation to the Guarantee or price fixing Section which has involved us in so much cost hitherto. Why? Because the European farm product is rising in proportion to those employed in agriculture and

because the trend is all in favour of assisting the industry indirectly rather than by undue subsidies to surplus. In our own interest and that of our farmers who are and will continue to be our most important long-term industry, membership of the Community makes sense. It is even more important from a world angle with the constant threat of a world food shortage, which Britain must contribute to correcting along with Community partners.

To return to Community institutions upon which the burden of change must fall together with the national institutions, which it is sometimes forgotten are an essential part thereof. There is criticism of the Commission not because it does too little but because it does too much; yet every decision has to be approved by delegates of Member Governments. If this is ignored the reason is that it is all too easy to make the Commission a scapegoat. Here one must admit that the Commission is not always good at presenting its own case when attacked. It is efficient at feeding the media with detailed information; if its views are reported they are usually ephemerally related to some gloomy instance. But the factual information when given without embellishment is the measure of the Community's achievement. Such figures as regional aid or aid to farmers or to vocational training or the progress of the Lomé convention are indicative. If the latter were not of benefit, one can hardly imagine that on independence Zimbabwe would have sought immediate association. Again, to look at central issues, it cannot be denied that the Community, despite CAP problems, has kept a large if declining farm population at work and 350 million fed; also exported food in substantial quantities. In fact, although stealing the headlines for the wrong reasons, agriculture is not the Achilles heel of the Community in Roy Jenkins' last year: nor is energy, if the Community countries follow the present guidelines for energy resources. The real problem is inflation and unemployment, the twin headed monster since, to correct the first, all efforts are deflationary and the first result, if successful, could be to create unemployment rather than find jobs. This is the most potent economic danger to the Community throughout 1980 and beyond, leading as it has to social unrest often in violent form as in Italy and to some extent in France. In Germany this form of terrorism, active a few years ago, seems to have been brought under control. Unemployment brought about the collapse of democratic government in the thirties. Could the Community survive any such collapse among its members? Almost certainly not. But in the thirties there was no Community with a mission of solidarity.

Thus, the real problem of the Community is unemployment and above all jobs for the young. Here some figures are revealing. Germany on present evidence had more success than other countries in 1979 with 3.4% unemployment; France and Britain are about the same with 6.9% and 6.8%; Italy's problem is 8.5%; Belgium worst of all with 9.2%; Denmark 7%; Netherlands 4.5%; Ireland 8.4%; Luxembourg 0.9%.

This brings one to the political role, now more apparent with Community action taking shape on Iran and Afghanistan, the outcome of which

it would be unwise to hazard in the light of recent events.

To go back in time, the European Movement was initially ideological and had an active youth element. The EEC was a compromise, following a check to political union with the rejection of the European Defence Community in 1954 and the economic path to union was chosen instead. Eminently successful in the sixties, indispensable economic detail often obscured the political aim. In a sense the ideal revived in 1979 with the European elections. The political ball is now fairly in the court of the Parliament. It always was, even in the days of the nominated Parliament, which had to campaign for 27 years with the Common Assembly of Coal and Steel before achieving the direct elections in 1979 which were always its goal and assured by the later EEC Treaty of 1957.

For Mr. Jenkins, an eminent parliamentarian, this at least must be a rewarding factor. He has been President precisely because of his parliamentary past. When he speaks to the European Parliament, although not a member himself, he speaks as a parliamentarian. In that capacity, above the daily round of Community business, he can give the lead from the European executive, which the Parliament has the right to expect. How fortunate for the first elected Parliament that the President of the Commission 'was one of them' and of the stature of Mr. Jenkins. A tradition has been established and, looking ahead to 1981, that tradition must be maintained with a final thought that Roy Jenkins will be hard to follow.

ASPECTS OF ARAB COOPERATION AND COORDINATION IN THE ENERGY FIELD

by Ahmed El-Saadi

IN discussing aspects of Arab cooperation and coordination in the field of energy, it is essential to bear in mind economic realities in the Arab world such as the following:

1. The Arab countries are not as affluent in energy as pictured in the media. The Arab share in proven world reserves of energy presently amounts to about 9%, compared with 25% for the U.S. and 22% for the Soviet Union.

2. Energy resources are inequitably distributed. About 97% of Arab oil reserves are owned by seven countries, while the remaining 3% is distributed among another five. Ten Arab countries with a population of over 50 million (about 30% of the total) do not have any known reserves of oil or gas at all.

3. The fact that the Arab countries consume only 6% of their total production while contributing 60% of the world oil trade indicates a low level of consumption rather than large reserves and as well the underdeveloped state of their economies. If energy consumption per capita were to rise to that in Italy, for example, about 50% of the present Arab production of oil and all that over the next ten years would be consumed locally.

4. The significance of Arab oil resources is much exaggerated by the media. Per capita GNP in the Arab world is almost equal to that in Turkey, a developing country that has never been described as wealthy. The major Arab oil producers depend largely on oil, the export value of which comprises about 90% of their GNP. In general, these countries do not have other significant economic resources.

5. Development of future energy sources requires large investments along with sophisticated technologies. The Arab countries which have no significant non-oil energy sources also lack the technologies needed for developing them. This illustrates the significance of oil as an energy source and as a source of income for developing the non-oil economies of the Arab countries.

A survey carried out by OAPEC indicated that there are 47 organisations in the Arab countries dealing with energy issues and engaged in Research and Development and training: 21 are concerned with solar energy, six with atomic energy, two with the conservation and

optimal utilisation of energy, and two with energy forecasts. In addition, there are four petroleum training centres and 14 other bodies dealing with energy research in general. This situation reveals the inadequacy of research, development and training at the national level, except possibly for solar energy, and the lack of institutions in many energy fields. For example, 18 Arab countries have no specialised agencies for energy conservation and forecasting, which are fundamental for economic and energy planning. At the regional level, there is no joint Arab institution dealing with energy issues except for OAPEC in the field of petroleum and the Department of Oil Affairs of the Arab League, the latter devoted solely to sponsoring the Arab Petroleum Congress once every two years.

While there is a visible shortage of comprehensive energy institutions at the national level, they are non-existent at the regional level. Here emerges a significant opportunity for Arab cooperation and coordination in the area of energy research. The existing institutions, as is the case with solar energy, have much the same programmes. Through cooperation specialised R&D could be distributed to prevent the duplication and dispersion of already sparse efforts and avoid shortages. Research development and experiments are costly and expertise is scarce in the Arab countries. The tremendous shortage of qualified staff to carry out energy studies represents another area where cooperation is needed.

The oil companies have discovered proven oil reserves in the Arab countries equivalent to one-half the world's total. Accounting for one-third of global production, these reserves are produced at an investment cost not exceeding 1% of the companies' expenditure in the world oil industry. Seven times as much has been spent in Western Europe, where reserves represent only 7% of those of the Arab world, and many times as much as investments in the Arab oil industry as a whole have been spent to develop oil in the North Sea and Alaska.

Since the oil companies will not invest large funds in exploring for new oil or non-oil resources outside the consuming countries or in such areas as they consider secure, the Arab countries themselves have to assume the responsibility for developing new oil reserves. Further, improving oil recovery rates is expensive, and again the oil companies are hesitant, if not opposed to, large-scale investment in the Arab countries. As a result of higher oil depletion rates, the life span of Arab oil reserves dropped from 96 years in 1960 to 48 years in 1973 and has remained so despite the fact that reserves more than doubled during the period 1960-1970.

Cooperation on enhancing exploration activities in the Arab countries is therefore quite important. Limited exploration has been carried out in most of these countries, and there are good prospects for new oil discoveries, albeit at a relatively higher cost. There are also opportunities for cooperation in the improvement of recovery rates which could increase the value of current Arab oil reserves.

Other sources of energy—shale oil, nuclear, solar, wind, and biomass—require sophisticated, expensive technologies available at the international level. Arab groups specialised in these areas could be set up to exchange

expertise and information, and to carry out joint demonstration projects between interested countries and those having the relevant energy potential.

Availability of information is a basic rule of thumb for cooperation, and to identify the opportunities for Arab cooperation, information must be exchanged among the Arab countries. We are in a complex era; contradictions exist which often make it difficult or impossible to make the right decision if data are absent or inaccurate. For instance, OAPEC once conducted a study forecasting future energy demand, but could not compile data on current consumption conditions and had to rely on general estimates published by the United Nations which were open to doubt and lacked the details required to identify consumption trends. When OAPEC's study was compared with a similar one prepared by OPEC, the variations in actual consumption figures reached about 50% for some years. If these figures had then been used in preparing forecasts, the error would have been compounded and the study rendered unreliable. This shows the importance of studies, standardisation of terminology and data collection methods, which are equally important for the Arab countries both individually and collectively.

Arab organisations rely on foreign studies concerning the status of Arab countries. Such studies are no more accurate than Arab ones; in fact, they are based on preliminary data and estimates which are full of errors. Accepting and publishing such data would mean that we support them, and their presence in both Arab and foreign sources would seem to confirm their accuracy. Also, planning future manpower development and exchange among the Arab countries cannot be achieved without having full information on future requirements and existing institutes and training centres. The Arab countries must be able to tailor their training programmes and curriculums to their own needs, or to determine the possibility of meeting them from other Arab countries. Foreign manpower—highly specialised, skilled or even semi-skilled—costs the Arab countries billions of dollars. A study prepared by the OAPEC General Secretariat on the proposed Arab Engineering Venture for Consultancy and Design revealed that investment in Arab petroleum engineering and consulting services for 1980-1990 could total $10 billion. At present Arab companies and private organisations get only 2% of these projects.

Data availability and future planning would contribute to fulfilling such requirements domestically, and together represent another example of how information could be exchanged on various energy facets or other research activities. Moreover, the terms of contracts concluded with foreign firms for developing alternative energy sources, either for the supply of expertise or equipment, may be significantly improved and improvident clauses may be avoided through information exchange among the Arab countries.

Recent trends in energy consumption and the Arab countries' increasing requirements for energy affect the exports of the Arab oil countries and increase the burdens of the importing ones. Energy conservation including economic (e.g. pricing policies) and technical measures (e.g. selecting the optimal consumption pattern, the type of plants required, and encouraging

public transport) could cause economic, social and technical dislocations. Therefore, they must be carefully considered by a group of experts which would make recommendations and proposals to curtail and rationalise consumption. In the view of some energy economists, conservation is the least expensive option for meeting energy balances. This important issue, the subject of international studies, conferences and seminars, must set the stage for creating an Arab working group of economists and technicians to specialise in energy conservation and savings. This working group would utilise data compiled on energy consumption trends in the various sectors of Arab economies. It also would follow up technological developments in industrial countries and attempt to formulate pricing policies for Arab countries that would create incentives for conservation without affecting their development plans. For instance, product prices in some Arab countries are far below those in Western Europe, which encourages the waste of energy and money for subsidies.

Economies of scale can be utilised by the Arab countries, particularly for nuclear energy projects in adjacent areas within various countries. The heavy investment and the advanced technologies required for nuclear energy warrant Arab cooperation in this field. The most economically viable reactors are those of 1000 megawatts or more, a capacity exceeding the requirements of any single Arab country. Joint Arab studies in which all interested countries would participate should therefore be carried out.

The study on the engineering venture indicated that products storage capacity in the Arab countries is sufficient for only a few days, and varies from one country and from one product to another. This reveals the weak position of the Arab countries should any oil installation be put out of commission for one reason or another. The EEC normally has a 90-day stockpile.

Cooperation of this kind may appear strange. But we are certainly aware that the Arab region is a target because of its oil wealth. Oilfields, oil installations and means of transport are likely targets in any conflict in the area. The immediate danger is Israel, which, with specific aims and ambitions, wants to share in Arab energy resources, and which might be used as a spearhead for its allies' intervention in the region. From this standpoint, a strategic stockpile could make the critical difference for the Arab countries, whose oil installations are exposed to danger and whose capabilities would be paralysed if they had no oil stockpile. Reports alleging a power vacuum in the Arabian Gulf, the possibility of sabotage, and Soviet expansionism could well turn out to be a guise for a military intervention by Israeli or other foreign troops. In all cases, the Arab countries would be more exposed to external dangers than the West, which maintains a strategic stockpile of crude and products.

Prospects for cooperation in this field generally seem to be possible at the national level, but Arab cooperation and coordination are inevitable. Each of these avenues for cooperation requires wide experience, manpower, articulate technical studies, follow-up committees, capital outlays, common Arab security arrangements, and integration of human, financial

and natural resources. In the Western industrial countries, energy and the so-called security of supplies issues are treated as justifications for joint action, although their importance is far below that needed for Arab cooperation.

The International Energy Agency (IEA) includes among its members some countries which have no significant energy resources such as Japan, some which are self-sufficient in oil and coal such as Britain, and some which are exporters and importers like the U.S. Nonetheless, these countries reached agreement in 1974 on a plan to share oil in an emergency, conserve energy, develop alternative sources, price domestic energy, store oil, cooperate with international oil companies and carry out joint research and experiments. The IEA strategic cooperation committee has a hand in controlling consumption patterns in each member state and submits reports and recommendations on the implementation of its decisions. These are examples of cooperation among the industrial nations in energy and oil that should be far more important to the Arab countries. Most Arab exporting countries are dependent for their well-being, even their existence as modern states, on a single commodity—oil. Energy-balanced states will become importers unless they develop new energy sources to meet their increasing needs, while the importing countries will have to meet additional burdens. In the long term, 30 or 40 years from now, the Arab countries could find themselves hungry for the energy which now forms the mainstay of their economic life. The industrial countries' programmes to raise their economic growth by 1% concomitant with a similar increase for energy would mean a 10-million b/d increase in their energy needs in 10 years, most of which will come from Arab oil and thus shorten further the life span of Arab oil reserves. In the industrial countries consumption will increase by 23 million b/d of oil equivalent on the basis of a 3% annual rate of energy growth and a combined consumption rate of 70 million b/d and by 33 million b/d of oil equivalent if the increase is 4%. This shows that world energy developments and trends will decide the fate of the energy policies of the Arab countries unless they adopt policies which serve their own interests.

In the absence of Arab cooperation and coordination, all the Arab countries will suffer in varying forms. The next 10 or 15 years are thus a golden opportunity for the Arab countries to prepare for the future and to negotiate from a position of strength with the industrial countries. The Arab countries must seize this opportunity now, as it might not occur again.

The First Arab Energy Conference recommended setting up an Arab Energy Commission through which proposals for cooperation could be made. Certain working groups may be set up under this commission to consider activities such as solar energy, energy conservation, nuclear energy and forecasting. The nucleus of these working groups exists and only a political decision is needed to form them. Within the regional energy institutions, there are interested persons involved in various energy fields who could form the nucleus of this commission. Following its formation, shortcomings may be identified, and then avoided, through the

exchange of information and experts. The Arab Energy Commission would be more comprehensive if it embraced national energy committees representing energy activities in each country, thus becoming an Arab energy centre serving each country and the Arab nation at large.

The establishment of an integrated Arab energy policy coupled with the ability to gear it for development will have a major impact on the future progress of the Arab countries. Arab cooperation and coordination are imperative for the success of this effort. The energy issue in its international dimension and at the technological and know-how levels is far beyond the capability of any single state to determine successfully.

In this context, Arab cooperation and coordination in the energy field are not only important for the region's economic growth, and the provision of its future energy reserves, but are also important for its security and freedom. If the Western industrial countries view the availability of oil supplies as a form of security for their economies, the security of the Arab nation depends upon its determination to protect and utilise its resources to face the ambitious designs of the Western industrial countries on the one hand and to meet the challenges of Arab cooperation for economic development on the other.

[Ahmed El-Saadi is Head of the Energy Unit, OAPEC.]

THE MORAL CASE OF A CARNIVORE

by Hugh V. McLachlan

I SHALL try to sketch a basis of a moral justification for being an eater of animal flesh. Since much recent discussion of vegetarianism has focused on the notions of 'animal rights' and 'speciesism', I shall develop my case by considering the differences, if any, between being an eater of the flesh of human and of non-human animals. 'Speciesism' involves treating the members of a particular species favourably or disfavourably. 'Speciesism' is considered to be analogous to 'racism' and 'sexism'. I shall consider two questions which tend to be conflated: what is the moral difference between the eating of the flesh of human and of non-human animals?: what is the moral difference between the killing of human and of non-human animals in order to eat their flesh?

Imagine that a cow wondered in front of a moving sports car and that the subsequent collision was fatal for the driver and the cow. What would be the moral difference between eating the body of the cow rather than that of the driver? There might be, at least for some people, revulsion at the thought of eating human flesh. (Others might feel similar revulsion at the thought of eating the cow.) I do not think that such revulsion necessarily pertains to any moral principle. However, I think that there could be moral differences between eating the dead driver and eating the dead cow. For instance, it is plausible that the friends of the dead driver might discover that his or her body had been eaten and be distressed by their discovery, where it does not seem plausible to attribute such a discovery or such distress to the kith or kin of the deceased cow. Furthermore, suppose that it became generally known that the bodies were eaten of those killed in road accidents. Such knowledge might plausibly cause distress to living road users, who might not relish the thought that their bodies might be eaten by fellow human beings. (Perhaps there would not be similar distress caused by the prospect of being eaten by, say, worms since to have one's body eaten by worms is not to be treated with disrespect.) It does not seem to me to be reasonable to speculate that living cows could gain the knowledge that human beings eat dead cows.

What if the living were distressed neither by the thought that the body of a dead human being had been eaten nor by the thought that the body of one would be eaten? Would I conclude that, in these circumstances, eating the body of a dead human is morally equivalent to eating, say, a dead cow? I think that a difference could arise from consideration of the wishes of the person whose dead human body is being discussed.[1] Unlike other animals, I and some other human ones can express a preference as to what becomes of our dead bodies. I would not like my dead body to be eaten by other humans unless failure to eat it could reasonably be thought seriously to harm their chances of comfortable survival, in which case I hope that my body would be eaten by the humans. I would not like my body to be eaten, say, for a bet nor to discover what it tasted like, or just

for fun. I think that my stating such a preference—presuming that I am being sincere and not merely trying to make a philosophical point—goes towards obliging the reader not wantonly to eat my dead body. I do not know what preferences are generally held by others as to what happens to their dead bodies. However, I would suggest that I have reason to say that at least some other humans have a preference as to whether or not their bodies are eaten by other humans whereas I have no reason for saying that other animals have such a preference: and even if they did, I could not discover what it was.

Suppose that the dead driver of the sports car was known to have had no objection to the eating of his or her body by other human beings. (Perhaps he or she carried a card which conveyed this information.) In these circumstances, it is not clear whether there would be a moral difference between eating the cow and eating the body of the driver.

According to Devine, there are two approaches a vegetarian might take in arguing that rearing and killing animals for food is morally offensive. He might argue that eating animals is morally bad because of the pain inflicted on animals in rearing and killing them to be eaten. Or he could object to the killing itself. . . . In sum, vegetarians on strictly moral grounds fall into two classes: those who object to the infliction of suffering on animals, and those who object to killing them.[3]

Let us consider the first approach to vegetarianism which Devine outlines.

Suppose that, unlike the dead driver, the dead cow had been deliberately reared for human consumption and that the method of rearing employed had caused the cow considerable suffering. Would the supposed fact of such suffering create a moral presumption against our eating the body of the cow rather than that of the driver? It might be suggested that since the cow is now dead and, presumably, beyond suffering, it is irrelevant how its body is consumed. Our abstention from eating the animal's flesh will not compensate for its former suffering. On the other hand, it might be said that to eat the cow is to encourage a type of commercial farming which will lead to the future suffering of other cows and that this creates a moral presumption in favour of eating the body of the driver rather than the cow.

However, it is not clear to what extent this sort of argument supports vegetarianism since it does not appear that all animals which are reared for human consumption suffer more than they would have done were they not so rear. For instance, it seems plausible to argue that cows which are reared for human consumption might actually suffer less than other cows. After all, they will be fed and sheltered and tended when they are injured. I limit my case for being an eater of animal flesh to those instances where my consumption of flesh does not lead animals to suffer significantly more than they otherwise would. In terms of this principle, I can see no objection to my eating animals such as, say, fish, sheep and cattle. However, I do have qualms about some animals which are produced by certain methods of intensive farming. For instance, I believe that 'battery hens'

live so totally cooped that they cannot walk or run or fully spread their wings. I think that my suggested principle would lead me to try to refrain from eating such creatures or their eggs.

Devine has indicated two approaches which might be taken in the moral advocacy of vegetarians. I am not convinced that the vegetarian is restricted to these two approaches. For instance, consider the following claims in a recent (non-philosophical) article on vegetariansm:

> Scientifically it has, so they say, been proved that when an animal is going to be slaughtered it can sense as well as smell the blood of other animals which have been killed. This excites fear which in turn sets the adrenalin flowing and creates toxins in the animal's body—which is going to be eaten. (To say nothing of the hormones and antibiotics which have been injected into the animal to make it big and fat.) Vegetarianism means taking nothing from a dead creature. . . . We have a population explosion—yet meat is still a status symbol in many parts of the Western world. How many people realise that it takes ten times as much pasture to feed the animal to feed the human than it does to feed the grains to the human direct? That means ten times more people could be fed, and what a saving in cost! Just imagine: 10 to 1, 10,000 to 1,000. The mind boggles as one does this simple arithmetic, remembering the piteous millions all over the world, unable to get just one good square meal a day.[3]

There is here the basis of two further possible moral arguments in favour of vegetarianism. The vegetarian might claim that one has a moral and not merely a prudential duty to remain healthy and that a particular diet which excludes animal flesh is markedly healthier than any diet which does not: he or she might conclude that one is morally obliged to adopt that particular diet. My lack of knowledge of nutrition makes it difficult for me to judge the appropriate weight to attach to this argument. I think I would respond to it by saying that I very much enjoy eating meat and that it is not clear that one is never justified in risking one's health for the sake of projected comfort and enjoyment. Such risks are unavoidable if one is to lead anything like a normal life. It would be curious to claim that, say, driving a motor car is immoral because it is, to an extent, physically dangerous. Would it be healtheir to eat the body of the dead cow or that of the driver of the sports car? I do not know. Suppose that the body of the cow contained harmful substances while the body of the driver was relatively toxin-free. (Perhaps he had been a vegetarian.) The outcome of this particular argument in this case would appear to be that it would be morally preferable to eat the body of the driver than that of the cow.

The vegetarian might also say that a particular system of food production which does not involve the rearing of animals for food is morally preferable to systems which do involve the rearing of animals for food since it is able to support far more people, many of whom would otherwise starve or live in discomfort. This seems to me to be the most challenging moral argument in favour of vegetarianism. However, I do not have sufficient knowledge of agricultural economics accurately to assess its worth. Given that the factual basis of the argument is correct, I would tentatively accept it. However, I am not clear how it pertains to my obligation either to eat or to refrain from eating animal flesh under our existing system of food production. If there is a moral obligation not to squander food then

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one might be thought to be morally obliged to eat the flesh of animals if it is made available. On the other hand, it might be said that to eat the flesh of animals which have been deliberately reared to be eaten is to help to perpetuate a morally suspect system of food production. I think I would argue that the survival of the existing system of food production is so negligibly dependent upon my own consumption that it would be a hollow gesture for me to forgo meat in order to try to produce its demise. I think I would reconsider my views on being a carnivore if it were to be shown that my unilateral reduction in consumption of meat would beneficially affect the malnutrited.

On the basis of this suggested moral argument in favour of vegetarianism, would there be a difference between eating the body of the driver and that of the cow? The following possible difference has already been suggested. It could be argued that a difference arises from the fact that—let us assume—the cow, unlike the man, was reared in order to be killed for food. On the basis of this vegetarian argument, although there would be no objection to the eating of animals in general which were killed accidentally, there might be an objection to eating those which were reared for consumption, even if they were killed accidentally. It might be said that to eat such animals is to help to support a morally suspect system of food production. If vegetarians were to start to eat the bodies of those animals reared for consumption which were killed accidentally then, presumably, there would be a tendency for more animals to be reared for consumption. Hence, the vegetarian might again suggest that it is morally preferable to eat the body of the driver than that of the cow.

What is the moral difference between our killing an animal such as, say, a cow and a human animal such as, say, a sports car driver in order to eat its flesh? A morally relevant difference seems to be that we can have knowledge of the worth to a human being of living life as a human being and we—both vegetarians and carnivores—have no knowledge of the worth to a cow of living life as a cow. We can have knowledge of the worth of human life to humans because we have experience of human life. How could one try to assess the worth to cows of life as cows? Well, I am a person who has a human body. Would I relish the prospect of having in its stead the body of a cow? I might say that the prospect of spending my days tramping around a field on a diet of grass is less attractive than that of death. On the other hand, I might make the speculative claim that persons who have the bodies of cows also have such personalities and desires that living as a cow is tolerable, although it is beyond my imagination to consider that such a life could be of profound satisfaction or joy. In either event, I would contend that one can merely speculate about the worth to a cow as life as a cow.

In order to survive, we must eat and, in order to eat, other things must be sacrificed or, at least, transformed. One might make the moral judgement that one is never morally justified in sacrificing or transforming anything in order to secure one's own comfort and/or survival. Most people make the moral judgement that our own comfort and survival does justify

the sacrifice or transformation of other occupants of the world. As a carnivore, I make the judgement that the worth of living as a cow is such that it is justifiable to kill a cow in order that I might survive in comfort. I also make the judgement that the worth of living life as a human being does not justify killing one in order that I might eat; at least, it is not justifiable while there are around animals such as cows. The vegetarian makes the judgement that the worth of living life as a cow is such that it is not justifiable to kill one for the sake of human comfort and/or survival. Both the vegetarian and I are guessing, perforce, about the worth to a cow of life as a cow. The vegetarian and I also make guesses in which we are in agreement. For instance, we both agree that our own comfort and survival justifies the sacrifice and transformation of, for instance, bacteria, plants and vegetables.

Vegetarians often accuse carnivores of being partial in their treatment of human and non-human animals: of not treating equally human and non-human animals in equal situations. Specifically, they say that while carnivores kill for food non-talking and non-rational non-human animals, they do not similarly kill non-talking and non-rational human ones. I would concede that, as a carnivore, I might be treating persons with non-human bodies differently from persons with human ones in cases where there is no morally relevant difference in their circumstances. But I would challenge the vegetarian's claim to know that I am doing so.

Consider a cow and a mentally defective human who is incapable of speech and rational thought. I might kill the cow and spare the human being. However, it does not follow that I am treating differently persons which I think or know to be in morally similar situations. I might judge that the worth of living as a non-rational human is more than that of living as a cow. I do not know the respective worth of the lives but, I would suggest, neither does the vegetarian. Even if I thought or knew that the worth of both lives was the same, it would not follow that I would be acting immorally if I killed the cow rather than the human being. The feelings of the relatives and friends of the human being would have to be taken into account. Furthermore, if it is the case that one is equally justified in killing both As and Bs, then to kill solely As is not to act unjustly. For instance, I am equally justified by law in offering sexual favours to men and women: but I would treat members of neither sex unjustly if I were to confine my attention to the members of one particular sex.

Let me reiterate these conclusions by considering the case where a human and a bovine creature are at the same level of mental development. Consider, first of all, the instance where both are at the level of a normal human animal. It need hardly be said that I would not condone the killing of the human in order to eat its flesh. I would be reluctant to condone the killing of the other creature but I am uncertain of my position. My uncertainty derives from my temptation to think that, if one possessed the body of a cow and the rationality and consequent aspirations of a normal human, then the subsequent tedium and frustration would render living more of a burden than a benefit. However, for reasons other than moral

THE WEST AND YUGOSLAVIA AFTER TITO

by Stephen Marcovich

AS President Tito lay on his deathbed in Ljubljana, his collective successors were already feeling pressures emanating from Moscow. With the death of the Yugoslav leader, these pressures are sure to increase. If Yugoslavia is to survive as an independent country, Tito's successors will have to withstand the Soviet pressures, either alone or with external assistance. In 1948, when Yugoslavia was expelled from the Cominform, the Yugoslavs needed help to survive Soviet displeasure, and Western nations led by the United States provided that help. In 1980, after Tito, will Yugoslavia again need assistance to survive? Should the West extend the assistance?

When Yugoslavia was expelled from the Cominform, the Western bloc took advantage of this split in the Communist world by supporting Yugoslavia. Reinforcing Yugoslav independence under a Communist regime brought advantages to the West at relatively inexpensive cost in the form of economic and military aid and in terms of political and diplomatic support. Immediate assistance from America, Britain and France helped Yugoslavia to overcome some domestic economic difficulties. This promoted internal stability and enabled Tito to withstand the external pressures applied by the Soviet Union and its satellites. Rather than leave Titoist Yugoslavia to fend for itself or exacerbating its problems by actively inciting instability, the Western leaders decided that most could be gained for the West by assisting the maverick Communist regime to maintain its independence and to overcome its domestic difficulties.

An independent Yugoslavia produced several specific gains for the United States and the West. Immediately, it removed the Yugoslav Army from the Soviet side, cut off Russian access to the Adriatic Sea, and isolated communist Albania. It exploded the myth of a monolithic communist movement and subsequently acted as a wedge for inducing fragmentation within the communist camp. It created an environment for improved relations between Yugoslavia and the West which ultimately contributed to the settlement of several border disputes between Yugoslavia and its Greek, Italian, and Austrian neighbours, led to the creation of a Balkan Pact which indirectly strengthened NATO's position in south-eastern Europe, reinforced a shift in Yugoslav trade patterns from East to West which tied Yugoslavia's economy to its traditional central European partners, and accommodated internal changes in the country which resulted in a more liberal political and economic system.

All of the above gains for the West were losses for the East in the early 1950s. Some thirty years later, on the eve of the post-Tito era, the Soviet Union is seeking to transform these Western advantages into Eastern benefits. Should the Soviet Union be successful in returning a Titoless Yugoslavia into the Kremlin fold, many of the gains made by the West after 1948 plus some additional ones would revert to the Soviet Union. A

Yugoslavia controlled by Moscow would add the Yugoslav army to the Warsaw Pact. It would stretch Soviet power to the Adriatic Sea, a critical strategic position from which several ancillary advantages would flow; the Soviet Navy would now have assured access to Yugoslav ports, and an increased presence not only in the Adriatic Sea but in the Mediterranean as well, which in turn would add another lever to Soviet power in the Middle East and endanger the southern flank of NATO due to the heavier pressures on Greece and Turkey. And the psychological impact of Russia's increased presence in the Balkan area should not be underestimated. The growing shadow of Soviet power may result in the West European nations softening their respective stances in dealing with the Kremlin, toning down their criticisms of the East, and siding even less resolutely with uniform positions *vis-à-vis* the Soviet Union.

The ideological and political implications for the communist world are immense. Should Yugoslavia come under Moscow's control, it would eliminate a multi-needled thorn that has been irritating the Soviet Union since 1948. This thorn has many times been an example to other communist regimes and parties which have opted to follow their own roads to socialism, and thereby has contributed to unrest in and among communist countries; the rebellions in Poland and Hungary in 1956, the revolutionary movement in Czechoslovakia in 1968, the emergence of Eurocommunism in the 1970s have all had some relation to developments in Yugoslavia and positions taken by its leaders. More recently the Titoists have been harshly critical of the actions of the Soviet Union and its communist allies; thus, the Yugoslavs have castigated the Soviets for the invasion of Afghanistan, the Vietnamese for their move into Cambodia, and the Cubans for their actions in Africa. Most significantly, the Yugoslavs have fervently rejected the Soviet position that Moscow is the leader of the international communist movement, a point on which there has been continuous and categorical disagreement between Belgrade and Moscow and a point on which communist parties throughout the world have sharply divided.

The demise of an independent Yugoslavia would reduce many of the problems that have plagued international communism, at least from the Soviet point of view. The other East European countries, Romania in the first instance, would now have to hew even closer to the Kremlin line; Albania would become an easy target, especially with the passing of Enver Hoxa. The West European communist parties would also find it more difficult to stand up to Moscow's positions. There certainly would be no East European regime and most likely no West European communist party that could replace Yugoslavia as a fierce and brazen spokesman for a separate road to socialism and independence in world communism. Only China, a country far from the European scene, would remain as a prominent ideological challenger to the Soviet Union. In sum, Soviet views on proletarian internationalism and Soviet influence with communist parties would make substantial gains with the removal of the Yugoslav thorn.

The impact on the nonaligned movement would also favour the Kremlin.

With the nullification of an independent Yugoslavia, one of the founders and staunchest supporters of nonalignment would be silenced. A Yugoslavia dependent on the Soviet Union would most likely remain a member of the nonaligned but now would side with the Cuban view of that movement, namely, that nonalignment should be a force promoting international communism according to the Kremlin and thwarting Western imperialism spearheaded by the United States. Here the Soviet Union would use Yugoslavia to convert the nonaligned movement into an 'appendix of the Eastern bloc'. Definitely the Soviet hand in the nonaligned movement would be strengthened whereas the influence of those Third World countries that supported Tito's view of nonalignment would be weakened.

While the end results of all of the above changes might not be catastrophic, they certainly would mean gains for the East and losses for the West. Minimally more national governments—in Eastern Europe, in Western Europe, and in the Third World—would find themselves leaning a little more to the Soviet side; more of these nations might be a little more compromising in dealing with the Kremlin. Individually these shifts might not appear significant: in the aggregate, however, they would be substantial.

The stakes for the Western bloc and the Soviet Union in the status of post-Tito Yugoslavia are unquestionably high. Since the Soviets are certain to pursue these stakes following the demise of Tito, what actions should the Western nations be prepared to take in order to parry the Russian thrusts against Yugoslavia? Of several possible policy options, there are three major alternatives that they may consider, and these in fact are the same alternatives that confronted Western governments in 1948, namely: should be West actively promote instability in Yugoslavia in the hopes that a non-Communist, pro-western regime will emerge from the confusion? Should the West leave Yugoslavia on its own, to work things out for itself, and come to terms with whichever political force gains control of the government? Should the West assist the collective successors of Tito to sustain a stable, independent communist Yugoslavia?

When the Western leaders studied these alternatives three decades ago, they quickly rejected the strategy that called for the stimulation of internal revolt in order to depose Tito. Had the West adopted such a policy, it may well have succeeded in removing Tito since the Soviet Union was implementing the same policy. With the major powers all pressuring Yugoslavia, internally and externally, it is unlikely that Tito's Yugoslavia would have survived. Western leaders judged that any attempt to overthrow the Yugoslav communists—well entrenched politically, militarily strong, and possessing considerable popular support—would put the country in convulsions, a situation which the Soviets could exploit more readily and successfully than the Western bloc. Consequently, they declined to adopt a policy of undermining the rebellious Tito.

The Yugoslav communists in the immediate phase of the post-Tito era will most likely be just as difficult to depose. Presently the most powerful political institution in the country is the League of Communists just as it

(then the Communist Party of Yugoslavia) was in 1948, and presently there is a renewed symbiosis of the League and Army just as there was in 1948. While admittedly there are other influential political institutions and economic organizations in Yugoslavia, that is, there is more pluralism in the country now than three decades ago, the League is nevertheless dominant and in conjunction with the Army is in a position to control the country as long as the potentially explosive internal problems are contained. Challenging the combination of League and Army for political power would be a formidable task, one which would result in a civil war. Such a situation would invite Soviet exploitation indirectly through internal machinations and directly perhaps by invoking the Brezhnev doctrine. It is unlikely that the Western nations could outmanoeuvre the Soviets in these circumstances and therefore one can expect the present Western leaders to do as their predecessors did in 1948, that is, to reject any policy alternative aimed at undermining the Yugoslav Government.

The second alternative, to leave Yugoslavia to fend for itself, would most likely bring the same consequences as the first option. It is highly unlikely that the Soviet Union would invade Yugoslavia as it did Afghanistan recently and Czechoslovakia and Hungary earlier. The Yugoslavs have let the Russians know that they would fight fiercely any force that invades their country. In their criticism of Soviet interference in smaller nations, the Yugoslavs have been sharper than any other communist country or party, and sharper in fact than several western nations. Tito was so incensed by the invasion of Czechoslovakia that, when the Soviet Ambassador came to him to complain about the open support of the Czechs, he had the Ambassador summarily removed from his office while telling him that 'I will not be spoken to like that, [and] you can tell your people in Moscow that, if they come anywhere near us, we will fight them for 20 years.' Compared with the Afghanistans, with whom the Red Army has encountered some difficulty, the Yugoslavs have a much more united fighting force comprised of 270,000 troops in the regular army supported by a large citizens' force; they have better equipment, and like the Afghans, have a long tradition of ravaging occupiers; therefore they are in a strong position to make any invading force pay heavily and lengthily for intervening in Yugoslavia. The Soviet Union, well aware of the Yugoslav attitude, is unlikely to use such direct tactics to gain control of Yugoslavia.

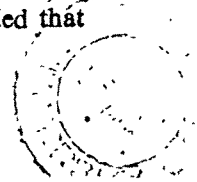
The Soviet Union is more likely to follow a policy of promoting inner turmoil in Yugoslavia by aggravating the traditional ethnic differences that have historically threatened to disintegrate the country. The Russians are likely to extend support surreptitiously and simultaneously to a wide range of political groups—from pro-Soviet cells to Croatian nationalists, any and all groups whose activities will contribute to undermining the country. They may aid these groups inside and outside Yugoslavia and attempt to pressure Yugoslavia through its East European neighbours, the international communist movement, and the nonaligned movement. These many political pressures might be accompanied by an orchestrated propaganda

barrage and the application of economic pressures by the Eastern bloc. With 42 per cent of Yugoslavia's exports now going to the East bloc and 28 per cent of its imports coming from this area, the economic pressures may be considerable. The synergistic impact of the Soviet attacks could create the unstable situation to be exploited by Moscow for its own designs and purposes.

There is another dimension to these Soviet pressures. Should the new Yugoslav leadership, led by the League and the Army, be successful in meeting these pressures and sustaining the country, they may be able to do so only by employing heavy-handed methods characterized by a return to political and economic centralization and by a decrease in social and cultural freedoms. The Yugoslavs may be forced towards a Stalinist model thus setting back if not ending their experiment for a more liberal system. Such an atavistic happening would bring them closer to the Soviet system and limit their options in resolving internal problems and in relating to other countries. In the long run, then, the Yugoslav leadership may become more comfortable with the Soviet Union than they are with the non-aligned world and the West. Accordingly the Soviet Union might ultimately accomplish its objective of bringing Yugoslavia under its influence by a slower, more circuitous route.

Finally, a Western policy of leaving Yugoslavia to fend for itself might be interpreted by the Soviet Union as a lack of commitment and will on the part of the West, particularly the United States. The Kremlin may well see such a reaction by Washington as yet another weak response in a series of American inactions to Communist thrusts following America's withdrawal from Vietnam. In the absence of explicit U.S. support as a counterweight, the Soviet leaders will most likely pressure Yugoslavia more directly and boldly, and attempt to consume the country as quickly as possible. In short, any passivity by the United States and Western Europe would invite increased activity by the Soviet Union.

To counter the anticipated Soviet moves, Western governments must adopt the third policy option—they must assist Tito's successors in their efforts to withstand external pressures and maintain internal stability. The first step in implementing this policy will require Western leaders to express publicly and demonstratively political and military support for Yugoslavia. An announcement to that effect would warn the Kremlin that the costs and consequences of invading Yugoslavia have been increased and should serve to discourage any Soviet plans for a military move into Yugoslavia. Such public statements by President Truman in the early 1950s, followed by American military assistance, gave Stalin more to think about when he began sabre-rattling at that time. Indeed, coupled with the strong American reaction to the invasion of South Korea, Truman's statements were particularly effective. President Carter recently indicated that he may be emulating Truman's ploy; in response to a question regarding American military support for Yugoslavia, he stated that if the Americans are called upon to aid the Yugoslavs, 'we would seriously consider it and do what, in our opinion, would be best for them and for us'. And Carter added that



he had frequently conversed 'with the major European leaders about the need to strengthen our ties with Yugoslavia and to protect them as a non-aligned country without being dominated or threatened successfully by the Soviet Union'. This expression of support was welcomed by the Yugoslavs not only because it suggested that American power would be used to assist their country but also because this power would be used to buttress a Yugoslavia whose views on independence, socialism, and nonalignment would not have to be qualified. Moreover, the statement implied that there was some positive coordination of American and West European policies toward Yugoslavia, a coordination which was lacking in Carter's reactions to the Soviet intrusion in Afghanistan. With the backing of both the United States and major West European countries, Yugoslavia would indirectly gain the support of NATO without making any commitment to that alliance. Should the Western nations follow their present political backing with additional statements of support after Tito's death and with some form of arms aid, the seriousness of Western purpose in helping Yugoslavia would be underscored, just as it was in the 1950s.

Assuming that a direct Soviet invasion can be dismissed, then the West can next turn to assist Yugoslavia in maintaining internal stability. Again, the situation will be similar to Yugoslavia's position following its expulsion from the Cominform. Beset with economic problems that Stalin expected would cripple the country and topple Tito's regime, Yugoslavia requested and received aid that helped it survive the economic dangers. Diminishing the economic problems reinforced Tito's efforts to stabilize the domestic situation, sustain national unity, and maintain popular support.

In 1948, when Yugoslavia was a rural, backward nation striving to overcome the devastation of World War II, the major economic problems were those related to initiating industrialization and development. Today Yugoslavia is no longer in the ranks of the undeveloped. Now the problems that confront it are the regional unevenness of economic development, a high unemployment rate also marked by regional disparities, an inflation rate of thirty per cent, and a chronic deficit in the balance of payments. The northern areas of the country, Slovenia, Croatia, and upper Serbia, are much better off than the southern areas, particularly the Albanian province of Kosovo and the Macedonian Republic. Highly advanced Slovenia, for example, had a per capita income over 5,000 dollars in 1979 whereas in Kosovo it was about 600 dollars, twenty-nine per cent of the national average of 2,200 dollars. Besides the wide variances between north and south, there are frictions among the richer regions, especially between Serbs and Croats, as they compete for investment funds, hard currencies, and ties with foreign corporations. The balance of payments deficit, at an all time high of 3,300 million dollars in 1979, frequently aggravates the internal difficulties.

Yet, although these economic problems and rivalries hold inherent dangers of their own, it is in their relationship to the ethnic issues that the dangers become emphatic. When the economic and ethnic issues coalesce, they reinforce the historic centrifugal forces that threaten to burst the

country at its nationalistic seams. Thus, it is the ethnic issues as much as the economic ones that would be the target of Soviet economic pressures; intensifying these Yugoslav problems could create the instability that Moscow desires. On the other hand, Yugoslav success in adequately meeting the economic problems would go a long way to quieting the ethnic issues; at least it would serve to keep them latent rather than manifest, and thereby promote continuing stability in the country.

To enhance the Yugoslav chances for success, the United States and other Western countries can make some salutary moves. First, the West should help Yugoslavia to alleviate its balance of payments deficit through refinancing of its current debt and through moratoriums on its payments; of course, a condition for this assistance would require the Yugoslavs to take some steps on their own to keep the deficit manageable. Second, the West should provide Yugoslavia with investment funds to stimulate growth in the less developed areas; as a condition, the richer areas in the country should be required to increase their contributions to development in the poorer areas, a policy that the Yugoslav government itself has been trying to implement. The contributions from the West might take two forms: grants and loans from Western governments and governmental encouragement in Yugoslavia. The latter may be a difficult task in view of the uncertainty that is sure to exist in the initial months of the post-Tito era. However, it should be noted that there are presently several hundred foreign corporations successfully doing business in Yugoslavia; these corporations already have a stake in the country and good financial reasons for playing a role in assuring its stability.

The point of this assistance from the West is to have the economy give all regions and most people a positive economic stake in the system. Continued economic improvement and increased equability would suppress the latent ethnic issues and reduce the possibilities of outside forces sharpening these issues with economic means. This does not mean that Western assistance will provide a panacea for Yugoslavia's traditional problems. To be sure, this will not be accomplished. But it will help to decrease the intensity of these issues, as the Yugoslavs themselves have been trying to do.

In the meantime, following the demise of Tito, Western interests may best be protected and furthered by a policy that extends firm political, military and economic support to Yugoslavia. Such support should allow this important Balkan country to maintain an independence that it cherishes and that benefits the West.

[Dr. Stephen C. Markovich is Lecturer in Politics at the University of North Dakota.]

NEW OIL PIPELINE TO FUEL INFLATION

by Thomas Land

A MAJOR new oil pipeline from the Adriatic to the heart of Communist Central Europe is to come into operation during 1980, three years behind schedule. It is to facilitate growing imports of expensive Middle East oil, effectively refuting persistent arguments that the centrally managed economies can somehow remain immune to inflationary pressures plaguing the capitalist world.

Indeed, the old-fashioned dogma of invulnerability to recession (discounting the complex interrelationship of all countries in the modern world regardless of ideological barriers) seems to be given more credence by Western economists than by their colleagues on the other side of the Iron Curtain.

Hungary, which is to become a principal recipient of Middle East oil through the new Adria pipeline, earns more than half its national income by foreign trade; and it has lost a quarter of its income since 1973 through world fuel price increases—despite the inexpensive and hitherto assured supply of the bulk of its oil requirements from the Soviet Union.

Another intending recipient of Adria oil is Czechoslovakia, which country recently scaled down its long-term economic development plans and reduced the working hours in some factories because of persistent energy shortages. A third country in the Adria partnership is Yugoslavia which imports all the oil it needs from Iraq; but then its energy bill has gone up by 50 per cent last year to £1,000m, financed from mounting balance-of-payment deficits.

Romania, which is to be linked by a branch-line to the Adria oil route, is the only European member of the Communist trading association Comecon to have refused to pay the political price of assured oil supplies from Russia. Its own oil fields, the only significant domestic source of oil in the region, may well dry up within a decade.

The rest of Communist Central Europe imports up to 90 per cent of its oil requirements from Moscow at prices calculated on the basis of world prices prevalent five years earlier. This makes the bulk of their oil imports phenomenally cheap; but the price increases affecting their remaining oil imports have already made dramatic adverse effects on their economies. And their agreement with the Soviet Union is to be phased out, exposing Russia's European client states to all the commercial pressures which have bedevilled the world economy since 1973.

That was the year of the last Middle East war, leading to the first wave of the world oil crisis and prompting the Central European Communists to embark on the Adria pipeline project. Can the Kremlin be expected, their economists wisely asked themselves, to continue financing an enormous price discrepancy indefinitely—especially while the energy-hungry West is offering hard currency—only to back the outdated

principle of economic self-sufficiency?

Their answer is apparent in the project. The 457-mile Adria line begins at the new deep-water harbour just built for oil tankers on the Yugoslav island of Krk, runs on to a refinery near Zagreb, crosses over to Hungary and joins the existing Friendship I pipeline extending to Czechoslovakia. (Friendship I is a branch of the international conduit linking Central Europe with the oil fields of Russia.)

Adria's £200m first section, one meter in diameter, is to carry 34m tons of oil annually, about 24m to Yugoslavia and the rest to the other partners. Thus the line represents a lack of faith in the ability or willingness of the Central European Communist countries to meet each other's needs through orderly trading while the capitalist world destroys itself in a crisis of economic confidence.

There are good reasons for this. The Soviet Union is the world's richest oil producer; but most of its resources lie in the Arctic and can be tapped only with the aid of Western technology presumably under joint development agreements. Already, oil accounts for more than half of Russia's foreign exchange revenue, and its proportion may well increase in the years to come.

Russia's European allies are therefore urgently seeking alternative energy sources, from Middle East oil supplies to coal and nuclear power development. They are preparing their consumers for the inevitable through the removal of national energy subsidies; hence the current price increases throughout the region of up to 100 per cent for some energy-related commodities and services. But the current inflation is only a gentle beginning of unavoidable measures in the foreseeable future when Russia stops subsidizing its clients' energy supplies.

[Thomas Land is an author and foreign correspondent who writes on world affairs from Europe.]

REDISCOVERING FORREST REID

by K. G. Ponting

> He lay there, his elbows digging into the soft turf and his chin supported between his hands. The hot sun beat down on him, but that was what he liked. The world into which he and Uncle Stephen were going he saw as drenched in sunlight. He had built up his picture of it much as a child puts together a jig-saw puzzle, from fragments of Theokritos, from a walk taken by Socrates and Phaidros along the banks of the Illissos, and from the deeper impression of his own summer woods.

THE culminating point in *Uncle Stephen,* Forrest Reid's masterpiece, has come; Tom is to go with his Uncle to Greece, there to find . . . To find what? What exactly is the object of Tom's search; of Forrest Reid's search? For this book is more completely the author than any other modern English novel. In his *Apostate* Reid has written of his delight and pleasure as he wrote this book. He tells us how as the end approached, he wrote more slowly, savouring the delight of what he was doing. One can feel him carefully bringing his novel to a close in the Spring of 1931, just on fifty years ago. Rarely has any writer written with such delight at the pleasure of creative activity.

Of recent years there appears to have been little critical work done on Forrest Reid and his novels are comparatively neglected. It is certainly safe to say that he is not a writer well known to present day readers. The centenary of his birth, 1975, might have provided an opportunity for people to enjoy again a very special talent much praised in the thirties by such critics as E. M. Forster and Edwin Muir. There is little concrete evidence that this has materialised.

To return to the novel, the question remains. What exactly is it that Forrest Reid has done in *Uncle Stephen*? The question demands an answer, yet it is difficult to define. One can take a plunge and say that Reid has written the best study of what *The Times,* many years ago, neatly described in their obituary notice of Gide as the heterodox view of sex, in other words, and as doubtlessly would be said today, of homosexuality. Then, of course, the whole emphasis is wrong. When Reid was writing it was impossible to discuss the subject in England. This is certainly no longer a danger, but it is not clear that any open discussion of homosexuality will in fact bring the reader very close to what is essential for an understanding of Reid's work. Yet this element cannot be ignored and it may account for a certain lack of appreciation that Reid received from the general public when his best books were coming out. In addition, there was the episode with Henry James over Reid's early book, *The Garden God,* which is well worth studying.

At this point it is possible to begin to answer the question of what it is that Reid has quite uniquely achieved. The answer is really obvious. He has written a completely satisfying account of the friendship between a man and a boy and the quotation that he himself uses, taken from Words-

worth, sums up the position excellently.

> They were companions . . .
> Objects which the Shepherd loved before
> Were dearer now . . . From the Boy there came
> Feelings and emanations—things which were
> Light to the sun and music to the wind;
> And the old man's heart was born again.

The story begins immediately after the death of Tom's father and describes the unhappiness he feels living with his step-mother. His mind continually reverts to a mysterious uncle and he decides to run away and find him:

> Uncle Stephen . . . it was his own breath whispering the words. Uncle Stephen, then, was the only living being except himself who had belonged to his mother. Sleepier and sleepier he grew; deeper and deeper he sank into a darkness pierced now by fantastic shafts of dream light. Yet still he was awake, though his spirit had gained a marvellous sense of buoyancy and power. An intense happiness gushed up as from some sunken font within him, filling his mind, which was no longer conscious either of sleepiness or wakefulness. 'Uncle Stephen—Uncle Stephen', he called, half laughing, as if it were a game: and the tall figure dimly visible against the window blind came noiselessly to his bedside. But in the darkness Tom could not see his face.
> 'Tom'?
> 'Yes, I am here'.

So Tom goes. The account of the railway journey is Forrest Reid in his best comic vein, comparable with the party in *The Retreat*. The young clergyman, Mr. Knox, the breakdown of the railway engine—Reid is surely reporting an actual incident in Ireland. Mr. Knox regards the somewhat dirty Tom with distaste. Tom apologises: 'I was quite clean when I started'. Silence again. Tom feels that the trouble is his hair, which is very short, and he imagines Mr. Knox thinks he has ring-worm. He explains that this is not the case, his sister—'no, not really my sister'—has cut it. Mr. Knox, unimpressed, asks: 'You're not a scout, are you?'. 'No'. 'I thought not'.

But Tom wins in the end for he announces that he is 'going to stay with Unc—Mr. Stephen Collet at Kilbarron', where he has learnt that Mr. Knox is curate. The effect is wholly delightful.

Late that evening Tom reaches his uncle's home. The happiness of the meeting continues right through the book and sinks deep into the reader's consciousness. It may even be compared with such a scene as Elizabeth Bennett's visit to Pemberley. Although we know what is going to happen, we read on with undiminished excitement. This part of the book, describing the awakening love between the man and the boy, especially where Uncle Stephen reads to Tom and gives him his first lessons in Greek mythology, is perhaps the best of all:

> 'Is there anything else about Triptolemus?', asks Tom.
> 'Sophocles wrote a play about him, but there are only a few lines of it left; and Appollodorus, who wrote a book called *The Library* full of old tales and legends, says that he was an elder brother of Deomophon—the little boy Demeter tried to make immortal by pulling him every night into the fire, until his mother interfered'.

The whole book is full of the classics, although not exactly as one is taught them at school, or by the Greek historians. The outside world,

represented by Uncle Horace, breaks into this idyll, a world which cannot understand the nature of real love. Uncle Horace regards the scene with distaste:

> 'A precious pair! That boy, looking like a tiger's cub in ecstasy of being stroked and caressed'.

and:

> 'He rubbed his cheek softly against Uncle Stephen's hand. Uncle Horace withdrew his eyes from the revolting spectacle'.

For a moment Reid has flirted with a more open approach to the homosexual theme, but he withdraws from it, and rightly—Gide's message was not for him. Their approach was different; for Reid, that love is a thing of beauty, for the other simply something natural to be enjoyed with many other pleasures. But this approach to the subject in the Uncle Horace scene does have one strange effect—it splits Uncle Horace in two, and when Tom meets him again later in the book, he is a very different man. Tom even almost likes him.

Meanwhile, Reid moves to his other main theme, and the book develops into a study of time—or rather, of time and the imagination. In their search for ever deeper union, Tom and his Uncle had subconsciously decided to make an experiment. They attempt to bring Uncle Stephen back as a boy, and wandering in a deserted house Tom finds Stephen Collet (Uncle Stephen many years before). He has just run away from home and is not a very likeable person.

The first meeting is brief. Then Tom, rather against his Uncle's advice, decides to try the experiment again. He succeeds completely and Uncle Stephen is replaced by Stephen Collet. Immediately, Tom realises that he has lost his most treasured possession, and is heartbroken when he finds that Stephen Collet does not see this point, and has in fact no wish to be transformed back into Uncle Stephen. The two boys go away together to Stephen Collet's early home and gradually Uncle Stephen begins to appear in Stephen Collet. They return to Kilbarron; Tom making the last part of the journey on Stephen's back, and there Tom finds his beloved Uncle again.

Reid's experiment into an exploration of the nature of time and the imagination is not entirely successful. He cannot avoid being too occupied with fitting what has happened into the everyday world to be able to develop his theme properly. One feels he has not said all he has in mind and, as it stands, this section hardly adds much to the book, except in so far as the reunion finally blesses the love of Tom and Stephen which has been the book's main theme—and what gives it a quite unique greatness.

Later, Reid was to write a sequel to *Uncle Stephen*, namely the book already mentioned called *The Retreat*. This volume was first published in 1936 and a review of it, written by Edwin Muir in one of those outstanding fiction reviews that this distinguished critic wrote for so many years for *The Listener*, served as my introduction to Reid's work. *The Retreat*, although written later than 'Uncle Stephen' and therefore in that sense a sequel, actually deals with Tom at a younger age and it is probably best to read it before tackling *Uncle Stephen*, which is Reid's undoubted

masterpiece. Later, in 1944, Reid was to write another novel *Young Tom*, which describes the same boy at a still earlier age, but this volume does not seem to be as successful as the other two.

The starting point for an appreciation of Reid's work must be the essay that his great friend E. M. Forster wrote in 1919, and this will also serve as an excellent introduction to the early novels. As Forster says, *The Bracknells* and *Following Darkness* are the best. Reid was inclined to re-write his novels and *Following Darkness* appeared again in a rather different version under the title *Peter Waring* in 1937.

When Reid died in 1947, Forster wrote an admirable obituary notice for *The Listener* and there is a delightful photograph of the two writers together.

Of the man who, as one can so clearly see from his books, lived in a private world of his own, Forster says:

> Except for its animals, which included moles, he did not appreciate England. He came over to the place mainly to play croquet, in which he was an expert, and, whirled from one championship ground to another in a car, acquired a special view of its geography. He much preferred his own country, Northern Ireland.

And perhaps this is another reason why one should look again at Reid's work so as to recall the happier side of a territory that has suffered so much. As Forster says: 'He has given to Lagan, and Newcastle, Co. Down and Ballycastle something which they can keep for ever'.

Reid's non-fiction works divide into three distinct groups. They are, first, his autobiography, the first volume of which *The Apostate* contains the magnificent description of the pleasure he obtained in writing *Uncle Stephen* which has already been referred to above. Later, he was to write *Private Road*, a sequel to this volume. His early work *Illustrators of the Sixties*, is still the leading study of the subject. And finally his critical works, particularly on poetry although hardly the type of approach that is now popular, are outstanding. One of his early books was a critical study of W. B. Yeats published in 1915. It is of particular interest in showing what a distinguished writer thought of perhaps the greatest poet of the twentieth century before that poet had written the great masterpieces of his later years. A study of Walter de la Mare, whom he very greatly admired, came during his middle period, and his last work, *The Milk of Paradise: Some Thoughts on Poetry* indicated clearly that his appreciation remained keen and perceptive, proving that one of the consolations of old age is the capacity to write, by those who have nourished their craft, as intensely and successfully as ever.

[Kenneth Ponting has been Research Director of the Pasold Research Fund for fifteen years. He has written the standard history of *The West of England Trade and Wool Trade Past and Present*, and is at the moment engaged, with David Jenkins of York University, on a history of the wool textile trade of Great Britain 1775-1914. Other literary work has been mainly in the field of Wessex history and includes *Wiltshire Portraits*. He is at present writing a literary history of Wessex.]

PLAYING TO THE HOUSE

by Charles Marowitz

CULTURE depends upon a shared vocabulary with which to share a common experience. It is only when a conglomerate of people manages to communicate with each other—and each other's experience —that significant commentary can be made on their collective life. And yet, despite the apparent *commonness* of experience; that is, despite the fact that events appear to be 'shared' by people in similar circumstances, that is not the case. Events, in the most general sense, are common to all, but their significance and mode-of-reality is comprehended differently by everyone. The difference in this comprehension is not simply a matter of different interpretations—although of course that comes into it. The essential difference is that as each wodge of experience gets filtered through particular sensibilities, large portions of it are disgorged and the remainder digested according to the appetites and tendencies of each sensibility.

No two people see the same thing alike. Behind this truism is an even more devastating brace of insights. No two people experience the same thing. No two people comprehend the difference in each other's perceptions—except in the most perfunctory way. No two people, despite the appearance of shared values and shared background, can effectively gauge the differences of their responses because the gulf that separates them is so wide. Therefore, everyone proceeds on an *assumption* of common understanding because to deny it would be to make human intercourse inoperable and its implications too depressing to be borne. And yet, more and more, we are forced to admit that, though ostensibly together, we are irretrievably apart. (Hence, the endless tracts on Social Alienation).

If it is our *apartheid* which is the more significant truth about our condition and our community only a staunchly-maintained illusion, then 'culture' is, strictly speaking, impossible. And some nagging, barely-acknowledged part of ourselves recognizes this. It is at the root of those 'differences of opinion' which bedevil us in art and in the conduct of our private lives. It is what forces us to insist upon the fact that each person is entitled to their own opinion which, of course, implies that every opinion will be, to some degree, different. It is what makes certain people shy away from 'groups' or 'categories'—rejecting the Either-Or concept of politics, insisting their 'position' is 'in the middle' or 'above' the issues. It is what makes some choose to opt out altogether although, strictly speaking, everyone *is* out whether so opted or not, as there is no way for them to be part of something which does not contain a confraternity-of-feelings, ideas and beliefs, but exists only on the illusion of such homogenity.

If I am right, and culture in these terms is not possible (although I accept that no one with a survival-instinct wishes to entertain such a proposition), then the production of all art simply proliferates subjective differences. We go to the theatre for a shared experience, but we never get it. What we get is the *impression* of a shared experience based on the fact

of physical sharing. We are all in the same place. We all hear the same words. We all see the same sights. But that *in-commonness* applies to almost every manifestation of life without conferring community, so why should it be any different in the theatre? Still, the assumption behind art, like the assumption behind life, is that there *is* a common denominator behind events and everyone *is* proceeding from shared beliefs and to the same frame-of-reference. It is understandable that this should be the pretext of art, since it is so adamantly the pretext of life. But if it is as untrue in art as it is in life; if, in a sense, we are all into a collective wank (the wank being the act that belies the collectivity) then what can we possibly hope to get from art—other than confirmation of the illusion that our disparate lives are in some way connected to one another in a meaningful way? Do we, perhaps, only go to art to help delude ourselves that humanity is some vast club to which we all belong despite the knowledge that no one holds a card or has paid any dues? Is art ultimately, then, only 'propaganda for life' generated by those people for whom the deception is most necessary (the artists) and embraced by the public because it suits their need to believe that life is an entity we can all share because, in espousing that view, commerce, industry and human relations can continue; life—the acceptance of patently false assumptions vigorously maintained to avoid their unbearable contradiction—can go on?

We go to the theatre for 'an experience'—but the theatre today doesn't create an experience for us, it merely shuffles the experiences we already have and arranges them into an arbitrary order. When they are easily recognizable, we say it is 'naturalistic'. When they are less so, we may call it surrealist or poetic. When they confirm our prejudices, we call it 'life-like'. When they reaffirm our beliefs, we call it 'intelligent'. When they show us things we would rather not be reminded of, we call it either 'boring' (resisting the insight) or 'exciting' (acknowledging its intention to disturb). When, as at present, the theatre does all of these things but without the impact we sometimes find, for instance, in films, we stay away and say the theatre is dying. Something unquestionably *is* dying or, being already dead, is festering—but it is too facile merely to blame the art-form, for the theatre only regurgitates the toxins of our own lives; is only an organized re-hash of the hash which is our lives. The repugnance for much of today's theatre is, as Wilde said of the 19th century's dislike of realism 'the rage of Caliban seeing his own face in a glass.' When we reject the reflection of ourselves thrown back by the contemporary theatre, it is not because it is ugly—but because it is irrelevant to our deepest personal experience. Perhaps the pincers of art simply cannot take hold of that more elusive truth.

The theatre is founded on the rock of our common humanity. Without a belief in the community of the audience, theatre is impossible. No matter how narcissistic he may be, the actor does not act for himself, but for the approbation of his public. The writer writes on the assumption that the public can comprehend his experience and *may* agree with his ideas. The director, likewise, filters and polishes the writer's work through the actor's

medium in order to communicate his notions and those of his fellow-artists to a public whose face is known. The public persona is a reflection of the artist's face. The artist is, by talking to himself, talking to everyone like himself. Differences of opinion do not enter into this concept. The artist's work may be liked or disliked but it is being communicated within a social and philosophic framework that both artist and audience supposedly share. If the artist did not share it, he could not work. Even the artist who eschews the public, who sticks to his garret, his ivory-tower or his 50-seat fringe theatre, still believes that he is in contact with the world about him and his efforts confirm the fact that he is trying to make contact with it. It is not silence that nullifies art, but the realization that there is no one out there and therefore, no need to say anything. Silence, as Becket has demonstrated, can convey a powerful sense of communion when it connects up with a certain existential silence which we all share. But I am not referring to that kind of silence. I mean the void of nullity. *No one* out there. *No one* to talk to—hence no reason to raise the voice, write the word, lift the instrument.

What has begun to dog me in England today—even more than the lack of subsidy or the difficulties of mounting a play and finding actors charitable enough to accept employment therein, is the impression that human insularity has now acquired the proportions of the plague. In times of great social anguish, reassurance is at a premium, and these are the kind of times in which we live. And by reassurance, I do not simply mean the sense of comfort and well-being derived from certain reassuring West End entertainments (i.e. bourgeois art as bulwark to a bourgeois society). I mean also the sense-of-comfort to be derived from certain radical or left-wing works-of-art which seek to reassure its audience as fervently as Coward or Rattigan ever did theirs. We are all in the reassurance business. The Boulevard insists that life still has its traditional virtues, that God is in his Heaven and, though things may not be right with the world, they are getting there. The fringe-writers, whether at the National or The Bush, the RSC or The Open Space, insist that change is coming; that so long as we can continue to mount our offensives against our class-enemies and our ideological foes, society will change and life will improve. (Even nihilists like Beckett unintentionally reinforce this message because the need of the public to hear such sentiments is so deeply-entrenched that it gets received whether artists transmit it or not.) The aesthetes insist that, if forms can change, art will more faithfully reflect our experiences and, in consequence, provide greater perceptions and, ultimately, a better life. Reassurance lies behind every theatrical work-of-art, even the most ostensibly depressing and negative, for the effort that brings these works into being is a positive social effort based on the assumption that there will be people assembled to receive it who, receiving it, will understand and benefit from it. But if the insularity that I have alluded to actually exists to the degree I contend, if nothing can really penetrate anyone else's shell, if every missile aimed at a social target becomes, on contact, a protein blithely assimilated by the organism, then a lot of us in the theatre are deluding ourselves. If art cannot achieve what nothing else in life can

achieve—the penetration of ego and the establishment of a true communality, the dissolution of personal isolation and the creation of tangible human bonds—should we all be in another business? One perhaps, which tackles the problem at source? And what business might that be? Social work? Psychiatry? Philosophy? Religion? Is it too witheringly cynical to suggest that none of these suffer any the less from a deadening insularity.

It is rash to assume the reasons for the insularity too quickly. The state of the economy, the new deprivation in England, the flight into greater selfishness prompted by more desperate need; the internecine warfare between classes, the antagonism that citizens feel for the state, for power-blocs, etc—all of this would, quite naturally, prompt a turning-inward and, though it all applies, I think the situation has even more to do with a certain spiritual emptiness which, though the by-product of economic stress and political disaffection, is essentially a metaphysical condition. It is the suspicion that the sense-of-order that used to prevail in the realm of people's lives no longer obtains. There is no longer a universally respected tribunal where grievances can be brought. We live in a rip-off culture where people are continually on the run and that is not compatible with institutions of justice and recognized centres of authority which traditionally promote group security. It is the kind of insularity which I imagine existed in the cell-blocks of Buchenwald and Auschwitz, where no sense of collective horror was greater than each prisoner's personal anguish, and nothing that threatened the group could be more harrowing than what ultimately threatened each individual inmate. It is the removal of that accredited social circumference that gives a disparate group of individuals that sense of no longer being part of a society.

The dilemma in the theatre goes far beyond subsidy-hassles, political tangles and aesthetic inadequacies. For me, it concerns the existence of a certain social bond which, if it does not exist, makes nonsense of all one's work. And to those who immediately reply, *Of course* it exists! It has *always* existed. It is only unmitigated perversity to suggest it can ever *not* exist! I say again: the desire for its existence is deeply-implanted, and the need to insist that it is there is a necessity of life; the fundamental *rasion-d'être* required both by artist and public.

[Charles Marovitz is Artistic Director of Open Space Theatre, London. His latest production was *Ubu* by Spike Milligan at the Cochrane Theatre. Later in the year, he will present his own new adaptation of Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler* for Open Space at the Roundhouse Theatre, Chalk Farm Road. Publications include *The Marovitz Shakespeare, The Act of Being, Confessions of a Counterfeit Critic, Artaud at Rodez* and a variety of classical adaptations.]

A WOMAN'S PLACE . . .

by Paul Rose

IN publishing a small pamphlet *Women in Politics* the Conservative Party is clearly inspired by having produced Britain's First Woman Prime Minister. It was often said of Mrs. Golda Meier that she was the toughest man in her Cabinet. Notwithstanding their different styles that is probably true of Mrs. Thatcher. It is probable that the same applies to Mrs. Bandaranaike and Mrs. Indira Gandhi. What intrigues me is why the first women Prime Ministers came from mainly Hindu countries followed by Mrs. Meier for whom there is at least a Biblical precedent before we, in the enlightened West of Womens Lib, followed suit. Previously Mrs. Barbara Castle with whom I worked as Parliamentary Private Secretary and then as junior front bench spokesman had come as near as anyone to the pinnacle of power.

I suspect that where caste and family play a greater part, a woman may have more chance of leadership. It would be unthinkable in a Muslim country. One could argue that Eva Peron is the real precedent but then she was heiress to her husband's tradition. Where lineage alone counted one can think of Catherine the Great or go back to Cleopatra and Sheba. What this pamphlet limits itself to is a factual statement of the participation of women in Parliamentary life in Britain. It is a pity it does not go on further to the more illuminating sphere of local Government.

The authors of *Women in Politics*, Elizabeth Sturges-Jones and Susan Hewitt, are non-partisan in assembling their facts as a reference source rather than producing a didactic pamphlet trying to prove something from Mrs. Thatcher's leadership. They are unhappily correct in showing the numbers of women elected to Parliament to be disproportionately—I would say pitifully—small. 109 women elected to Parliament since 1918 and only 19 in the present House is an under representation of about three hundred if one poses the idea of equality of numbers. The Lords, or perhaps Lords and Ladies, do slightly better.

What intrigues me as a mere male is the foolish idea that women are more pacific and softer than men. My limited experience is the reverse and may well stem from the fact that for a woman to get on in politics she has to be tougher and more ruthless than her male counterpart. Certainly, during the Harold Wilson era there was a tendency to promote women M.Ps in the House to positions of some power. The loss of Shirley Williams owing to the vagaries of the Electoral system and Barbara Castle to Europe have removed two leading figures, although the former may yet prove to have the most promising political future of any woman in the land. I think of Countess Markievitz, the rebel Countess, who refused to take her seat for Sinn Fein.

When Michael Collins and Lloyd George arrived at what Lord Longford described as peace by ordeal she and every woman representative opposed the Treaty. Similarly, within the context of the Israeli Labour Party, Mrs.

Meier was more a hawk than a dove. As she chain-smoked through an interview she struck me as being as tough as the proverbial old boots while Barbara Castle who until then seemed hard, became the epitome of womanhood with her daily hairdo and her tendency to flap in private before assuming an aggressive public persona. How could the other two Premiers from the Indian sub-continent fight their way back from an oblivion that most men would regard as the ultimate humiliation? How tough must Dolores Ibaru, *La Passionara,* have been to weather a civil war and all those years of Franco's rule? How could Rosa Luxemburg disagree with Lenin's concept of a vanguard party, yet take on the brutal might of German Capitalism which ended in her murder?

Are these women remarkable by being the exceptions that prove the rule? I think not. In a male dominated society, exposed by Ibsen's *A Doll's House,* a lot has changed but one only has to look at the number of women accountants, company directors, barristers, solicitors or architects to see that political representation is following a general pattern. The media seems to be a growing exception. The Conservative Party need have no fear in publishing this pamphlet since the Trade Union movement is male dominated, and the North East hasn't boasted a female M.P. since the late Ellen Wilkinson of Jarrow fame. There isn't a single woman leader of a Council although there have been Mayors as in my own City of Manchester.

There is clearly a prejudice against women at selection conferences. Women are not given the hearing they deserve by conservative male dominated charmed circles—spelled with a small c. It may well be that all this is self-perpetuating because women know their place—as is expected from them. Their jobs keep them away from those charmed circles and contacts. Many may prefer different aspects of community service, or again it may be that they feel that it is in such groups and committees that they are intended to participate. Thus women fare worse in local Government, even if Labour has a recently appointed Local Government Officer, herself an ex-Councillor.

However, if one looks at Parliamentary Candidates, the Labour Party has a consistently better record from four to one in 1918 to fifty-two to thirty-one in 1979. Of these only 11 Labour and eight Conservatives were elected. It is clearly in the less winnable seats that females stand a better chance of selection. In fact in the last Election (1979) 51 Liberal candidates stood and 76 others making a record total of 210. Women have done proportionately better in the first Election to the European Parliament with Conservatives having the edge. 1964 saw the largest number of women M.Ps, ten more than today.

In *Women in Politics,* every member since the rebel Countess and Lady Astor is listed, as are Ministers and Officials of the Party Organisations.

It is interesting to note that, Mrs. Thatcher apart, there are only two women Ministers. The Rt. Hon. Sally Oppenheim is Minister for Consumer Affairs. The talented Mrs. Lynda Chalker is an under secretary at the Department of Health and Social Security. These are precisely the tradi-

tional areas in which the male chauvinist would place women. After all, they would consider that women do the shopping and look after little Johnny when he is ill. It is the same concept that makes male nurses and food shop assistants the exception rather than the rule. This is a far cry from the peak of female achievement in the best gentleman's club in Europe.

In 1964 we had the Rt. Hon. Barbara Castle as Minister For Overseas Development before moving on to Transport, Employment and Social Services. Miss Alice Bacon, now the Rt. Hon. Baroness Bacon, was a Minister of State at the Home Office before her transfer to Education and Science. Miss Jennie Lee, now the Rt. Hon. Baroness Lee, was at Public Buildings and Works before going on to Education, where she rose to become Minister of State. Mrs. Eirene White, now also a Baroness, started at what was the Colonial Office before becoming a Minister of State for Foreign Affairs and then, nearer Home, the Welsh Office. The Rt. Hon. Judith Hart jumped around until, in the middle of a rebellion at the deportation of Phillip Agee, she voluntarily conformed on being reappointed to Overseas Development.

Of the later appointments the most popular was no doubt Miss Joan Lestor but she received remarkably few votes when I nominated her for the shadow cabinet. Without the massed ranks of the Tribune Group or Manifesto Group life is not easy and I suspect that for a woman it is worse. A curious feature of Labour politics is the reservation of five seats for women on the National Executive. This is not remarked on in the pamphlet. It achieves some odd results, since both Constituencies and Trade Unions vote. Thus the far left Mrs. Short rubs shoulders with Shirley Williams. Meanwhile, perhaps because of some sado-masochistic fantasy, women had been kept out of the Whips Office until 1974, after which Miss Betty Boothroyd paved the way for two more of her sex into this male preserve.

In all, it is a story of exceptions rather than rules, just as the first woman Prime Minister—and a Conservative Prime Minister at that—is herself an exception. No doubt she glories in the title of the iron lady and I hope I am not prejudiced when I say that my experience is that most women at the top find compromise and a willingness to admit error more difficult than men. They have to prove they are stronger and more unyielding. Whether it is a female characteristic or something forced on them by a male dominated society is another question. However, it is not true of Shirley Williams, the main contender for the Deputy leadership of the Labour Party against the equally popular Michael Foot. She would listen to and consider representations. She liked to be liked rather than adopting the iron lady image. Equally she had courage and determination as, for example over Europe, and new ideas such as choice in the public sector. The election of Mrs. Thatcher has by a curious paradox made it more difficult for her to lead the Labour Party. Perhaps if women were regarded as people rather than women this pamphlet and the listing of these facts would be equally unnecessary.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Rosalind Wade

Dr. Fischer of Geneva or the Bomb Party. Graham Greene. The Bodley Head. £4.50. *Nocturnes for the King of Naples.* Edmund White. Deutsch. £3.95. *Old Soldiers.* Paul Bailey. Cape. £4.95. *A Month in the Country.* J. L. Carr. Harvester. £6.50. *Winterspelt.* Alfred Andersch. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston. Peter Owen. £8.95. *Salt Pan.* Rowan Hewison. Melbourne House Publishers. £5.50. *The Colonist.* Michael Schmidt. Frederick Muller. £4.95.

After an abundance of family sagas and epics, the short novel is becoming popular. Only a short while ago the novella was scarcely acknowledged a viable proposition, yet the late Spring Fiction publications include a surprising number of novels averaging 150 pages or less. What are the advantages? The price is lower although not as much as might have been expected. Less endurance is demanded of the reader, and for the writer the need for compression presents an interesting challenge.

Foremost among the current examples is *Dr. Fischer of Geneva or the Bomb Party*, and it is remarkable how much atmosphere and background information Graham Greene has contrived to pack into this grim, sardonic tale, half allegory and half realism, described by the publishers as 'Black entertainment which is also a profound study of human greed'. The opening sentence presents the basic situation:

> I think that I used to detest Doctor Fischer more than any other man I have known just as I loved his daughter more than any other woman.

The mouthpiece for this statement is Alfred Jones, a drab, sixtyish individual who ekes out existence translating foreign letters for a chocolate factory near Lausanne. He suffers the additional disadvantage of having lost a hand in the London blitz. Not his fault, obviously, yet there is something repellent about the dummy fingers concealed by a glove.

Back in the dim past his wife died giving birth to their first child and he has felt no desire to re-embark on the domestic life—until he encounters Anna Luise Fischer. She detests her wealthy father and has no hesitation about moving in with Jones after a bleak wedding ceremony, unsupported by family or friends. Their happiness is almost too intense to last, and the first rift occurs when the egocentric parent invites Jones to one of his famous dinners at which he derives pleasure from humiliating his tame group of sycophants—mischievously nick-named by Anna Luise 'The Toads'—who are then rewarded by fabulously expensive gifts. On this occasion they are obliged to consume cold porridge while their host feeds on caviar. Jones makes plain his contempt for the debasing little comedy, but the Fates punish him for his effrontery. The beautiful Anna Luise, superb skier though she is, dies in an accident on the ski slopes one Sunday morning. It is almost too great a blow for Jones to bear and he retreats into a hermit-like trauma in his lonely flat. When the hated father-in-law summons him to the 'last' of the outrageous dinner-parties he accepts and, unexpectedly, finds the latest ploy in tune with his mood.

For his finale, Dr. Fischer has planned the ultimate in human degradation—

a superior version of 'Russian roulette' in which each guest is invited to select a package from a bran tub. One of these contains a lethal bomb, the others substantial gifts of cash. Although without exception the 'toads' are terrified of death they finally agree to take the risk. Paradoxically, it is only Jones who genuinely wishes to meet his end and accepts the hazard without misgivings. Yet he survives, as do all the others, so presumably the bomb warning was just a hoax and the only person who ends up dead is Dr. Fischer himself, after a confused but successful attempt at suicide. And so the hapless Jones is left to continue making what he can of life and to serve as narrator of the stark, edgy anecdote which, though set in one of the most vividly picturesque corners of Europe, could best be likened to a series of reflections on black ice. Anything brighter would be inappropriate for the skilfully conveyed horror story in which almost everyone is either very dull or very wicked and the beautiful princess dies young with no hope of being rescued at the eleventh hour.

Edmund White also makes disturbing use of his self-imposed limitation. In *Nocturnes for the King of Naples* a basically small situation is blown out by colourful, often florid, phrases with the intention, presumably, of anaesthetizing the reader into passive acceptance of often obscure allusions and counter-allusions. The chapters are set out in such a way as to suggest a kind of musical rhythm—in fact, the nocturnes of the title. This may sound pretentious but is in fact extremely effective.

Through a succession of thought sequences, a young man relives a love affair with a much older man, whom he afterwards abandoned. The process of doing so is full of the usual frustrations and loose ends typical of such situations, whether homo- or hetero-sexual. Some scenes stand out, such as the one where a new contact, the sitting tenant's rival, is entertained to a painfully formal tea. This is rich comedy, but Edmund White's main quality is his ability to create vivid pictorial images as well as an almost unbearable effect of claustrophobia.

> There are qualities of darkness, the darkness of grey silk stretched taut to form the sky, watered by city lights, the darkness of black quartz boiling to make a river, and the pencilled figures on—is that a second story? A cigarette rhymes its glow with my own across the huge expanse that has shuttered its crystal lining to the ground.

Much emerges of the past which moulded the peculiar sensitive young man who is at the same time callous, perhaps as a result of early sufferings. Eventually, the older man is seen to be the more worthwhile character, magnanimous in the face of unnecessarily cruel rejection.

Paul Bailey has a very different understanding of the advantages of compression, for in *Old Soldiers* he makes certain of recording every relevant detail about his two octogenarian characters, both veterans of World War I. Victor Harker is a retired bank manager from Newcastle, a negative kind of person who for many years performed his duties punctiliously and then unaccountably fell in love with and was loved by a woman half his age. After her premature death he has few defences against the erosion of loneliness. To escape from the desolation he takes refuge in London, hoping to find diversion in a city that has become unfamiliar to him. Alas, he is even more isolated in the seething capital; otherwise he would scarcely have drifted into conversation with the ubiquitous Captain Hal Standish, far less accepted an invitation to dine. Captain Standish easily establishes ascendancy over the unsophisticated Northerner. Compulsive though crude, he soon evokes a flood of memories about the 'trenches'—horrors which Harker prefers to forget. In the course of regurgitating past experiences, Harker begins to note inconsistencies in his new

companion's anecdotes. At times it is hard to believe that they relate to one and the same person, In fact, Standish lives a treble life, maintaining two other separate identities. These are Tommy the tramp and Julian the poet, disposed of and brought to life again through the left luggage bureau in a main line station. In the end, the exigencies of behaving like a quick-change *artist* catch up with him. A final fling with an obliging prostitute lands him in hospital, where he is allowed to die in reasonable comfort, deeply mourned by all who knew him in his various disguises. Victor Harker returns to Newcastle a sadder and wiser man, though with what added ability to 'cope' we are not told. In any case, through a final cryptic sentence, his death is indicated. A grave, frank book, with its remorseless emphasis on the ravages of the passing years, yet laced with wit and honesty.

After *Old Soldiers* J. L. Carr's new novel seems something of an anti-climax, although a pleasant one. *A Month in the Country* is set in the remote Yorkshire village of Oxgodsby during the summer of 1920 when the two young men who come to work there, Tom Birkin and Charles Moon, have barely recovered from their mental and physical wounds. Yet with World War I behind them, the future is all promise and adventure—or it should be but for the problems which beset uprooted and impecunious people at all periods of history. Tom Birkin has been engaged to restore medieval murals in the village church and Charles Moon is employed to prospect for an important fourteenth century grave. Of necessity, the two become companions in misfortune, if not true friends, enduring a rough, primitive way of life made bearable only by fine weather and the interest of their respective tasks. A curious assortment of local residents gather to watch them work, bringing along items of food as though to animals in a cage. There is the inhibited vicar with his attractive wife, the eccentric colonel who has commissioned the grave search and the amicable station master offering erratic hospitality in a locality singularly resistant to 'progress'. Underlying the restoration and excavation is an intriguing historical conundrum which eventually links the work of the two men to events five centuries earlier. The solution is novel and unexpected. At this point the summer idyll fragments. Tom acknowledges that his secret love for the vicar's wife can survive only as a memory. He learns that Charles Moon has a record of army misdemeanour and homosexuality which repels him, and his enthusiasm cools. It is unlikely that the two men will meet again, far less return to Oxgodsby. The novel, so brief as to go scarcely beyond the bounds of a short story, is little more than a vignette of a long past epoch, obscured by the mists of time. Yet within its own limitation it is as satisfying as an impressionist water-colour. If *A Month in the Country* has a fault it is the lack of clues as to the subsequent development of the characters: the feeling that they have no significant part to play in any lives other than their own.

After such virtuoso displays of concentration and brevity, a long novel might seem to impose an unwelcome burden but in fact the massive *Winterspelt* comes as an invigorating change. As a very young man, before being placed in a German concentration camp, Alfred Andersch served with the German army and it is on this experience that he has drawn for a study of the final stages of World War II. The short and long sub-sections, interspersed with extracts from apparently authentic records, suggest that *Winterspelt* is a piece of documented history. But, as Alfred Andersch points out, no evidence exists for the events as he describes them and the book is to be regarded purely as a work of fiction.

The theme of *Winterspelt* is that a German officer, Major Joseph Dinklage,

convinced that the war is lost, conceives the plan of handing over his battalion intact. It would not in fact have been impossible. Morale in the German army was low and the narrow pocket of land involved, including the unremarkable village of *Winterspelt,* was closely overlooked by the American forces. Dinklage was no ordinary Nazi officer: his partly British education slanted for him a design for—as he puts it—'coming through National Socialism with half-way clean hands'. Hovering uncomfortably between defeat and action, life for the German unit continues to keep a low profile. Other characters take up positions against the twilight landscape: Käthe, a young teacher who almost succeeds in making Dinklage human, and Schefold, who inevitably adapts his routine to the stalemate situation. The extent for all concerned of the bitterness and frustration, unavoidable in the circumstances, is slowly but most effectively unfolded. During the final, localised stages of the battle for the Ardennes, the village of Winterspelt changes hands twice. It comes as something of a shock to learn from the official casualty figures that the total of Allied died and missing during the 'Battle of the Bulge' was twice that of the Germans. The final words of the novel provide a suitable epitaph.

> Anyone passing through Winterspelt in January or February 1945 might have seen the two cats. Grey-black tigers (the female also showing mottlings of russet on its back), predatory, mangy, freezing, they prowled through the snow and ashes of the abandoned and shattered village of Winterspelt. Tenderpawed, Shadowy, Noiseless.

Finally, two first novels which stem from an apparently inexhaustible source of inspiration—the experience of childhood. The circumstances of the two authors, Rowan Hewison and Michael Schmidt, could not have been more different, yet both have made very effective use of their respective environments. Rowan Hewison's first attempt at fiction, *Salt Pan,* is a portrait of life in a remote coastal district of Australia between the Wars, and to the European reader it seems crude and mindless. Casually erected shacks, outside privies and heavy drinking do not add up to a very inspiring picture but to the child's eye of Sean Slocum the sun-baked beaches and sand dunes provide unlimited opportunities for adventure and reward. Collecting empty bottles in return for pocket money, the companionship of unrepressive parents, a first love affair—and the enterprising Sean emerges as a fully liberated adult. Inevitably, the outside world catches up with him; in the final and least satisfactory section of the novel he is called up for military service and becomes embroiled in a minor skirmish of the Vietnam War, but whether left for dead or merely wounded is not made clear.

Unlike Rowan Hewison, Michael Schmidt is already well known as a poet and broadcaster. *The Colonist* is set in Mexico, which provides a dramatic back-cloth to the process of growing up. With its strong prose and fresh approach to a well worn theme, *The Colonist* ranks among the finest studies of adolescent pangs.

Also Received:

The Honey Harlot. Christiana Brand. Furcrest Publishing Company, Bath. £5.35.

People who suffer from impaired eyesight will welcome this beautifully presented large print volume. In *The Honey Harlot* Christiana Brand has an arresting story to tell of the passion for one man by two women—plus an up-to-date version of the Marie Celeste mystery.

A Killing for Hawks. Frederick Smith. Cassell. £5.25.

This World War I story of dramatic exploits in the air and the men who

ran the USA squadron in Flanders should appeal to young adults. *A Killing for Hawks* is very effectively narrated and Frederick Smith writes with authority on a subject which, after a successful TV series, seems to be gaining in popularity.

Winter in the Eagle. K. M. Campbell. George Allen & Unwin. £4.50.

A first novel, based on carefully researched military history, *Winter of the Eagle* deals with the retreat from Moscow. Despite a massive canvas, K. M. Campbell keeps close to the human beings who fought and suffered in this almost unprecedented military disaster.

Identity Papers. Anthony Cronin. Irish Writers' Co-operative/Wildwood. £4.50.

Identity Papers is one of Irish Co-operative's most recent publications, distributed in England to coincide with the March 1980 *A Taste of Ireland Festival.* It is certainly a worthy contribution, displaying all the innate humour and optimism so often typical of the Eiranean way of looking at things—even such unwelcome events as a summons to answer a charge of forgery. The central character, known as 'the Baron', believes himself to be the grandson of the forger of the famous Parnell papers and finds it hard to believe that he is actually being charged with a similar offence himself. As the novel meanders through its modest span of fun and social comment, Anthony Cronin brings to life the pleasantly inconsequential nature of Dublin life as manifested in cosy bars and backstreet cafes.

The Hawthornden Prize has been awarded to Peter Rushforth for his first novel, *Kindergarten.* (Hamish Hamilton £5.95).

NON-FICTION REVIEWS

DOUGLAS JAY'S POLITICAL RECORD

Change and Fortune: A Political Record. Douglas Jay. Hutchinson. £16.

Douglas Jay's autobiography is, within the limits he sets himself, the most impressive of any written hitherto by one of my contemporaries. Arthur Koestler has divided autobiographies into books of 'ecce Homo' and records of our time. Douglas Jay's contribution is closer to the second, rather than the first idea. 'Except', he writes, 'for the background of childhood, school and university, it is a record of working rather than of private or family life.' There are rumours that a different kind of revelation can be expected when he is eighty or, according to one version, ninety. And no one meeting him today supposes that these later performances will be beyond his powers. But for the moment we must be content with what we have. The addition offered to our knowledge of post-war British government and Labour politics will always be of the utmost value.

Not that his story is told in some dry impersonal or over-objective fashion. No one that I know well other than Douglas Jay could have written quite this passage: 'To maintain amicable relations with people who disagree on minor arguable controversies, including some in other parties, is certainly a refreshing part of democratic life. But tolerance is one thing, and friendship another. It is hard in my experience to feel personal affection towards those who are actively working to destroy, however unconsciously, something for which one cares deeply. It is causes, not parties, which divide and unite.' He would seem to have extruded Roy Jenkins from his friendship on these grounds, just as completely as Burke and Fox once terminated their friendship.

He is so generous about myself and my wife that I must try to make allowances for a favourable bias. In view of the passage quoted above, I naturally read with special interest his account of our return to London by car from Chequers after the crucial decision had been taken to apply for entry to the Common Market. The strength of his conviction that it would be fatal for Britain to enter the Common Market is on the political side the outstanding feature of the book. Nevertheless he can write about me 'I felt no disillusion towards Frank Longford as a pro-marketeer. He was a devout Catholic and I noticed that to many such the Common Market tended to be equated with Christendom and eastern Europe with anti-Christ . . . so I understood and respected this perfectly sincere attitude. I could not agree that this particular vision of Christendom justified a system of crushingly high taxes on the staple foods of the common people. To me that was a principle also.' Is it right to say that he could tolerate a difference where the argument lay on two different planes, but a difference fought out in terms of economic dialectic such as that between himself and Roy Jenkins was unbearable. It must be admitted that my own friendship with him went back a long way further. The picture of New College in his time is highly veracious.

The hero is Hugh Gaitskell, whose political gifts in the end outshone those of Douglas. But Douglas was never remotely jealous of him, although in a purely intellectual sense the abler man. The snapshots of Bevin and Attlee and the accompanying anecdotes are some of them familiar to me, some of them new. All convey the men in question perfectly. Hugh Gaitskell did not leave behind him that kind of flavoured comment. The official biography has served him well. Douglas Jay has strengthened the impression of a man of destiny snatched away by a cruel fate. But there is still much to be said on the personal and family side, which is also true of Douglas Jay himself, who has so much reason to be proud of his family and has always been so much absorbed in their success.

He writes excellently as befits someone who won prizes for literature at Winchester and Oxford. In an interview since his book appeared, he has said that he was not a 'natural speaker'. On the assumption that no one writes and speaks equally well, he would be the writer par excellence, though an immensely vivid personality. On the whole Wykehamists have not reached the highest points in politics. The only Wykehamist prime minister I can recall emerged at the beginning of the last century. The records of Eton are redolent with prime ministers. We have had three—Macmillan, Eden and Home in recent years. The most brilliant Wykehamists tend to become Chancery Judges, or professors or permanent under-secretaries. Oswald Mosley and Dick Crossman are exceptions; Cripps and Gaitskell arguably. Douglas Jay cannot be placed securely in any category, but his deep Wykehamist sense of public service rather than passion for self-aggrandizement, shines through every page of the book. He has a fine story to tell and he tells it finely.

FRANK LONGFORD

THE REAL WAR

The Real War. Richard Nixon. Sidgwick & Jackson. £8.95.

It can hardly be a secret that Richard Nixon has written a book *The Real War,* since he has been seen conspicuously on British television debating its central thesis: that the West is at war now with the USSR and that thus far it has been losing World War III. Since 1945, 21 countries have fallen into the communist orbit, from Cuba through Ethiopia through Eastern Europe to Afghanistan; Russia has overwhelming superiority in ground forces, and

cheaply paid they are; she has great new naval strength; the 15 to 1 superiority of the US in nuclear power in 1962 has gone; and since 1973 has been spending three times as much as the US each year on strategic weapons alone. Certainly since the end of the Vietnam War the communist regimes of South-East Asia have shown a barbarism and savagery about which earlier liberal critics of the US in Asia have been curiously and embarrassingly silent. Their silence on that point has been deafening; it has not prevented them from their continuous sniping at the man and his past, as if that offsets his message in foreign policy.

There is nothing new in the book, but it is a useful and popular *tour d'horizon*, dotted with many personal touches about 'those I have met', and buttressed with brief historical summaries that have the flavour of extracts from encyclopaediae of world politics. Henry Kissinger would put it all in German-American tautological prose; Nixon writes for a less sophisticated and less scholarly audience, with many clichés and repetitions, and the various sections seem ready for instant use as past or future newspaper articles. It is rich in paragraphs which almost any Western politician could use as material for speeches on defence.

From these pages the British emerge with credit—they were right to do as they did in 1956 at Suez (though did Vice-President Nixon then say this to his President?). Ernest Bevin is elevated to the Prime Ministership, and not all historians would see British liberty as traceable back to Magna Carta. He is frank—who else has said it?—in noting the willingness of the French Government to give refuge to the Ayatollah Khomeini—from which much of our recent troubles start. He stresses the importance of African resources, and the explosive character of the Middle East; Pakistan is feeling 'the hot breath of the Russian bear;' Israel looks likely to go 'down the tube', and on the Shah, and on America's and the West's pathetic indifference to his fate, he writes with legitimate emotion. He could have been stronger here: it was the post-Vienam, post-Watergate mood of the US that permitted the campaign against the C.I.A. that led to the aberrations of American foreign policy from which Iran and the Middle East still suffer.

However unwelcome these pages will be to liberals, however unpolished the prose, it is hard to question the book's message. Machiavelli wrote *The Prince* as a guide to cruel and greedy tyrants five centuries ago. Maybe what we need in the White House these days is a Borgia rather than a Baptist? Or perhaps the parallel is with 1864 when a gentle and anxiety-haunted President was running for re-election and feared defeat. It did not prevent his General Sherman devastating much of Georgia to ensure victory. If not a Borgia, a Sherman would do.

ESMOND WRIGHT

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

Balfour: A Life of Arthur James Balfour. Max Egremont. Collins. £12.95.

Lord Egremont in his attractive book, admiring but not absurdly so, quotes a group of elder statemen who agreed in 1922 that at that moment Balfour (then aged 74) was 'the most distinguished figure in the world'. Lloyd George, who shared in that opinion, on another occasion remarked of Balfour's place in history 'he will be just like the scent on a pocket handkerchief'. Both estimates seem to be exaggerated, but in some respects he was the most remarkable, though in no sense the most valuable, of our prime ministers. Certainly since Gladstone no one has figured on the top line for so long.

Leader of the House of Commons in 1891, Prime Minister in 1909, he was still serving (though regular attendance was excused) in Baldwin's Cabinet until the Labour victory in 1929. No prime minster since the Younger Pitt has had an easier route to the premiership. His uncle, Lord Salisbury, dominated Conservative and, to a large extent, British politics for over 20 years at the end of the nineteenth century. Balfour found himself, when he came of age, one of the richest young men in the country, (I had not quite realised this until Lord Egremont told us). His advancement *into* parliament, and *in* parliament, was for a long time a triumph of unashamed nepotism. But once he found his feet in the House of Commons he became a superb performer in that milieu, though never on the public platform.

His philosophy in an academic sense reached a standard of professionalism which no other British statesman has ever rivalled, unless one counts Haldane whose literary gift was much inferior to that of Balfour. But his philosophical temperament cannot have been an advantage in politics, except in the sense of providing him with a much admired serenity in distress and danger. His indecisiveness was legendary. I have visited a famous house and been shown the first floor landing from which two staircases descended to the ground level. I was told that once at least Lord Balfour paused indefinitely on the landing, weighing the advantages of the right staircase against those of the left and being unable to decide between them. He must be judged a great failure as Prime Minister, which is not to deny him one or two genuine achievements. As Leader of the Opposition subsequently he more or less petered out. Even so he remained a valued member of the Committee of Imperial Defence (which he had himself established) during the Liberal rule from 1905-1915—an unthinkable happening in these days.

The demand for his services continued into old age. As First Lord of the Admiralty and Foreign Secretary he preserved an ever more impressive facade. Harold Nicolson, an admiring acolyte of his, noted in his diary that he made the whole of Paris seem vulgar.

Two points should be made to explain the apparent contradictions in the chequered record summarised above. In the last resort he was no leader, though he might occupy leadership positions without the fact becoming too obvious as long as there was a strong political personality in the background. He was reckoned to be very firm in Ireland, though woefully short-sighted, as is now clear. But in all those years he had Lord Salisbury at his back, and later Lloyd George supplied the necessary stuffing.

The quality he did possess however has been touched on earlier, his incomparable debating skill. The first Lord Birkenhead (F. E. Smith) yielded to no man—and had no reason to—in his confidence in his own debating powers. But he always spoke of A. J. Balfour as having been the best debater of his time in the House of Commons. And he must often have seen Balfour handling situations which would have defeated a less dexterous artist.

Balfour had been brought up a strict Christian and remained a believer. But his conclusions about human nature as manifested in this world were of the gloomiest. He moved on, assisted no doubt by his 'golden spoon' upbringing to a conviction that the claims of authority (and in practice of an unequal society) took precedence over any others. The one form of idealism that he is associated with is Zionism. No one can deny the creativity of his achievement there, even if they have less confidence than I have that it will prove ultimately successful.

Interest not unnaturally centres on his sex life, or lack of it. Lord Egremont

has made excellent use of much material bearing in particular on his long and intimate friendship with Lady Elcho, later Lady Wemyss. He leaves one under the impression that sexual activity did not take place between them, because in words that she used to Wilfred Scawen Blunt 'Arthur Balfour was not like other men'. Was he a cold fish in other ways? It is difficult not to think so, but to explore that and other aspects of his complicated personality, one must turn back to Lord Egremont who strikes a balance of a subtlety which is worthy of Balfour himself.

FRANK LONGFORD

BONIFACE OF EUROPE

The Greatest Englishman: Essays on St. Boniface. Edited by Timothy Reuter. Paternoster Press. £6.00.

Boniface of Devon: Apostle of Germany. J. C. Sladden. Paternoster Press. £7.50.

Exeter University is one of the newer Universities with a lively History faculty which has turned its hand to a series of essays on the greatest of all Devonians and Exonians who, in their judgement, is even the greatest Englishman. If you look at St. Boniface as Prophet, Priest and Pastor of the eighth century empire now known as Germany there is a good deal to be said for this claim.

What saved him from being immured in the monastery at Exeter was the world vision of the church he got from Gregory II in Rome and a short visit to the Germanic tribes of the Rhineland. Gregory was convinced that in the young monk from the English frontier in Devon he had spotted a winner. How right he was!

The essays deal with the champion as a monk in Crediton and Exeter, his sense of being a European, and the astonishing understanding he had of the expansion of the Christian church in a 'heathen' environment where the conversion of the 'chief' or 'king' was the all-important first step towards the making of a Christian 'tribe' or 'people'. Europe's Christian foundations were laid in this way. Even Martin Luther found no other way. This is splendid stuff.

If the new Europe is looking for a man for all seasons then Brussels, Strasbourg and Luxembourg need look no further than Boniface, says Mr. Sladden, in his charming, well written biography of Boniface. He is the natural saint of the European tribesmen and could have a unifying effect on the 'warring' statesmen and women. Boniface is symbolic of the 'European idea', and long before the automatic media of various kinds got to work he knew how to talk to the unconverted Europe, and Mr. Sladden knows how to follow after him.

CECIL NORTHCOTT

THE ABUSE OF SOVIET PSYCHIATRY

Soviet Psychoprisons. Harvey Fireside. W. W. Norton & Co., New York & London. £6.95.

To the Soviet Politburo the name of Zhores Medvedev must be like a red rag to a bull. He first described the nuclear disaster in the Urals in 1957 which still remains a secret from the Russian people; he has chronicled in vivid terms the persecution of the scientific fraternity in the USSR; now he has written the foreword to this important little book.

The pioneering work of Bloch and Reddaway was instrumental in informing the world about the misuse of Soviet psychiatry. Perfectly rational and sentient

people holding 'reformist' political views were dubbed insane, confined to mental hospitals and given huge doses of psychotropic drugs in an attempt to make them recant their opinions. A whole generation of venal and sycophantic doctors, mere *apparatchiks* of an odious political system, came into existence; the archetypal disease of madness, schizophrenia, was modified according to the dictates of Marxism-Leninism and given a new definition.

Harvey Fireside's book updates the saga. The harsh way in which a closed society deals with its dissidents is graphically and poignantly described. In the section dealing with patients the case of Pyotr Grigorenko—a man from the Ukraine of impeccable proletarian origins, a distinguished Red Army General who questioned the system, and who refused to admit political error in the face of intense psychiatric and police pressure—is rightly highlighted. Surely no case illustrates in purer form what Hannah Arendt once described as the 'banality of evil'.

Succeeding chapters describe the equivocations and obfuscations offered by the medical profession in their desire to collude with the system, the agonies of the resisters, the technical details of the methods used to enforce punitive medicine, and under the heading of the 'silent asylum' the horrors endured by inmates of the typical Soviet psychiatric hospitals.

Within the framework of medicine psychiatry is a burgeoning speciality; it has great capacity for good, for lifting from mankind's shoulders many of the burdens of contemporary society. But it is a two edged weapon and within the Soviet system it has been polluted and defiled. Fireside's book is a courageous attempt to uncover iniquity and reassert the moral imperative which must be the touchstone of all those who practise the healing art. Those who value human rights must read it. The information which it contains must be disseminated to all corners of the globe.

JOHN A. LORAINE

PETER QUENNELL'S MIDDLE YEARS

The Wanton Chase: an autobiography from 1939. Peter Quennell. Collins. £8.95.

Mr. Quennell is a writer of distinction. As critical essayist, reviewer, *Cornhill* editor, biographer of Byron, Shakespeare, Johnson, Pope, Hogarth, he has always been the scrupulous craftsman. In this second volume of memoirs, following *The Marble Foot,* he recalls the middle years, his contacts with literary Bohemia and the wider social scene. He seems to have known most contemporaries worth knowing, and writes of them with acute psychological insight enlivened by anecdote.

Bohemia certainly had its odd moments, as when Cyril Connolly, author of *The Unquiet Grave,* joined him on a trek through Central France with his latest love, a girl wearing a French schoolboy's hooded cloak and carrying her luggage in a red-spotted handkerchief. In Bedford Square, where Connolly edited *Horizon,* Evelyn Waugh was shocked to find himself waited on at a dinner party by two bare-legged girls whose feet, he said, were cracked like an old camel's. Cyril was undoubtedly unique. His pets had included (besides girls) lemurs, an African genet, a white cockatoo that detested strangers. As for Waugh, he frequently distorted facts in his diaries, even claiming that Quennell had heart palpitations caused by sexual excess!

Things still went a little awry when Peter shared a house by the Regent's Park canal with publisher George Weidenfeld. Peter's old friend Julia, back

from adventures abroad, induced him to give her shelter, and one night, accompanied by mischievous David Tennant, pillaged the kitchen, ransacking the shelves, smearing gouts of chutney on walls and ceiling. Too bad.

There was no Bohemia at Cap Ferrat where PQ found Somerset Maugham kind but severe. 'He imposed a regime and demanded a standard of behaviour that his guests neglected at their peril, and a single ill-judged remark or minor mis-step might plunge them into permanent disgrace.' One who had been invited to stay a week, maybe several, retailed a joke about stuttering. That night Maugham said: 'I'd better say goodbye now; you'll have gone, of course, before I get up.' Which ties up with eccentric art connoisseur Sir Robert Abdy of lovely Newton Ferrers, Cornwall, telling his neighbour F. M. Montgomery a story of a Spanish grandee discovered in highly improper circumstances wearing only the Order of the Golden Fleece. 'No more of this', ordered a shocked Monty—'you are going too far.'

In a generous evaluation of Esmond Harmsworth, Lord Rothermere, whom he long served as *Daily Mail* book critic, Quennell pauses to note: 'At Monte Carlo the aide-de-camp who had been instructed to see off the departing mistress would almost always be expected to await the Blue Train that was bringing her successor.' At least it saved petrol. In a wise commentary on Noël Coward we learn that he treated Ian Fleming of James Bond fame as he might a difficult social beauty or wayward prima donna, often criticising him, even jibing: had he forgotten how 'he had invited poor Rosemary, a defenceless woman novelist, to spend a week or two at Goldeneye, and then, after flinging a dead octopus into her bedroom, almost immediately turned her out again?'

Behind the anecdotal Quennell is a rare philosopher dispensing much wisdom, charm, beauty, zest for living. Apropos Proust, he quotes: 'The pleasure an artist gives us depends on his ability to reaveal a second universe beyond the one we know'. And that could apply to this exemplary autobiography.

TREVOR ALLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS

World Labour Rights and their Protection (Croom Helm. £10.95). No one is better qualified than James Avery Joyce, with his long and devoted work for human rights, to write upon the activities of the International Labour Organisation and the United Nations Declaration of Human Rights and the UN Covenants on Economic Social and Cultural Rights and the more general Covenant on Civil and Political Rights, with particular reference to the worker's rights. It is a complex subject which the author summarises with great skill. He discusses the setting by the ILO of worldwide standards for workers' rights and their application in countries with diverse social structures and differing economic development. 'Probably no action undertaken by the ILO over its 60 years of existence has had a more profound impact on social and labour legislation, and consequently the conditions of work and life of the working people in numerous countries, than this combination of standard-setting and supervisory activities'. On the other hand of course, there are glaring breaches of these principles, even by states which have put their names to the Declarations. He provides nine case studies of countries where labour abuse prevails. These particular studies include Chile,

Czechoslovakia, Equatorial Guinea, Indonesia, the Palestinians, the Soviet Union, Southern Africa, Tunisia and Uruguay. It is a dismal tragic story of oppression, and suppression of basic rights. What is the solution? The author advocates an International Court on Human Rights, a UN High Commissioner for Human Rights 'and new instruments concerning human rights protection'. Unfortunately, as no doubt Mr. Avery Joyce well appreciates, now organs of supervision and law have only a very well limited impact without the teeth of enforcement. This volume should prove of great help to those seeking knowledge of existing measures, their success and limitations.

Recollections of the Powys Brothers (Peter Owen. £9.95.) Long before their deaths the Powys brothers had become a legend, particularly to those readers who grew up to admire John Cowper Powys' *Glastonbury Romance* and *Wolf Silent*. Yet despite scholarly researches by such writers as Professor G. Wilson Knight and Professor Angus Wilson there are few if any satisfactory biographies of John, Llewelyn and 'T.F.'. Belinda Humfrey now seeks to remedy this omission. Her Introduction is admirably concise and informative and is followed by thirty-six extracts of quotes and personal recollections of the brothers. Presumably, the intention is that through the memories of friends and business acquaintances an in-depth picture will emerge. But in fact the brief impressions present a rather fragmented image. Exceptions are Frank Shelley's 'Lear Deposed' and Mark Holloway's very human account of taking tea with T.F.

(R.W.)

The Kemble Era. (The Bodley Head. £8.50.) Understandably, interest persists in John Kemble's influence on the late 18th century theatre, particularly as this dominating and indestructible figure was companioned by his equally gifted sister, Mrs. Sarah Siddons, and partnered by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Linda Kelly provides a valuable assessment of this strangely complex association. The wonder is that in the face of so many obstacles and frustrations the brother and sister survived to triumph in what many theatre historians regard as a 'golden age'. (R.W.)

Letters to a Disciple by Eliphas Lévi (The Aquarian Press, £2.95). Aleister Crowley claimed that he was the reincarnation of Eliphas Lévi (1810-1875), the leading French occultist who influenced many writers including Victor Hugo, Baudelaire, Huysmans and Yeats. Lévi's instructional letters to his disciple, Baron Nicholas-Joseph Spedalieri, previously published in batches in the Theosophist magazine *Lucifer* in 1894-5, cover the whole range of his magical theory and fully justify their collection in volume form. He expounds, *inter alia*, upon the numerology and symbolism of the Hebrew alphabet and the Tarot; and the translation by Bertram Keightley, a personal friend of Madame Blavatsky, is strangely impressive, especially where Lévi is at his most eschatological.

(R.W.-E.)

Romola (Penguin Books. £1.95). This new addition to the Penguin English Library contains George Eliot's historical novel based on Florence in the late fifteenth century. The Editor, Andrew Sanders, has written a perceptive Introduction. The text is based on the 'Cabinet Edition' of 1878, revised by George Eliot herself. The text is also annotated; and there is a map of Romola's Florence, together with a useful Note on the political and historical background. This volume should be widely welcomed.

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THE RISE AND FALL OF THE INVISIBLE EMPIRE OF THE KU KLUX KLAN

by David Chalmers

AFTER the Civil War, the hooded knights of the Ku Klux Klan paraded and struck on horseback. During the 1920s, they came to cross-burnings, parades and floggings in Model T Ford motor cars. In the 1970s, they arrived at rallies in Executive campers, and media star David Duke jets off to appear on the TV talk shows and play hide and seek with the British immigration service. But while their means of transportation have changed with the times, for more than one hundred years—in fits and starts—the Ku Klux Klan has been a secret, terrorist society dedicated to maintaining white rule in the United States.

Altogether there have been four major periods. The first Klan rode during the troubled times after the American Civil War. The second Klan emerged just before World War I, reached its peak in the mid-twenties, and then suffered a long decline until World War II, gas rationing, and back taxes forced its adjournment. Revived again after the war, the fragmented Klan world has not enjoyed the unity and moments of triumph known by its predecessors. It was deadly but not effective in countering the civil rights movement of the 1960s. The rise of black political power in the South, along with changing racial attitudes and an expanded police role of the national government created formidable barriers to Klan night riding violence. Nonetheless, after low fortunes for most of the decade of the 1970s, economic uncertainty, black-white confrontation in the smaller industrial towns of the deep South, and new leadership have produced a sporadic renewal of Klan violence and something of a revival. However, in good times and in bad, Klansmen boast that

> Yesterday, Today, Forever
> Since Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-Six
> the KU KLUX KLAN
> has been riding and will
> continue to do so as long as
> the WHITE MAN liveth!

The Ku Klux Khan has been a vigilante organisation, a revitalisation movement, a status society, a secret order, a fraternal lodge and, in the twentieth century, a money-maker for its leaders. Its way has been violence. Throughout its history, the Klan has been a conservative, not a revolutionary organisation. As a vigilante, it has sought to uphold 'law

and order,' white dominance and traditional morality.

To do this it has threatened, flogged, mutilated and, on occasion, murdered. The main purpose of the Klansmen, Kligrapps, Kludds, and Night Hawks, Cyclopses, Titans, Dragons, and Wizards, assembled in their Dens, Klaverns and Klonvokations, rallying in rented cow pastures and marching in solemn procession through city streets, has been to defend and restore what they conceived as traditional cultural values. The noted anthropologist Anthony F. C. Wallace divides revitalisation movements into *revivalism*, which seeks to 'revive a previous condition of social virtue,' and *nativism*, which attempts to 'purge the society of unwanted aliens.' Together these have been the sacred missions of the Klan.

During Reconstruction, the Klan opposed the Yankee carpetbaggers and freedmen who threatened the power of those who had traditionally ruled the South and the status (and thereby self-opinion) of those who had traditionally followed. In the 1920s the Klan, bred out of legend as the saviour of a downtrodden people during Reconstruction, sought to reinvigorate and protect the small town, gregarious, xenophobic culture against immorality and change. 'Colonel' William J. Simmons, who revived the Klan, called it 'comprehensive Americanism.'

Colonel Simmons reported having had the kind of hallucinatory vision which so often characterizes revivalist movements. It had come to him during an illness. 'On horseback in their white robes they rode across the wall in front of me,' he related. 'As the picture faded out, I got down on my knees and swore that I would found a fraternal organisation that would be a memorial to the Ku Klux Khan.' The enemy was the outsider-alien, whom Klansmen particularly identified in Roman Catholicism and personified in the Pope, whom Klansmen liked to call 'that dago on the Tiber.' For today's Klansman, the old values and symbols of the flag, Constitution, white womanhood, and racial separation—and a willingness to forcibly defend them—are the means by which he can give himself the status and prestige that society has otherwise denied to the working class and lower middle class strata.

One of the Klan's main twentieth century appeals has been the fellowship of like-minded people. As do other ancient, mystic, and noble orders which dot the American fraternal landscape, the Klan has its robes, rituals, hierarchies, secrets and sacred ceremonials which pass the would-be member from the world of 'aliens' to that of 'patriotism and klannishness.' While the Invisible Empire is basically a man's order, as secret societies are usually wont to be, it learned early the great truth of American fraternalism that no organisation succeeds without a ladies' auxiliary. While the womenfolk of the Reconstruction Klan stayed home and sewed the robes and disguises, the great Klan of the 1920s had its Klanswomen, Junior Klansmen and women, and Tri-K organisations, though some of the present-day orders sometimes merge with their Klansladies.

Combined with Klandom's sense of mission is an overwhelming awareness of powerful enemies. This, together with a heritage of violence—the possibility of 'rough stuff'—has added to the sense of danger and excite-

ment. For this, millions of klansmen having paid their initiation fees and knelt in prayer, have sworn obedience, secrecy and fidelity to the mysterious Invisible Empire.

The Ku Klux Klan was born in the little Tennessee town of Pulaski, near the Alabama border, probably in December of 1865. The six young founders were ex-Confederate officers. They were bored and wanted a bit of fun. From their college-learned Greek they chose the word *kuklos,* meaning circle, and apparently added the alliterative word 'klan' because it seemed to fit. They dressed up in ghostly disguises, galloped around town at night, and initiated more members. Whether it was the white sheets or the white men in the white sheets who frightened the local Blacks, it is not possible to say, but within a short time the Klan was transformed from a social club to a vigilante organisation.

To many Southern Whites, the overturn of slavery was frightening disorder. Although the scattered evidence seems to indicate that black lawlessness was mainly confined to thievery and arson, Southerners then and since have seen the Klan as a defender of a downtrodden people against black violence. Since the inaccessibility of white women to black males was the central symbol of dominance and subordination, Whites saw the symbol threatened by the new relationship of the races.

In the predominantly rural and underpoliced South, the slave patrols and vigilante or 'popular' justice had traditionally maintained order. The Klans took over, proliferated and spread, particularly in the upland, Piedmont and hill country of the old South, from North Carolina to Arkansas and Texas. In 1867, a secret convention at the Maxwell House is Nashville brought some order and central direction, framed an elaborate ritual that secret societies always like, and picked ex-Confederate cavalry general Nathan Bedford Forrest as supreme commander.

The general goal of the Klans was to drive Blacks and Republicans out of politics. For this, the Klans paraded, threatened, flogged, rioted and murdered. They generally got so out of control that General Forrest disbanded the order and the federal government used martial law, but the job had been done. The end of Reconstruction did not mean the end of intimidation and organised violence against Blacks, but the Klan itself became a slumbering legend.

In 1905, Thomas W. Dixon, an ex-classmate of Woodrow Wilson at Johns Hopkins University, published *The Clansman, an historical romance of the Ku Klux Klan.* It became a popular play, which D. W. Griffith made into an epic movie, *The Birth of a Nation.* Griffith's movie produced not only most of the modern film techniques, but also a revival of the Klan itself. The Dixon-Griffith melodrama showed the South under the heel of vengeful Radical politicians and brute-like Negroes, but in the end the Klan and the South triumphed. The climax came with theatre orchestras matching horses' hoofbeats to 'The Hall of the Mountain King,' as the Klansmen galloped across the screen to save the heroine, played by the

popular movie star Lillian Gish, besieged in a cabin by hordes of lust-crazed Blacks.

While this was bringing cheering audiences to their feet in an Atlanta movie house, 'Colonel' William Simmons, the fraternal salesman, resurrected the Klan in a nocturnal ceremony on nearby Stone Mountain. With all of the paraphernalia of the world of lodges and secret societies which he knew so well: — the sacred values to be protected from outsiders, the robes, rituals, prescripts and oath which he copyrighted, the patriotically raised American flag, the revered holy Bible and the blazing cross borrowed from Thomas Dixon's novel, 'Colonel' Simmons initiated his first heroes.

In the hands of hard-sell promoters, the Klan spread like wildfire through the South and across the nation. Its stock and trade were fraternalism, Protestant morality and one-hundred-per-cent Americanism. Klans salesmen, called Kleagles, recruited among the Masons and other orders and signed up local ministers and businessmen in a crusade against bootlegging, roadhouse sin and political corruption. The Invisible Empire became the great fraternal lodge for native-born, white Protestant Americans in the 1920s, greatly outstripping its nearest fraternal rival, the new American Legion. It helped to elect governors and senators literally from Maine to California and with a membership of more than two million was a major issue in the 1924 presidential election.

Its violence took place mainly in the South and Southwest and was primarily directed at fellow white, native-born Protestants, rather than immigrants, Roman Catholics, or Negroes. Usually it was some local fellow accused of drunkenness, unfaithfulness to his wife or criticism of the Klan who was taken out along the river bottoms of the Trinity River or the cow pastures outside the Okmulgee, Tulsa, Macon, or Raleigh to be flogged, tarred, mutilated and on a few occasions killed. With Klansmen numerous, masked and politically active, and police often Klan-minded, usually little was done, despite Pulitzer-prize winning campaigns by the New York *World*, Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, Columbus (Georgia) *Enquirer-Sun*, Montgomery *Advertiser* and Indianapolis *Times* and efforts by courageous lawmen and elected officials.

Although the Klan's main appeal was fraternity, patriotism, morality and community, its excitement was its reputation for violence. The story is told that in one little town in Indiana, the Roman Pope was reported to be coming in on the train from Chicago. Klansmen, according to the account, took their torches and ropes down to the station to meet him. The only alighting passenger was a corset salesman, and they gave him a hard time until they reassured themselves that he was not the Pope in disguise, finally putting him on the next train back to Chicago, just to play safe.

Sometimes people fought back. The Governor of Oklahoma declared martial law and Klan paraders were shot at and beaten in industrial and mining towns in Ohio's Mahoning Valley, western Pennsylvania, and in Perth Amboy, New Jersey. During summer nights in the mid-1920s Klansmen and Irishmen battled in central Massachusetts.

Although newspaper headlines and violence helped spread the Klan

in the early 1920s, they later came to damage it. The good people discovered that the Klan's presence was divisive to a community and that Klan leadership was often corrupt. The Grand Dragon of Indiana went to jail for a sex-murder and internal quarrels over power and money wrecked the Klan in almost every community. By the time of its first national parade in Washington, D.C., in 1925, the Klan was declining. During the depression 1930s, Klan membership dwindled to below 100,000. Only in Georgia did it have friends in power. Floggings of union organisers in the industrialising Piedmont were likely to be prosecuted and sometimes convicted. An attempt to merge with the German-American Bund failed. The Klan sold its Peachtree Street palace to the Roman Catholic Church. Hiram Wesley Evans, the Dallas dentist who had wrested the Klan away from 'Colonel' Simmons, sold it to a Terre Haute, Indiana, veterinarian. When the second World War came, with its reaction to Nazi racism, the Klan collapsed.

An Atlanta baby doctor reorganised the Klan in the Southeast after the war, but with his death in 1949 the movement fragmented, and no one has been able to restore unity, as self-appointed Dragons and Wizards continually emerge to compete for rule over Klandom's scattered thousands. Despite school desegregation and the civil rights movement of the 1960s, which the Klan saw as a 'Jew-Communist' conspiracy, the Klans were not an effective resistance movement. There was sporadic violence, particularly bombing. Mississippi's independent White Knights killed three civil rights workers. Klan highway patrollers in Georgia and Alabama shot Colonel Lemuel Pen and Viola Liuzzo, and with police acquiescence protest marchers were beaten in the city square of St. Augustine, Florida.

By the middle of the 1960s, the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) no longer stood by and watched, as it had done when 'Freedom Riders' were beaten at the Birmingham bus station, and juries were bringing in guilty verdicts. By the 1970s, the FBI claimed one out of every six Klansmen as an informant, and Klan violence had helped to produce civil rights laws which increased black voting and thus political power. By the 1980s there were black mayors, state legislators, congressmen, policemen and sheriffs in the South, and the black vote had been crucial in the election of Jimmy Carter as President.

As the 1970s ended, however, Klan fortunes and violence were somewhat on the rise. A pudgy electrical contractor named Bill Wilkinson, wearing large mod glasses and a three piece blue suit, and surrounded by rifle carrying guards, organised a rough new Klan which confronted black 'justice and job' marchers in the industrial towns of northern Mississippi and Alabama. In black communities across the nation, the Klan—however weak it may be—is the prime symbol of past suffering and present problems. The Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC), seeking a sense of purpose and unity that it had not had since the death of Martin Luther King, Jr., undertook a struggle against the Klan and clashed with it in the streets. While Wilkinson and other Klan leaders recruit from the Klan's traditional world of bourbon and coke and

pickup trucks with the rifle on the rack, a handsome, young, college educated Klansman, David Duke, was downplaying his Nazi background and trying to give klandom a new image via the college campuses and national television.

Behind the revival lies a growing blue collar job anxiety, produced by what the Klans charge is government favouritism toward black people in job training, employment, and promotion. At a time when the national government seems to be drifting and the economy turning bad, the Klan revival is an expressive form of poor-boy politics. In the American South, the Ku Klux Klan is a traditionally available vehicle. For a limited number of rural-minded, working-class whites, unable to accept and powerless to prevent social change, the deadly game of Klan violence is an emotionally satisfying alternative to the actual power to control larger events.

From a spectator viewpoint, Americans have been fascinated with the Klan. It is seldom out of the newspaper headlines and is widely reported on television. When David Duke announced that his California realm would patrol the Mexican border against illegal aliens, only eight Klansmen, but more than a score of news and TV cameramen showed up. Four questions are most repeatedly asked about the Klan: How did it get started in the first place? What was the origin of the burning cross? Why do people do things like that? What next?

The origin of the Klan during the troubled times of the post-Civil War South has already been described. The fiery cross came later. It seems to have emerged from the fertile imagination of Thomas Dixon, author of *The Clansman*. Dixon made it up and explained that for the original Klansman it derived from their Scottish highland ancestors. It was to become a life copying art. Ever since, Klansmen have used the blazing cross, usually a tall telegraph pole and its cross piece, wrapped in burlap, bound on by wire, and soaked in kerosene. Lit at the climax of rallies, it is ritual, warning, and advertising.

Ted Gurr, co-chairman of one of President Lyndon Johnson's National Violence Commission task forces has written that 'the capacity, but not a need, for violence appears to be biologically inherent in men.' Is it possible that man, as psychoanalysts and ethologists suggest, has inherent aggressive drives? If this is so, then the Ku Klux Klan ought to be a natural mobilizer and vehicle for their collective expression. The history and rationale of the Klan are those of intimidation and doing bodily harm. It is a secret, oath-bound society which draws its members from rural and working class strata, or subcultures, which are socialised to establish reputation, social space, and often personality by fighting.

The Klansman sees a world divided between his own kind and 'aliens.' Within the Klavern, special action squads often exist and the talk is continually of guns and killing. At public rallies, speakers on flat-back trucks beneath blazing crosses often balance the blandness of their new public relations images by the implied threat to violence that 'this is the Klan speaking!' The language which draws the greatest response is tough

talk, especially references to 'niggers.' With all of this going for violence, it is surprising how little there actually is.

Most of the Klan violence took place during Reconstruction, when the Klan was acting as a guerilla force, a national liberation army attempting to overturn what it saw as illegal rule by oppressive outsiders. During the 1920s when the Klan numbered its millions nation-wide, whipping was the most common kind of Klan violence, used most frequently to settle old scores and punish local misbehaviour. Although there was a considerable amount of violence, particularly in Texas, Oklahoma, Alabama, and Georgia, it was remarkably sporadic. In other parts of the nation, where tens of thousands of Klansmen rallied in the North, Midwest and West, despite tough talk and a sense of masked immunity and power, Klans and Klansmen held back.

In the world of the 1950s and 1960s, Klansmen bombed churches, beat integration-minded bus riders, and shot civil rights-workers in Mississippi, mostly when the message of their culture (including the police and the FBI) was that they could get away with it. Perhaps there is a kind of territoriality which exists on a psychological level in the human species and prompts men to defend not only their homes and neighbourhoods but also their threatened prestige and status in society. In addition, the excitement of inflicting pain has always held a psychic reward for Klan floggers. Nevertheless, Klan violence has been clearly triggered by social and cultural values, rather than instinctual ones. Historically, police passivity rather than the aggressive drives of Klansmen has determined whether periods of violence will take place. It would seem, therefore, more useful to apply the cultural term 'hostility' rather than the biological term 'aggression' to describe the relationship between Klansmen and the world of aliens outside the Invisible Empire.

The best way to see the recent Klans is as a status movement. This is involved in the answer to the question of where the Klans are going now: 'What next?' Today's Klansmen are not only unhappy over the social politics of America's post-industrial, pluralistic society, they feel left out. Studies by the sociologist James Vander Zanden, the political scientist William Moore, and my own for the National Violence Commission have found the typical Klansman to be in his middle thirties with no more than a high school education. He has usually been a skilled blue collar worker (carpenter, bricklayer, mechanic, truck driver), a small independent businessman (the owner-operator of a barber shop, gas station, or repair shop), a small town policeman, or a part-time minister. Close to the juncture of the upper-working and lower-middle classes, the Klansman resents his lack of recognition and prestige in society.

The Klansman feels beset by a society and a federal government that he believes are hostile to him and his values. He believes that the government and the national media are Jew-Communist controlled. New York, not Washington or Moscow is seen as the centre of the 'communist conspiracy.' The initials F.B.I. really stand for the 'Federal Bureau of Integration,' Klan speakers like to explain, and the Department of H.E.W.

meant 'nigger Health, nigger Education, and nigger Welfare.'

By membership in the Klan as a defender of 100% Americanism, the white race, school, neighbourhood, and way of life, the Klansman confers on himself the prestige that society has otherwise withheld from him. In short, membership in the Klan is satisfying in itself, and may well lessen the need for overt action. However, although secrecy and the tradition, aura and talk of violence which generally pervade Klandom may lead to sporadic acts, the Klans lack the community approval and the police permissiveness necessary for a campaign of violence.

And then there is the Federal Bureau of Investigation. By the middle 1960s, presidential pressure had prompted the FBI into action, and it moved with dispatch. Not only did FBI informers and agents solve the civil rights murders of the 1960s, but also the agency undertook the same kind of disruptive action against the Klan that it had practised against left wing groups. On behalf of government, the FBI acted the way secret societies do. The FBI's Counterintelligence Programme: Internal Security, Disruption of Hate Groups operation, known as COINTELPRO, sought to disrupt the Klan internally by spreading rumours of financial and sexual corruption and breached security within the Klan. The FBI anonymously sent Klansmen postcards covered with crude cartoons captioned 'Which Klan leader is spending your money tonight?' 'Someone knows who you are,' and 'Is your job safe even after everyone finds out you're a Klansman?' While a Klansman might have the weapons and the will for 'a little action,' the chances of being caught seemed downright discouraging.

And yet the hooded empires peopled by Klansmen, Klanswomen, and FBI informants live on. In bygone times, the Klan patrolled the borders of race relations in the South. It was the erosion of those borders which produced a limited, though potentially violent Klan revival. There was an armed clash in Decatur, Alabama, and an anti-Klan rally in Greensboro, North Carolina, left five dead at the hands of Klansmen and American Nazis. Perhaps the lesson that the revival was to teach again is that the Ku Klux Klan remains the means for the expression of social, economic, and racial anxieties of at least a small part of a stratum of society in the American South. The Florida Grand Dragon summed it up with the melancholy explanation that the Klan exists because 'the white people has rights just like anybody else.'

[David Chalmers is Professor of American History at The University of Florida. He is a Fellow of the American Council of Learned Societies, was a member of President Johnson's National Violence Executive and is First elected President of the Arts and Sciences Faculty of the University of Florida. Publications include books on the Ku Klux Klan, the Standard Oil Company and a History of the American people. Professor Chalmers' latest book, *Hooded Americanism: The History of the Ku Klux Klan*, (Franklin Watts of New York and London) will be published in the Autumn of 1980.]

NORTHERN IRELAND: WHY MAKE IT SO COMPLICATED?

by John Biggs-Davison, MP

WHEN they speak of a United Ireland they commonly mean a united republican Ireland. Yet if a Nationalist is entitled to dream of hoisting the tricolor over Stormont Castle, is not a Unionist entitled to dream of raising again over Dublin Castle that flag which embodies the Cross of St Patrick? Neither dream is at all likely to come true. The survey published in Dublin last October by the Economic and Social Research Institute found that 68 per cent. in the Republic wanted a United Ireland. It appeared that anti-partitionist sentiment was stronger in the Republic than among Northern Catholics. A mere 9 per cent. in the South but no less than 50 per cent. of Roman Catholics in Northern Ireland thought that the province should remain part of the United Kingdom.

Whatever the myths, and they are many and strange, there has never been a United Ireland in the sense of one Emerald Isle under one green flag. As for the modern republican ideology, it is out of line with the history of Catholic Ireland. The island of scholars and singers and saints —Ireland was a great evangeliser of Europe—was also an island of kings. In the old tribal centuries before there was a nation there were several kings and sometimes a High King. Ireland was fleetingly one in resistance to the Vikings. They it was who changed the name *'Ulaid'* into 'Ulster'.

Otherwise Ireland was only united under English domination, or within the United Kingdom from 1800 to 1922. The English connection began as a Catholic enterprise. The Papacy wanted order taken with the Irish Church and people. So the Norman Conquest of England was extended across the sea under Henry II, the Angevin whose writ ran through a veritable 'European Community' stretching from Scotland to Spain.

Ulster was the last of the ancient kingdoms to be forced into England's United Ireland. Ulster was, and is, different. Geographically, all Ireland is divided into two parts. It was so before partition, before the Plantations, even before the Gael. You can see Scotland from Antrim. Traffic ran both ways through centuries between Scotland and the North of Ireland whereas the River Erne, the lakes and forests and bogs, cut the province off from the rest of the island. Folklore tells of old battles between Ulster and 'the men of Ireland'. Before Carson there was Cú Chulainn. As in England, so in Ireland, the last stand for old faith and old ways was made in the North. Both the North of England and the North of Ireland leapt ahead into the industrial age.

One reason that the Union failed was the stress of soaring population. The success of the Union in the North owed much to the linen and ship-building industries. Her mills and yards brought Ulster closer to Mersey and Clyde than to Liffey and Shannon.

At Partition the Northern Nationalist, Joseph Devlin, whom the Unionist Prime Minister, Sir James Craig (afterwards Lord Craigavon) preferred to Carson, who, though a Unionist, was a Southerner—Ulster was different —said this: 'They have created for the first time in history two Irelands.' More historical inaccuracy could hardly have been contained in one short sentence. This is but one of many myths, Green and Orange, widely believed and even repeated by propagandists masquerading as historians.

Another myth is that if only Parnell had continued to live and lead he could have carried Ulster, all Ulster, along the road to Home Rule. What Parnell did was to weld into one mass loyalist movement Liberal and Conservative in the North, and the overwhelming majority of the landed, the mercantile and the working class. Partition was never a British conspiracy. That myth is refuted by study of the records. The right of the loyal, distinct North-East to opt out of the Free State was an exercise of democracy. The price of self-determination for the South was self-determination for the North. As in India, so in Ireland, to quit was to split.

Doubtless the frontier could have been drawn differently; but self-determination in the wake of abdication by the external power is bound to leave minorities under an uncongenial sovereignty. The Boundary Commission of 1924 tried but failed to improve the demarcation. Thereafter Dublin accepted the Border as it was and still is in the Tripartite Agreement which was solemnly deposited with the League of Nations. Even 'under the Treaty of 1921,' the former *Fine Gael Taoiseach,* Liam Cosgrave, told the Ulster journal, *Fortnight,* (8th June, 1973) '. . . the six north-eastern counties have opted out and we cannot expect them to come back into an all-Ireland parliament without their agreement.'

There was injustice in the North. It was not always one way. In 1951 the Strabane Council allocated 112 of its houses to 102 Roman Catholics and 10 Protestants. There was gerrymandering, as there was in Cork, but only in local government. Devolution could be blamed: the Imperial Parliament by convention did not meddle. Today there are equal civil rights throughout the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. The Parliament at Westminster is now a stronger guarantor of justice for the minority than the extensive apparatus of Parliamentary Commissioner, Commissioner for Complaints, Standing Commission on Human Rights and Fair Employment Agency.

When Ireland was partitioned, most Northern Unionists wanted no local parliament. They wished to continue to send Members to Westminster only, as under the Act of Union. A Northern Parliament was imposed because, contrary to the mythology, the British Government hoped to merge it with the Southern Parliament in a reunited Ireland with the agency of a Council of Ireland which was legislated for but to which Dublin failed to send members. Later Stormont became, and was cherished as, a Unionist symbol and stronghold. When it was done away with, Ian Paisley told the present writer that it would not be rebuilt.

A new Northern Ireland Parliament and Government, with majority rule, Westminster pattern, is the official first aim of various sections of Ulster Unionism. The Nationalist Social Democratic and Labour Party

want a devolved system of Government in which they would enjoy a guaranteed position and the door would be held open to the South. These two forms of devolution are incompatible.

The 'political solution' that commands support 'across the political divide' and would not tend to perpetuate sectarian divisions is direct rule from Westminster. True, one hears complaints in many quarters of what is a highly bureaucratic, even 'colonial,' structure of administration at Whitehall and Stormont. Local government is defective. There is no upper tier as in Great Britain. The Macrory reform of 1972-73 assumed that the Stormont Parliament, soon to be abolished, would serve as an upper tier of democratic supervision of the statutory authorities which had been set up as creatures of Ministers to run housing, education and social services and to discharge other duties so as to minimise sectarian discrimination.

Northern Ireland is less democratic therefore than England, Scotland or Wales. The elected District Councils exercise minor powers; and the province is still under-represented in the House of Commons. Remedy is required in both local and central spheres. Even if no provincial council or councils yet exist, could not the Districts be entrusted with additional responsibilities without arousing alarm in Catholic breasts? Must the Department of the Environment manage so many of the car parks in the province? Some Councils have been guilty of bigotry; the City of Londonderry is a model of forbearance and co-operation. The political jargon is of Irish and other 'dimensions'. Northern Ireland needs a 'democratic dimension.' Increased representation should bring to Westminster more Members of both political traditions. It may sound a paradox but Parliamentary Union is the best protection for non-Unionist rights and opportunities. In an opinion poll carried out last year for Queen's University, Belfast, 76.6% of Protestants and 92.2% of Catholics expressed themselves in favour of United Kingdom legislation being applied to Northern Ireland as uniformly as possible.

Let us think less then of United Ireland and more of United Europe. The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland is the Irish Republic's partner in the European Communities (which is one more acknowledgment of the line drawn between them). The Common Market erases the Border as a fiscal frontier; but, as Kevin O'Higgins said, 'it is useless to seek to abolish the Boundary until we have abolished it in our hearts'. Mr. Haughey and Mrs. Thatcher have proclaimed a 'unique relationship' between Kingdom and Republic. It is indeed closer than the former Commonwealth association. But it is, or should be, clear that the choice for Northern Ireland is not between Union with Britain and *Anschluss* with Eire. If ever the British were so deaf to conscience and blind to strategic interest as to abandon fellow subjects who saved them from Hitler's starvation and expel them from the Kingdom of their birthright, Northern Ireland would make her own independent arrangements with Crown and Commonwealth and the world. In which event, minorities would have to take their chance.

THE EVIL OF DELAY

by Lord Caradon

IN 1664 when Oliver Cromwell was preparing for a decisive battle in the war between Parliament and the King he sent a message to his commanders:

> Get up what volunteers you can. Hasten your horses. You must act lively. Do it without distraction. Neglect no means.

I like to remember the words of his advice. Most of the dreadful situations in the world we hear and read about in these days were not intended. Nearly always the developing disasters and mounting dangers were due not to bad intentions, not even to miscalculations; they were the consequence of failing to take effective action when there was still time.

Remember what Willy Brandt said when he first spoke for Germany in the United Nations General Assembly:

> There is violence through tolerance, intimidation through indolence, threat through passiveness, manslaughter through immobility.

Abba Eban of Israel said, not so long ago:

> There are moments in international, as in national, life when passivity is an extreme form of intervention, and on the wrong side at that.

The evil forces of procrastination are specially strong in international affairs. This is partly due to the multiplication of world problems. When there is conflict the need to do something is sometimes unavoidable, but when the immediate crisis is over it is so easy and so comfortable to turn away hoping the danger will diminish or disappear. The temptation is often irresistible to turn to the long waiting list of other international problems all crying out for urgent attention.

So if proliferation of international problems is one reason for delay in dealing with them, another reason—perhaps even more important—is the acceleration in international communications. Distance is no longer a protection. Time is no longer an ally. The number of far off countries of which we know little or nothing is rapidly diminishing. Every threat, every crisis, however remote is at once a matter for international awareness.

Ambassadors become foreign correspondents. All day and all night their reports flow in to the capitals of the world. Compared with the leisurely timing of the past there is now an hourly accumulation and concentration and complication of crises. No wonder that most of the proliferating problems of the world have to wait their turn—often till it is too late to solve them.

There is another consequence of the revolutionary advance in communications. Not only does the flow of reports of danger accelerate but the pressure on those who have to decide and to act is intensified. Television and radio now ensure that the main actors are singled out and pushed to the centre of the stage with no hope of escape. The principal Ministers engaged in international affairs work under the strain and glare of publicity. The powers and influence of the permanent officials diminish. There was a time when ambassadors and senior foreign-ministry officials exercised an

authority commensurate with their experience. No longer. Their influence is now usually limited to preparing memoranda for which there is rarely time for adequate consideration, and to hurried last-minute messages in an attempt to inform or to persuade their harassed Ministerial masters in time.

The world has become a much more dangerous place as a direct result of these new factors—the rapidity of report and the concentration of responsibility—both resulting from instant communication. We now have a world in which most Foreign Ministers are either dangerously vain or humbly inadequate.

It scarcely needs emphasising that the systems of dealing with foreign affairs differ greatly in different capitals. The Russians put their faith in old age. They seem to think that there is safety in senility. Foreign Minister Gromyko's term of office is measured not in years but in decades. In Moscow diplomatic life begins at seventy. One of the leading internationalists of recent times, Deputy Foreign Minister Kuznetsov, on reaching the age of seventy-five was promoted to be Vice President of the Soviet Union.

But whatever the method of handling foreign affairs in different countries, in the end it is the personal characteristics of those in charge—specially in these days of concentrated responsibility—which matter most. American and British systems also differ widely. The difference in function between the U.S. State Department and our Foreign Office, and between Congress and Parliament, and Secretary of State and Foreign Minister are sufficiently obvious. The main difference is perhaps that we believe in concentration whereas in America faith is put in dispersal of responsibility.

Many years ago I was Governor of Jamaica, and one day I received a secret telegram to tell me that our Prime Minister, Anthony Eden, had suffered a breakdown. He must have a complete rest for several weeks at least. Could I suggest a quiet retreat in Jamaica? I got in touch with the author, Ian Fleming, who had a house called Goldeneye on the north coast of Jamaica. He agreed to make his house available at once. So Sir Anthony and Lady Eden arrived by air and we had the sad task of welcoming a world statesman broken by the pressure of world events. Few, if any one else, had wider experience in foreign affairs but he, by intolerable strain, had been forced over the edge of breakdown—the physical breakdown which threatens or overwhelms so many world leaders.

In our British system the pressure is even greater on Foreign Ministers than on Prime Ministers. I remember one of our fairly recent Prime Ministers, now Lord Home, telling me what a relief it was when he became Prime Minister after having previously been Foreign Minister.

As Foreign Minister he had to read non-stop all the main telegrams from our Ambassadors all over the world—and he had to know the Ambassadors—and to receive at any time representations, pleadings, protests from any one of the array of Foreign Ambassadors in London. He must be ready to answer questions and debates in Parliament and attend Cabinet meetings and spend part of his life in the air, going to and from international conferences.

As Lord Home told me, the variety was confusing, the demands exacting and the pace bewildering.

'But now that I am Prime Minister,' he said, 'I am free. People don't come to see me unless I ask them. I have time to read other than telegrams. I even have time to think'.

Lord Home was of course speaking half in jest—but it is perhaps permissible in passing to claim that we English are more merciful to our Prime Ministers than Americans are to their Presidents.

One other personal recollection. When I was Governor of Cyprus, I had the advantage of a long association and friendship with our then Foreign Secretary, Selwyn Lloyd (who before his recent death became a highly respected Speaker of the House of Commons). We had been at Cambridge University together and had both been Presidents of the Union and of the Cambridge University Liberal Club (and when we were both Liberals we had gone out together speaking in the countryside in the Liberal Land Campaign).

At a time of crisis in Cyprus, when we faced a campaign of growing violence in the Island and the fierce feelings in both Greece and Turkey, Selwyn Lloyd was the Minister who had to make the policy decisions. When I met him in London or Athens from time to time, I was amazed at his command of all aspects and details and the personalities of the Cyprus problem. He had a barrister's ability to concentrate his whole mind like a searchlight on the case immediately before him. But as I admired his mastery of the Cyprus problem I realised that he had to turn from Cyprus to deal with a whole long category of other international issues. I remember thinking how impossible it was for one man, however able, to deal adequately with a whole world of trouble.

So much for the argument that the accumulation and concentration of international problems makes them much more difficult to handle. It may be instructive to consider three specific examples.

First, Cyprus. Early on a Monday morning six years ago Archbishop Makarios, President of Cyprus, came down from his favourite monastery in the mountains and was receiving a deputation of Greek schoolchildren on the steps of the Presidential Palace. Then suddenly gunfire was heard and squadrons of tanks, under orders from the then Junta in Athens, surrounded the Palace and for hours fired their tank guns, intending to kill the President. But he escaped through the adjacent river bed and after a further narrow escape by helicopter from Paphos made his way to London. On the orders of the Athens Junta, Nicos Sampson, a notorious EOKA gunman, was declared President.

The action of the Athens Junta was an adventure of crazy violence, doomed to failure and disaster. When Cyprus had become independent in 1960 under a Treaty of Guarantee, Britain, Greece and Turkey all had guaranteed the independence of the Island and pledged themselves to act together or separately to protect that independence. It must have been obvious to everyone other than the Athens Junta that the mad act of violence could not succeed. Either the three guaranteeing powers or one of

them was bound to intervene (I had a special concern in that I myself had signed the Treaty of Guarantee on behalf of my Government). The world waited to see what would happen.

We cannot yet know exactly what transpired in hurried international communications following that fateful Monday morning in 1974. What we do know is that the United Kingdom and the United States deliberately decided to do nothing. They did not invoke the Treaty of Guarantee. The United Nations Security Council was not even summoned. Secretary of State Kissinger (who had other things on his mind at the time) admitted later that he had been ill-informed and consequently gravely mistaken. No such ignorance could be pleaded by the British Ministers. It was a joint betrayal, not mainly by malice or cowardice, but simply by failure to act when there was still time. Anyone who understood the situation knew that failure of the Western powers to act following the violent coup must lead to Turkish intervention. And so it did. The Turks invaded northern Cyprus. They advanced in two stages to occupy nearly half the whole of the Island. A third of the total Greek population of the Island fled to the south and are still refugees. The Turkish occupation of the north, previously the most prosperous part of the Island, has been consolidated by a Turkish army of occupation. The city of Varosha, Greek Famagusta, is still an abandoned waste. No one can cross from south to north of the Island. All attempts to achieve a settlement and to restore the unity of the Island have so far led nowhere.

The beautiful Island is cut in two. The fateful decision to do nothing when the invasion took place has led to more than six years of division and confrontation and animosity not only in Cyprus but between Greece and Turkey and with even wider repercussions.

Secondly, the conflict in Southern Africa. In 1962 I was an Ambassador to the United Nations dealing with what is now called 'Third World questions'. By far the most important matter within my responsibility was the question of Rhodesia. By June 1962 the General Assembly of the United Nations passed a Resolution calling on the United Kingdom to summon a constitutional conference of all concerned to work out a new constitution for Rhodesia. The Resolution was passed by seventy-three in favour, one against (South Africa), with twenty-seven abstentions. The United Kingdom refused to participate in the vote or to call a conference.

In the light of what has taken place in the past eighteen years, it is instructive to look at what was said and proposed at a time when all the suffering and bloodshed of subsequent years could have been avoided.

This is what I reported to my Government:

> It will be useless to continue patting ourselves on the back for past achievement and winning debating points against the Communists if we are on the wrong side in the struggle between African nationalism and white domination in Africa.
>
> It is in Southern Rhodesia that there will be the greatest test both for the future of Africa and for British policy.

I made specific recommendations as to the action we might take on outstanding issues (including a recommendation—which reads oddly now—

that at least the qualification for the B roll might be simplified and extended to give the African members of the Legislature more than fifteen seats out of the then total of sixty-five).

And my main recommendation as far back as 1962 was in these words:

> Might not the British Government declare that we are in favour of progressive steps toward full participation of all the people of the territory in the government and that, following the forthcoming elections, we shall invite the leaders of all the parties to participate in a conference on future constitutional advance?

I went to London for discussions with the Ministers of the Conservative Government. I thought at one time that I had convinced them: but the British Government refused to intervene. The White Government in Rhodesia went ahead with repressive legislation and new elections for an overwhelmingly white Legislature. The African ZAPU party was banned. African leaders were sent for detention to remote African villages. The Africans boycotted the elections (only a few thousand Africans voted). The repression and the dreadful drift continued.

I could not speak in the United Nations for a policy of inaction so I resigned my post as Ambassador and, since then, I have been free to go to Africa to meet both black and white leaders, as I have done several times in recent years, and I have participated in the United Nations conferences on southern Africa, first at Maputo and then in Lagos. What a mercy that in the end the Commonwealth initiative at the Lusaka Conference was able to insist on ending nearly two decades of bloody delay.

And lastly, let us turn to the Middle East. The story of the past fifty years has been one of delays and disasters, and the prospects of a peaceful settlement seem now more remote than ever. I do not propose to attempt to draw lessons from all the mistakes and failures of the past but wish to direct attention to one major opportunity missed. The year 1967 was dominated by the sweeping victories of the Israeli army leading to the Israeli occupation of East Jerusalem and the West Bank and Gaza and the Golan and the whole of Sinai. The Soviet Union thereupon called for an extraordinary session of the General Assembly of the United Nations. All that hot summer we sat in the Assembly listening to angry and abusive oratory. At the end of the long session we voted down a Soviet Resolution clause by clause until there was nothing left to vote on. The United States could not propose any Resolution which had the slightest hope of achieving the necessary two-thirds majority. The Members of the Assembly had utterly failed to deal with the mounting dangers arising from the June war.

We went back into the Security Council with its fifteen members without at first having much hope of doing anything there on an issue in which all Members of the Assembly had so signally failed.

I do not need to tell the long story of the prolonged and intensive negotiations in New York with all concerned which led to the dramatic moment when Resolution 242 was adopted in the Council, with Deputy Foreign Minister Kuznetsov of the Soviet Union and Ambassador Goldberg of the United States making the vote unanimous. But the importance of the unanimous vote was at once apparent. At last it seemed possible that a way had

been found to establish a lasting peace with everyone, East and West and Arabs and Israelis, working together for an agreed settlement.

When I introduced the Resolution to the Security Council on November 15, 1967, I said:

> The Arab countries insist that we must direct our special attention to the recovery of their territories. The Israelis tell us that withdrawal must never be to the old precarious peace but to secure boundaries. Both are right. The aims of the two sides do not conflict. To imagine that one can be secured without the other is a delusion. They are of equal validity and equal necessity. We want not a victory in New York but a success in the Middle East.

And after the unanimous vote I said in the Council:

> The Resolution which we have prepared is not a British text; it is the result of close and prolonged consultation with both sides and with all members of the Council. As I have respectfully said, every member of the Council has made a contribution to the search for common ground on which we can go forward.

The Resolution unanimously adopted on November 22, 1967, set out the principles for a peaceful outcome, but it did more. It also provided for the action necessary to put the agreed principles into effect. The Resolution provided for a Special Representative to proceed to the Middle East to establish and maintain contacts with the States concerned in order to promote agreement and assist efforts to achieve a peaceful and accepted settlement in accordance with the provisions and principles of the Resolution.

So it was that Ambassador Jarring of Sweden was appointed to be the Special Representative. He was an Ambassador of the highest reputation and wide experience. He set to work at once to consult the principal Governments concerned, starting with Egypt and Israel. Hopes were high. At last the international community had agreed aims, and the practical work of implementation had begun.

But then our hopes were suddenly dashed. Ambassador Jarring put forward his first proposals. They were at once flatly rejected by the Israeli Government. And when it became clear that he could make no progress at all, he gave up his task.

It was then that failure of international action was so deplorable. The representatives of the United States, the Soviet Union, France and the United Kingdom met every week to review the situation. We should never have allowed a negative attitude by one side to the dispute to frustrate the agreed purposes of the international community. It was for us to encourage Ambassador Jarring to continue his work. We should have backed him. It was the time for a renewed joint international initiative. The drift to another conflict continued. The principles agreed were left unfulfilled; the best opportunity for a peaceful settlement had been thrown away.

As I look back on the three examples I have given—the decision not to act in Cyprus, the refusal to intervene in Rhodesia, the failure to carry out the unanimously agreed Resolution on the Middle East at the time of the Jarring mission—it seems to me that procrastination has been our principal enemy.

At the same time, having recognised that delay is our greatest enemy we must certainly not despair. I believe passionately in the effectiveness of

international endeavour. I like to remember what Adlai Stevenson used to say, 'Never mock the weakness of the United Nations lest we mock ourselves'.

[Lord Caradon (Hugh Foot), member of a prominent West Country family, began his career with the British Colonial Service as an administrative officer in Palestine and Trans-Jordan, serving in some of the most dangerous areas of the Middle East during the troubled 1930s and early 1940s. In 1943 he was appointed Colonial Secretary in Cyprus. During postwar assignments to Jamaica and Nigeria, he played a key role in preparation of the early constitutions for those nations. In the late 1950s he served a second time in Cyprus, this time as the last Governor prior to Independence. Created a Life Peer in 1964, Lord Caradon became Minister of State for Foreign and Commonwealth Affairs and United Kingdom Representative at the United Nations from 1964 to 1970. Since then he has performed assignments for the U.N. in Africa and elsewhere and has often travelled to the Middle East, Africa and America.]

(Some parts of the above article are based on the Fulton Memorial Lecture given by Lord Caradon at Middlebury College, Vermont, USA in 1979.)

The September issue of *Contemporary Review* includes *Dublin Politics*: *The Realities* by Hugh Munro, *The European Parliament*: *Its First Year* by Juliet Lodge, *The Age of the Refugee* by Keith D. Suter and *The Future of the Library Service* by Fiona Hamilton.

THE QUESTION OF WEST BANK AUTONOMY

by Charles R. Lefcourt

'THERE are no easy solutions,' runs a current advertisement for an American road-building firm, 'only intelligent choices.' However, the apparently permanent controversy over Israeli settlements in Judea and Samaria (call them The Occupied Territories or The Administered Territories, depending on your politics) leads many to believe that in this case at least, even intelligent choices are in short supply. So long has the question been debated and so far-off seems any equitable solution that it is difficult not to despair of its ever being solved. The sensitivity of both sides to a possible erosion of their positions was made clear in March of this year when Tel-Aviv condemned as 'repugnant' a United Nations Security Council vote in which the U.S.A. joined with the Arab block to call for dismantling of Israeli settlements on the West Bank including Jerusalem. So violent was the Israeli reaction that President Carter was obliged to claim, with some embarrassment, that there had been 'poor communications', and that the U.S. representative had voted erroneously. Carter paid for his slip a week later when New York voters, many of whom are Jewish, gave their nod to Edward Kennedy in the Democratic presidential primary race.

In 1947, when the British mandate was running out, the UN adopted a compromise plan allotting the area west of the Jordan with a traditionally Arab majority to the Arabs. When they rejected this, Jordanian troops occupied the area together with East Jerusalem. It remained under Jordanian control until Israel conquered it during the Six Days War. Not until the Camp David Accord eleven years later did Israel agree to change the *status quo*. By the terms of the 'Framework for Peace in the Middle East,' Egypt and Israel agreed on 'transitional arrangements' for the West Bank and Gaza [note that Jerusalem is not mentioned] for a period not exceeding five years. In order to provide full autonomy to the inhabitants under these arrangements the Israeli military government and its civilian administration will be withdrawn as soon as a self-governing authority has been freely elected by the inhabitants of these areas to replace the existing military government.

The delicate wording and ambiguous phraseology of the accord necessitated the postponing of decisions on actual implementation to the future when hopefully Jordan would decide to join the talks on the future of the Palestinians. As it turned out, Jordan has chosen to condemn the agreement. The protocol states further that 'a withdawal of Israeli armed forces will take place and there will be a redeployment of the remaining Israeli forces into specified security locations.'

But what does autonomy mean? Even if the other Arab states were to accept Camp David, there would still be the semantic problem to settle. For the Likud party of Menachem Begin, the phrase 'granting full autonomy to the inhabitants' is interpreted to mean only that the inhabi-

tants of the area will be entitled to conduct all their own local affairs. Consequently, the presence of Israeli military and administrative forces, and even the continuance of an Israeli national entity within the present borders could continue indefinitely as long as individuals are granted certain personal and psychological rights to such things as their own 'national' anthem, flag, legislature, etc.

The opposition Labour Party has generally condemned the Likud intransigence on this point, opting instead for the late Deputy Prime Minister Yigal Allon's plan which envisiages a Palestinian entity with territorial autonomy which does 'not include the continuation of Israeli control over the territories inhabited by Arabs in the West Bank and Gaza [but] must ensure that Israel would remain in control of certain locations and zones vital for her long term security.'[1] The plan conceives that territory densely populated by Arabs would automatically be included while specified areas would remain under Israeli military and perhaps civilian authority—within the borders of this 'un-nation' or whatever it might be called.

The Arabs, both hard and soft liners, are in agreement that neither the Likud nor the Allon plan is feasible, for in their view an Arab state administered and protected by Palestinian Arabs must be independent and autonomous in the generally accepted sense. This right to a state, they aver, is what was meant by the well-known Resolution 242 of the United Nations Security Council when it called for 'a just settlement of the refugee problem.'

Israeli public opinion runs the gamut from ultra-nationalists (among whom Prime Minister Begin apparently belongs) who use the concept of Eretz Yisroel, the ancient Biblical account of the land allotted by the Lord to the Hebrews, to claim that today's Israelis have an inalienable right to settle and live wherever they wish within the borders of ancient Samaria and Judea, to the moderates who call for an immediate return of all Arab land even if it means a Palestinian state ruled over by the PLO. On the whole, most Israelis and most Jews living in the diaspora might agree that holding the administered areas indefinitely would be unacceptable even if workable. Marie Syrkin points out in a recent article the irony of a situation in which Israel, founded on the principles of democracy and humanity should find itself in the position of having forcibly to assimilate a mass of people against their will. More pragmatically, there are demographical problems. Arabs, she points out, average nine children per family and Israelis only three, meaning that in a generation or two Jews could find themselves a minority in their own country. In addition, Israel has since its inception set out to demonstrate that the Jews, so long slandered as socal parasites, could work their own farms and till their own soil. But the danger exists of a growing Arab depressed class which, together with the Jewish immigrants from Muslim lands, would be relegated to performing servile and disagreeable labouring jobs, leaving the European Jews in positions of economic and social dominance.

The Christian Science Monitor recently published an interesting chart

showing the positions of settlements in the administered areas—those in existence before Begin took office, those founded before Camp David, and those since, plus those in the planning stage.[2] The Israeli 'early warning' defence system resembles a Maginot Line of fortified settlements, over forty of them, of which three-quarters are already in place, extending along the Jordan River Valley from the north corner of the administered area and running southwards to the Red Sea. Here the Rift Valley affords hilly defensive positions with no population centres of importance. Presumably the Israelis might be willing to abandon most of their other settlement blocks if they felt they had secure and well-defended transportation and communication lines to this first line of defence. In a sense, a 'Maginot Line' or better a 'Singapore' mentality is anathema to the Israelis — the guns, so to speak, must not only face eastwards, but would have to defend against possible encroachment attempts emanating from the Palestinian state to the west. Such a solution, with some sort of international guarantee, would probably be tolerated by both sides even though satisfying neither completely.

Probably the day is coming when the PLO will grasp the nettle and recognize the rights of all countries in the area—specifically Israel—to exist within guaranteed and recognised borders. Once this happens, the pressures on Israel to abandon most of its settlements will become irresistible and an eventual Palestinian state co-existing with the above-mentioned Israeli defensive positions along the Rift Valley with eventually come into existence. Such a solution would solidify the Egyptian-Israeli peace, guarantee all parties, a fail-sale defensive strategic position, and allow the clarification of the status of the city of Jerusalem to become the next stage in the on-going winding down of a politician-made hostility that has endangered for too long the peace of the world.

NOTES:

1. Allon, Yigal, 'The West Bank and Gaza Within the Framework of a Middle East Peace Settlement,' *Middle East Review*, XII, 2 (Winter, 1979/80), 17.
2. Reproduced in Temko, Ned, 'All is Not Quiet on the Western Bank,' *Buffalo News*, 9 March 1980, Sec. E, p. 1.

[Professor Charles R. Lefcourt is Associate Professor of Comparative Literature at the State University College, Buffalo.]

AT THE END OF THE WORLD

by John Elsom

DAME Ngaio Marsh lives on the slopes of an extinct volcano, overlooking Christchurch, a town so English and minibrick exact that it could have come from one of her country house thrillers. From the french windows in her lounge, you can see across the Canterbury plains, to where the Avon meanders through the playing fields and botanic gardens, to the old university buildings (now converted into an arts centre) and to the shopping centre whose main streets, where you drive on the left, carry names like Regent Street and Worcester Road. This is, of course, New Zealand, and the South Island too, and about as far as you can get from Britain without falling off.

On the bookstalls in Auckland, Los Angeles and London, Dame Ngaio's paperbacks are as ubiquitous as those of Agatha Christie herself. I bought one, *Final Curtain,* to see where lay the fascination; and frankly was not enthused. It seemed a pretty average 1930s English murder mystery (though published in the 1940s) with an unlikely collection of country house guests, each of whom *could* have murdered the theatrical knight, but which? There were certain Marshmarks—the arty bohemian characters, the immaculate logic, the swift storytelling, the readability; and it featured her special detective, Alleyn, a true professional with the manners of a gentleman, and his artist wife, Troy, from whom he is so often separated for business reasons. Troy wonders whether they can pick up the threads of their relationship after such long absences. They can: they are both straight, decent, dependable.

In early June, *The Guardian* published a premature obituary of Dame Ngaio, an error which caused embarrassment to all, no doubt, but her. Their tribute drew attention almost solely to her work as a writer; and yet, on the slim evidence of *Final Curtain,* I could not believe that her literary reputation would last long. It seemed such a pre-Simenon book, pre-Chandler too and worse, pre-war, destined to clutter up an earnest mid-Atlantic thesis by some sallow don, whose name would probably turn out to be as unlikely as one of Dame Ngaio's own inventions—*The English Country House Thriller: A Disguisal of Class*? by G. Meredith Hobday BA (Soc.) perhaps?

In New Zealand, however, Dame Ngaio's reputation shines in a different light. Peter Harcourt, in his valuable history of New Zealand theatre, *A Dramatic Appearance,* writes:

> (Her) contribution . . . has not been as a writer but as a producer and an inspiration to young people. She has been responsible for a series of exceptionally fine Shakespearian productions with student casts. Her reputation lies in the philosophy she was able to expound, in the development of talent and in the lessons of her own dedication.

Dame Ngaio is a Shakespearian scholar, a practical woman of the theatre; and throughout New Zealand, you meet men and women, in their thirties and forties, who have been inspired by her example and have

built upon the training which she gave them to become either professional artists or, in their turn, nurturers of talent.

I stayed with one such Marsh Harrier, Elric Hooper, currently artistic director of the Court Theatre in Christchurch, who took me to meet Dame Ngaio. She had directed him as Hamlet when he was a mere lad out of school; and since then, Hooper had seen the world as an actor, sweating with Joan Littlewood in *Oh, What A Lovely War*, elocuting with the RSC, stripping off in *Oh! Calcutta!*, waiting in gloomy digs for his agent to call and talking his friends through nervous breakdowns and suicide attempts. He had agonised about his return to New Zealand. Was he not throwing up his career? But somebody had to carry the torch in Christchurch which Dame Ngaio had lit, and the signs pointed to him. His extrovert enthusiasm, and his professionalism, had brought together a talented young team of actors, though too large perhaps for his small theatre, whose seasonal repertoire of *Hamlet* and *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* was being critically and publicly acclaimed while I was there. He had designed an elaborate set, of wood, with several heights and levels, better suited to the athleticism of the actors than the limitations of the lights; and it was suggested to me that his *Hamlet* was itself a tribute to Dame Ngaio, the repayment of a longstanding debt.

There was perhaps a trace of nervousness in Elric's normally buoyant manner as we walked up the steep slope of Dame Ngaio's path. Her garden was very English in design, with tidy but irregular lawns, herbaceous borders, shrubberies and rockeries; with only the brown fantails and Indian mynah birds giving the game away. We waited a moment on the porch, before Dame Ngaio opened the door herself, thus unwittingly adding to the impression of her height, for she is tall, and on the step above us, seemed more so, though stooping slightly, leaning on a stick, shawl flowing. Her presence filled the dim rectangle of the door, through which we could see a personal trove of *bric-à-brac* and mementos, portraits of and by her, masks, stage sets, objects associated with particular people and particular books, comfortable, welcoming, not too tidy but not untidy either. We sat on flowered armchairs.

She reminded me of the *demi-monde* of British aristocracy, those society beauties of the ancient world who, while lacking a title perhaps or a definable lineage, were nevertheless so secure in their social positions that they could afford to take up good causes or unfashionable opinions without fear of losing status. Her voice was deep, her views kindly but forthright, while her eyes held something of the alert compassion which recalled Dame Violet Bonham Carter. She suffers from heart trouble and other ailments of age; but she did not talk about them, except to apologise for missing some social engagement, and then she would do so, with a certain detachment, as if somebody else, whom she indifferently liked, were being rushed to hospital.

She would talk about anything else—publishers, of course, and errant proofreaders, what was happening in Britain and the States, the future, the past, and eventually Elric's production of *Hamlet*. 'There was a lot of mountaineering,' she mentioned quietly. 'A bit too much?' Elric asked

anxiously. 'A little'. He decided not to enquire further.

Dame Ngaio was born in 1899; and her life spans a definable phase in New Zealand's evolution as a country. She was born just after the immigration boom which transformed New Zealand from a colony (though granted internal self-government in 1852) to a dominion, in 1906. Settlers had poured into New Zealand in the late 19th century—in search of gold in the Coromandel peninsular, the white gold of sheepfarming, fresh pastures and quiet waters; and the small colonial settlements had swollen to towns and cities, many built like Christchurch on the model of country cathedral cities in Britain and some, like Wellington, actually designed in London, by architects who knew little of the oddities of the New Zealand terrain, its brittle mountain slopes, vulnerable to earthquakes, the shallowness of the crust. On one Coromandel beach, you can scoop up the sand and the warm waters, heated by springs in touch with world's central fires, seep through. How can you explain a phenomenon like Rotorua to the nineteenth century planners in Whitehall, its bubbling sulphurous pools, its unpredictable geysers and that haunted, desolate landscape where the Maoris honoured the dead? Now Rotorua has been tamed partially, and incorporated into the features (tourism, for the use of) of a modern state. Lady Ann's geyser now spouts on cue, at 10.15, in the morning, when its attendant pulls out the blanket stopping up its spout, throws in some soap tablets as an emetic and the obedient jet of hot water dances for twenty minutes precisely.

In 1899, New Zealand was still a land of mystery, indeed of danger, a challenge to the scientists, geographers and rationalists. You could get lost in the bush prospecting for gold, stumble across a tribe of unfriendly Maoris or a convict camp. Within Dame Ngaio's lifetime, the rail link was completed, joining Auckland to Wellington, the north and the south of North Island, following a treaty with a Maori tribe. It was a land for the strong to exploit. Sailors killed off the native birds, imported alien mammals (possums, deer) which thrived in the absence of natural predators and became predators themselves. The tough, malleable, tall *kauri* trees were cut down for masts and shacks, to be replaced by European firs, which grew more quickly; and gradually the thick bush became scrubland, with gorse and rhododendrons, although, to be fair, the Dominion government became conservation-conscious ahead of the rest of the world, and there are still tracts of undeveloped landscape—from the wild, gorge and fjord torn mountains of the South Island, to the unmade roads and immaculate Pacific beaches of the Coromandel peninsular. Each village too has its stretch of untouched parkland, its *domains*, where for a brief half-hour or so, you can imagine yourself back in the days before cars and oil crises, planes and economic pacts, out of reach of the quarter-acre Pavlova paradises which constitute New Zealand's suburbia.

In those days, the problem which still afflicts Anglo-Saxon New Zealanders, isolation, was acute. The sea journey took, at best, two months; whereas now the flight from London to Auckland is of 30 hours. Second-

ary only to the struggle for survival for the settlers was the battle to stay in touch—with families, friends and with that culture which, for better or worse, remained theirs despite the distance. Families which had achieved a certain measure of economic security, packed off their children to the home country, to chilly schools in Sussex and the Home Counties, or universities from which, heaven knows, they might never return, preferring the affluence of stocked shops and manicured lawns to the more natural wealth of New Zealand.

Dame Ngaio, however, studied in Christchurch, at the University of Canterbury and the local college of art; and left for Britain at a later age, appropriate for women in those days but not men, where she became a painter, an actress and, only latterly, an author, experiencing the trials and hopes of artists everywhere, which she describes so vividly in her autobiography, *Black Beech and Honey Dew*. Unlike so many other talented expatriates, she returned, to devote much of her life not spent on writing best-sellers to the encouragement of a New Zealand based, Anglo-Saxon culture, in which the works of Shakespeare loomed large.

Throughout New Zealand, there is now a thriving amateur dramatic movement; although the development of its professional theatre has been less steady. Its large touring theatres have suffered particularly from the general decline in touring, since its productions came mainly through Australia, and from it; and in times of recession, the outer limbs are most quickly dispatched. There has, however, been a steady growth of local repertory theatres, of which the Mercury in Auckland is the biggest though still troubled, the Court in Christchurch the most thriving, while there is also a kind of hybrid between British and American models, repertory dinner-theatres, such as Centrepoint in Palmerston North and Downstage in Wellington. Unlike the dinner theatres in the States, however, the New Zealand variety balances commercialism with a certain cultural adventurousness. Murray Lynch, the director of Centrepoint, scheduled cheerfully David Rudkin's *Ashes*, that harrowing play about a Belfast couple longing for a child, and was rewarded with a sell-out success. Gooch's *Female Transport* is another surprisingly popular play in New Zealand.

With the growth of its native-based culture, came the reaction against its British ties — in New Zealand, as in Australia and Canada. New Zealand, in many respects a moderate country, has reacted less extremely than others; and from my own experience on a British Council lecture tour, the ties are still very strong. But a new post-Marsh generation has arrived, determined to prove that what Britain can do well, New Zealand can do, if not better, at least as well and differently. Roger Hall, now working in Dunedin, is an example. Although his *Middle-Age Spread*, an eminently cosmopolitan comedy, has been adapted for London audiences, and won a London award, his other plays, *Glidetime* and *Prisoners of Mother England*, are angled towards New Zealand; while Mervyn Thompson, a director and dramatist in Auckland, the 'Peter Cheeseman' of North Island fascinated by local documentaries, swore that he would never direct another British play again—after the current one, Trevor Griffiths's

The Comedians. He had no personal animosity against British people, none against Britain; but it was time that New Zealand stood on its own feet.

It is a familiar cry. Bruce Mason, a generation older than Thompson, called for a New Zealand theatre in the 1950s; and, almost single-handed, proselytised for a New Zealand consciousness through his one-man show, *The End of the Golden Weather*, which he took to the Edinburgh Festival, through his plays, such as *The Pohutukawa Tree* which did so well in the *Observer* play competition of the 1950s, vintage years, and through his tours to small, outback villages. Cathie Downs, with her performances of Katherine Mansfield's stories, Michael Wilson (another actor-writer-mime) who has joined the New Zealand touring company, Heartache and Sorrow, Gordon Dryland and many others have joined in a quest whose outcome is problematic indeed—to discover partly what constitutes the New-Zealandness of New Zealand, to promulgate its image abroad and to shake off the influences of a received culture.

External events are helping them—remote ones (though hard-hitting) such as Britain's membership of the EEC, nearer ones such as the proposal to link Australia and New Zealand in a new economic association, the rise of a recent Black Power element among the Maoris, the prevailing uneasy feeling that there are dark elements in New Zealand society which its outward peacefulness belies. If you move away from the towns with very British placenames, you enter a landscape where the words speak of another ancestry altogether. The rough East Cape road running from Gisborne to the Bay of Plenty in the North Island lies in what feels like Maori country. Although this was where Captain Cook first landed, the settlements are mainly Maori; and long blackhaired horsemen ride up to stare bleakly at an invading car, before spurring their ponies on. In the dusty streets of Te Puia, an elderly Maori woman sat to have her ankle-length hair plaited. On a beach near Te Puia, by Tiki Tiki, where the driftwood is bleached white to match the sand, the god-king, Maui-Tiki-Tiki-a-Taranga, was washed up, in a boat woven from his mother's hair. He had been cast adrift as a baby and returned as a man, having been reared by his uncles, the sea and the wind, and his cousins, the fish. Without Maui, according to Maori legend, there would be no Hawaii, an island he fished up in mistake for a whale; and he too discovered how to harness the forces of the sun, rain and earth to produce agriculture. He also promulgated a strange legend—that all men are brothers under the skin, offspring of the universe, and he tried to conquer death on their behalf, to be defeated only by a premature sense of joy on the part of all living creatures.

The much-vaunted integration between Maoris and whites may owe something to Maui's influence, although there are still some cracks in it. There was a small black power rally on the East Cape at Easter, while the Maories on a *marae* near Tiki Tiki told me darkly about the ever encroaching Western influences (mainly American) which were extinguishing their language and culture. In the streets of Christchurch, occasional bunches of Maori youths, calling themselves the Mongrel Mob, looked,

though not energetically, for action. The murder rate in Christchurch has risen; but still, to Western eyes, the peacefulness of New Zealand remains a prevailing impression. Cars are left unlocked, back-doors unbolted, and once, when I could find no room in the inns of Coromandel, two motel keepers offered me a bed for the night in their own flat, suggesting that I should look after the place while they went to a golf club dance. I had met them for approximately two minutes.

The most obvious tensions were ones of identity. Can the Maoris retain their image? Can the white New Zealanders escape from the influences of Britain, Australia and the States? There are no answers to such questions, and perhaps they are not even questions, only expressions of a universal self-doubt in a local disguise. Against that background, Dame Ngaio's presence takes on a particular significance. For some, she represents Britishness, the lingering ghost of an old order which must, in a sense, be exorcised, before the new personalities can be felt. For others, she represents a generosity of outlook, a catholic comprehensiveness devoted to retaining the traditional links while encouraging the new, a bridge between the old New Zealand and the new. The fact that her books are so widely read, adds authority to her views. Here is somebody, palpably successful, who has nevertheless chosen to live in New Zealand, who has dignified a small country with her approval, devoted herself to it—and expressed this devotion through the hardest work of all, teaching and inspiration.

But I must not leave the impression that her benevolence is so nationalistic and that I am without a personal reason for counting myself among her admirers. I had left a copy of one of my books with her; and on the day before her death was mistakenly announced, I received a letter from her of such kindness and generosity that I immediately felt guilty and sad that I had responded so dourly to one of hers. Was it a difference of character, of generation, of sex or of nationality, which let her praise the few medium-strengths of my book, while I had sourly noted the weaknesses of hers, although both were, to tell the truth, much of a muchness. Or was hers the encouragement of a true professional writer to one who has still a long way to go?

Whatever the reason, I could feel that calm, sophisticated amusement in her eyes, the quiet of her age, from the other side of the world; and envied the beauty of the country which had so acquired her devotion.

PROSPECTS FOR SOUTHERN AFRICA

by Sir Gilbert Longden

THE Republic of South Africa is a very beautiful country which should be bathed in peace as it is in sunshine, and many of its white citizens are our own 'kith and kin'. It is moreover of the utmost strategic significance to the West in the struggle for power which the Soviet Union seems determined to perpetuate; it is a source of minerals vital for defence, and it controls the Cape route and thus our oil supplies. Both our interest and our inclination should motivate us to make her people—all her people —our friends and allies.

But a large majority of her people are black and, in spite of recent and welcome alleviations, are treated as second-class citizens. Not unnaturally they are becoming increasingly determined to have a fair and indeed a predominant share in the governing of their country. Something might be said for the physical separation of the races into separate States if the amount of land allotted to each was roughly in proportion to its numbers, and if citizens of each of the new States were treated in the others exactly the same as the citizens of any other sovereign State. But that is not how apartheid is intended to operate. In practice it is of course an unchristian policy; but it is also hopelessly anachronistic, and therefore foolish. Recently, in a long-delayed Report on the Soweto riots of June, 1976, by Judge-President Cillie, the Judge confirms that the underlying cause of the violence was the overflowing frustration and fury of the blacks under apartheid and the spread of outright racial hatred. It remains to be seen whether this Report will increase the sensitivity and realism of the white South Africans and make them realize that, however many concessions they may make in an effort to delay the ultimate issue, they must eventually face it.

Perhaps the recent history of the adjoining territory of Zimbabwe will provide an object lesson for the hard-line Afrikaners in South Africa. The blind folly of Ian Smith and his Rhodesian Front which led them to believe, until very recently, that a white minority could enjoy sole dominion 'for a thousand years' could have had only one outcome. But when Dr. Kissinger persuaded Smith to concede majority rule there followed the 'internal settlement' which the (then Labour) Foreign Secretary accepted as fulfilling all the principles which both Parties here had laid down—except the test of popular acceptance. That final test was met by the April 1980 election which most of the independent observers pronounced to have been 'fair and free'. I was one of the many who then urged the Government to recognize the Muzorewa government and raise sanctions. Others however, including the then National Chairman of the Young Conservatives, felt that such recognition would have done nothing to stop the bloodshed—and they may well have been right. The fact remains that, as expressed in a *Times* leader, 'organized force by the black majority, however much black suffering was entailed, did bring down minority white

rule'; and that, *The Times* opined, was 'the major lesson of Rhodesia'.

Let me recall the original aims of our colonial policy. In 1818 the Marquess of Hastings, then Governor-General of Bengal, wrote: 'A time not very remote will arrive when England will, on sound principles of policy, wish to relinquish the domination which she has gradually and unintentionally assumed over this Country.' He was speaking of India; and 15 years later, Mr. (afterwards Lord) Macaulay told the House of Commons:

> It may be that the public mind of India may expand under our system till it has outgrown that system; that by good government we may educate our subjects into a capacity for better government; that, having become instructed in European knowledge, they may in some future age demand European institutions. Whether such a day will ever come I know not. But never will I attempt to avert or retard it. Whenever it comes, it will be the proudest day in English history. (*Hansard*: 10 July 1833. col 536.)

And the resulting Act, renewing the East India Company's Charter, provided (*inter alia*) that

> no native of the said territories, nor any natural-born subject of His Majesty resident therein, shall by reason only of his religion, place of birth, descent, colour or any of them, be disabled from holding any place, office or employment under the said Company (LXXXVII of cap. 85 of 3 & 4 William IV.)

In India this policy was gradually implemented by bringing our Indian fellow-subjects into the machinery of administration; so that when (at perhaps rather more remote a time than Lord Hastings had in mind) independence was achieved, Pandit Nehru could say to James Cameron: 'How superb a moment it was to be liberated from the British. The trouble is that from them . . . you never really want to escape. That is the true domination.'

As to Africa, in his *The Colonial Policy of Lord John Russell's Administration,* published in 1853, the 3rd Earl Russell wrote:

> The real interest of this country is gradually to train the inhabitants of . . . Africa in the arts of civilisation and government until they shall grow into a nation capable of protecting themselves and of managing their own affairs, so that the interference and assistance of the British authorities may by degrees be less and less required.

In South Africa and Rhodesia successive British governments have allowed this policy to atrophy. The reason why there are not many more Africans to whom power can justifiably be transferred now is because very little effort has been made 'to educate our fellow-citizens into a capacity for better government' so as to make them 'capable of managing their own affairs'.

That there are some, such as the late President Kenyatta, Dr. Banda and Mr. Mugabe, who are so capable is because they have availed themselves of educational opportunities in this country and the States which have always been open to those who are intellectually qualified to take advantage of them. Such opportunities are not open to the Africans in South Africa although there must be thousands who are so qualified.

Mr. Mugabe is now in control of his own country and, instead of doubt and vituperation, we should wish him well in confronting the tribalism and the other daunting tasks ahead. It is true that he has only himself to blame for the fact that, before he came to power, the whites in Rhodesia

and most foreign observers hoped that he would not top the poll at the elections. His definition of his own political philosophy and his threats against all who disagreed with him were not calculated to inspire confidence. Since he became Prime Minister, however, his words at least have become statesmanlike, and it would seem that he himself has changed. We know what happened on the road to Damascus. At any rate we must pray that that is so, and in the interests of all Rhodesians, black and white, we should give him all the help he asks for.

As to the Republic of South Africa, it is of paramount importance that the Africans there should achieve their aims peacefully. Otherwise the end will come, not soon perhaps, but with the inevitability of a Greek tragedy; and meanwhile the country will be steadily debilitated by the running sore of civil war between the 'freedom-fighters' and the white population, and the censure of the rest of the world, including the whole of black Africa. Such a predicament would not make for stability in South Africa, and for the sake of all of us, including the whites who live there, we need her as a reliable ally.

[Sir Gilbert Longden, MBE, M.P.(Con.) for Hertfordshire South-West, 1950-1974; U.K. representative, Council of Europe 1954-55; U.K. Delegate to United Nations, 1957-58; a Vice-Chairman British Council 1965-74; Member of Council British Atlantic Committee; a Vice-President Conservative Group for Europe; Part Author: *One Nation; Change is our ally; One Europe.*]

PROBLEMS OF COMMUNICATION

by Francis Coleman

WILL our television eventually go the way of the native British film?

An alarmist question—perhaps. But the true Brit indigenous feature film is an increasing rarity. Television is most certainly not. Comparisons can't be made either, since television is a more varied, and usually more immediate thing. It can also be argued that some of the British short film tradition has evolved through television, where a new life has been found for various documentary, arts, educational, travel, and many other subjects and forms than films for the cinema could have ever embraced.

Well and good, so far. Even if in the process we have already lost a rising British film identity. If Bergman had been born in the U.K., he would have been lucky to get one or two films made. The gradual running down of the one body that could fund such projects here, the National Film Finance Corporation, has passed with little opposition, and comment only from rather specialised sources. All the more tragic that Australia, Canada and other countries have been gaining ground and finding their cinematic feet with greater confidence through successful 'quality' films, and that Germany has had an important renaissance, some of it directly funded by television.

A strong film industry is bound to help television soonor or later. In smaller and more totalitarian states, they are indeed inter-changeable. The issue has been blurred, and sensibilities lulled by the fact that the film industry based in London remains active—with American money. Naturally they call the tune.

It would take all the London cinemas combined to keep even one television channel occupied through a week, so the scale is very different. So is the cost; and perhaps, without being too chauvinistic, the luck that British television has had high standards from the start, and has maintained its position; in a way like Hollywood did in the film era. One of the dangers, a growing one, is that as Hollywood increases its range of television material, replacing the heavy film guns of old, it increases its fire power. Only a protectionist policy has prevented our television from being flooded by American material. Ironically, broadcasting policies have long been in effect which are not entertained in general commerce. Rightly so, since we have no real language barrier as do other European countries.

However, it should be remembered that the cinema industry once also had a sort of tariff wall protection. It inevitably crumbled in the face of major competition. Not only through the manufactured stars, but the sheer magnitude of American film machines. It must be stressed too that there always have been, and are, great American films. Quality amidst the quantity, imitations, and sheer mass production.

All right. We couldn't really compete in the mass film markets. Not to

say that cinema is not also to be regarded in part at least as an art, and one that reflects its society. Just as worthy of encouragement through subsidies and investment as any other art form. More, perhaps, when its scope is considered and its potential accessibility is kept in mind.

This is of course where television has a new power—to reach into almost every home in the land. And in others.

As television production becomes more expensive and as television aspirations and expectations increase, that old problem of the feature films emerges again in a new form: funding, and dealing with co-producers. To be sure, we haven't had guest American 'stars' in the BBC complete Shakespeare, although we have a-plenty in *The Muppets*. A root problem is there, just the same. Paradoxically, our television in general remains pretty insular in broad tastes. There is little interest in foreign techniques and styles, or pre-occupations; yet a gradual absorption of general entertainment, as long as it moves, and speaks a kind of English!

There is more of a crossroads looming up in the murk than meets the eye. The BBC, in supplying a vast canvas of television material on two channels, has long been in a difficult economic position. Whole areas of its programme output are linked, sometimes tied, to various forms of co-production deals. Inevitably this means New York, Hollywood, or smaller centres in the case of the American public service television, or it may also be Munich or Hamburg.

Independent Television with one channel at present is more prosperous, but will it remain so with its own increased internal costs, particularly with regard to Channel 4, due for autumn '82? (Even if delayed.)

Portents of changing times, as Rank quits the film business, may literally come from the sky, through satellites, as well as closer to the *terra firma* of the high street with video cassettes and video discs. And while we still await a fourth channel, which some claim may soon be redundant, fibre optics offer another possibility—through hardly more physical complication than the discreet telephone line;—hundreds of information channels could pour into any home or location.

We are still in a primitive state regarding multiplicity of channels even on radio, but especially on television, if one considers various forms of cable and 'closed circuit' systems growing in many parts of the world. (To say nothing of the rash of Italian pirate television stations.) But now technology is knocking harder on the door. Sharing the door mat perhaps with the economic wolf?

Why have we been so slow? A combination of interests; political, commercial, and trades unions. A powerful combination when of generally like mind!

There is no doubt that broadcasting, in its broad sense, has been of a surprisingly low priority, politically. Otherwise there would be a fourth television channel right now. There could also be a sub-network of highly localised cable television/community stations, of amateur or semi-amateur nature with relatively modest funding from a variety of sources. This has been common for many years in the United States and Canada. It could happen here, if allowed. After all, if enterprises such as Centerprise in

Hackney can flourish as local publishers, radio and television could play a similar role. But of course they would not involve profits or union jobs, or at least not on the scale of existing organisations.

It can be argued that our restrictions have maintained standards. It can't be as simple as that, though, for communal television wouldn't affect or damage mainstream broadcasting in any way. There are those who claim that all this is becoming academic anyway. I'm not so sure. We are still waiting for light aircraft to be as common as a second family car, at one time the confident expectation of the post war era. Many other science fiction predictions seem slow in arriving.

There are many contradictions, as well as complications. Some of them stem directly from the element of control that looms large, if often camouflaged and so generally accepted as to be well nigh invisible. We think we know what a controlled broadcasting state system is—when it is abroad. It can indeed start at Calais. But it is here too, in a different form; that of a total control on the means of production and transmission.

The most certain factor in all this is that the '80s will start to see vast changes. One would hope that a greater awareness of the issues would reach into government and political life in general. It will move ahead, notwithstanding. The pity is that we are not more broadly based to cope with and absorb these impending changes. It is easy to think that nobody particularly wants an expansion of broadcasting services, and access. True or false, it still denies the manifestation itself. The Labour Party, in and out of office, has resolutely attacked 'plurality' and probably caused a lasting dis-service to the growth of broadcasting in this country. The present climate hardly encourages such expansion and experiment, or diversions.

To go back to the strangulation of the British film industry, applying it to television may not be entirely a bogey. 'We' should have fought more for the film industry. We must do so for radio and television, although the issues are different and more varied. Cinema audiences have declined, and of course in large part through television. But they haven't vanished altogether. Television is indeed one of its outlets, although the financial equation is wrong. That could easily be adjusted. In turn, television is also facing declining audiences. Once 'diversification' really starts, the total audience for a single transmitted television programme is bound to drop.

Yes, there will be a 'new ball game' all right. To play in it, we need a splendid Channel 4—and other manifestations, small as well as big. Pessimism and hostility to the new channel is retrograde, unhelpful and falsely protective. Wait until we have 50 channels! (Plus. . . .)

All these technological and commercial developments have a certain blind expectation, or at least a hope, that the consumers will rush to adopt the latest wares. 'They' may be right, but nobody can be certain. And how much will they be used? We all, or nearly all, have tape recorders, cassette recorders, polaroid cameras, 8mm film cameras and projectors, or some of these, languishing and gathering dust.

It seems only a matter of time before a visual centre, like the music centres, will evolve with a battery of audio-visual possibilities. Such a unit will include a bigger screen than we normally know, with video cassette recording apparatus of a varied sophisticated function, (several hours of recording on a single tape, settings over weeks, computerised search and memory systems, etc.) the video disc, stereo sound, and various kinds of read-out systems connected to computers near and far. Perhaps visual telephones as well. Certainly a vast store of information at one's finger tips which could, at a price, order up printed pages from far-flung academic sources, and also check on current information of all kinds.

All of this is not only possible now, it is operational now, although somewhat cumbersome and in bits and pieces. In the not-so-distant future we may also be talking about three dimensional television pictures. Stereo sound direct from television signals (Multiplex broadcasting), as distinct from simultaneous radio transmissions, have been routine in Japan for some time, and will be starting in a couple of years, or less, in Germany. Television sets with stereo speakers are already on sale, *outré frontière.* Japanese viewers have for some time been able to enjoy stereo sound in such television programmes as Sumo wrestling.

It may sound old fashioned to hark back to Thoreau in his somewhat cynical references when told of a new telegraph linking one city to a far distant one, and casting his doubts that anybody in one of the places would want to say anything to somebody in the other. But it could still be true, and in the United States the press still generally reflects this lack of broader interest, unless of course it is some mighty disaster.

For there are occasions when one would be more interested to find out what was happening at a local school, or borough council chamber, than anywhere else. There can be a surfeit of general unrelated news and information. Video cassettes and discs could end up like the unread or unconsulted books that must fill many a bookshelf.

There are many imponderables in how a 'communications explosion' may work. The salesmen are full of alluring offers. For the family who has everything, a video camera could be added, with editing equipment to increase the personal store of audio-visual goodies.

Meanwhile, in the world of sterner realities, more urgent problems gather in legion. The local casualty department in a nearby hospital may be closed. Employment may dwindle and inflation continue. Carelessness, diminishing public services including transport, casual violence, all may increase, while our ideal consumer sits in an electronic cocoon, *née* womb —possibly in an atomic shelter.

This possible accentuation of inequalities is as equally possible as the new wonders of the communications age; all of which would point to an eventual break-down of communication; or a gladiatorial games atmosphere and ethos in an increasingly bewildered and unknowing society.

It cannot be said that we live in an uninteresting age. 'Communications,' featuring television, is now an inevitable part of it. It could alienate society still further, or polarise it, but it is also capable of a levelling of opportunity. Around the edges of entertainment, however mindless it can be,

lies a world of general culture. Sometimes this is dimly perceived and decidedly under-developed. But it is there, with possibilities for infinite expansion.

Much earlier in this century, and before, great store was set by literacy and other aspects of education. The world would be transformed by greater knowledge and, in particular, by a general availability of information. It is a decidedly moot point if much of this enlightenment occurred. There is certainly little evidence for it. Since much of it was worthy, it was dull, and hardly entertaining, so not too much of it caught on.

In this dawning age of visual communication (and television itself is only some 30 years old at most, in any kind of effectiveness) are the same hopes likely to founder in a similar way? We don't really know, because we can't find out. How can the gamut of human responses to radio, television, films, theatre, newspapers, magazines, the telephone, and general social intercourse ever be monitored? We are assailed by a sea of impressions at every hand, which are accepted or rejected or often washed over somewhere in between. Like the Bible, the Koran or the Talmud, these influences can be interpreted in many different ways—gloom and doom, or imaginative optimism.

Since there remains a free choice, a buoyant spirit of enquiry and hope might be best,—and more progressive, allowing for critical questioning.

In the electronic village, or jungle, we ignore the more personal types of 'inter-action' at our peril.

Many years ago in the *New Yorker* magazine a cartoon about television technology of the immediate future hit more than one nail on the head. A tycoon, equipped with a huge cigar, was depicted full of satisfaction leaning back on his swivel chair, grandly pointing to a mock-up model of a giant curved TV screen with dials marked 'stereo' '3-D', and so on, with the words, 'That's it boys—from now on, it's up to engineering!'

To moralise on this message, would be like Alan Bennett's mock sermons from *Beyond the Fringe*. In any event, the engineers also have something to say;—mainly to the effect that if you want it (i.e.;—if somebody pays for it) they will tackle all these possibilities, and many more.

Perhaps it all comes down to choices—and priorities?

Also, taste and style.

Without launching into dangerous pseudo-philosophic depths, is not one of our general malaises that of disillusionment? A new toy, like a car, is splendid when spanking new. Or nearly new. A choice is made which our purse can probably not quite afford, and well down from the splendours of the motoring magazines and the glossy advertisements. In a fairly short time, as things go, it diminishes before our very eyes, first through familiarity, and then with assorted bumps and other blemishes, including the ultimate disaster—rust. Soon, it is merely a pile of metal. The exception proves the rule, no doubt; but this requires hardly less than an auto fanatic; or, at the very least, a meticulous, scrupulous and lucky car owner.

As far as 'communicating' on television goes, it is really too important to leave to the professionals. These impending technological developments

may be a blessing in disguise, if they can lead to a more knowing and varied use of 'the media' but as yet we have done little more than scratch the surface. For we have taken so much of our developing forms of communication for granted. A vast step from the exclusiveness of the church, the court and the aristocracy has been taken through radio and television. We have become totally accustomed to cheap or nearly free entertainment. It comes to us like water from the tap, and indeed is much cheaper than that commodity as confirmed by a glance at the current London water rates.

It would be a lot to give up. And rail as we will, and should, at particular manifestations and abuses of the media, they remain a resource of untold riches—for no one person could possibly watch all of it, or monitor it.

The future of communications is bound to be fascinating. And we should not be frightened of change, but try to influence it. The first step is surely to be aware and interested?

[Francis Coleman who, in the above article, expresses a personal view is Executive Producer, Arts, Thames Television and a member of the Liberal Arts Panel. A former conductor, he has been producing and directing TV for almost 30 years, in various countries and represents ITV on the European Broadcasting Union's Music Experts Group. He is author of the Bluffer's Guides to Opera and to Ballet, and an occasional broadcaster on Radio 3.]

AN EIGHTIES VIEW OF THE NINETIES

by Richard Whittington-Egan

THE received concept of the nineties as a picturesque compacture of Wilde, Beardsley, *The Yellow Book,* and the minor splendours and gross miseries of the 'tragic generation', is as delusively simplistic as the implied homogeneity of the period's directional creative impulse is false. Current thinking tends to the view that it has been an interpretative fallacy of historiographic hindsight to assign too great a cohesion to the latter decades of the nineteenth century, a yielding to the taxonomic imperative to impose nominalist unities on what were in reality, albeit interconnected, distinctive entities. The 'vertical' approach is giving way to 'lateral' studies which expand the *fin-de-siècle* horizon by annealing to primary concentration on enigmatic group roles a more detailed examination of minority figures, and analysis of the nature of their minority. That is not to discount the 'Decadent' lineal genealogy of Gautier, Baudelaire, Swinburne and Rossetti, Pater and Wilde, and the fecund imports of Mallarmé, Verlaine and Rimbaud, but to demand recognition that to define the last decade of the nineteenth century in prescriptive terms of any one movement is to mythologise.

The London of the period was both physically and atmospherically very different from that which confronted the aspiring poet of later times. Not only was it a smaller, more compact city—population 4,221,452 in 1892, as compared with 6,970,100 in 1977—but, as the new millennium rimmed over the horizon, a feeling of apocalyptic excitement was extending itself to practically all forms of life-style and activity.

In contrast to this general end-of-century frolicsomeness, the literary mood, as expressed on the printed page if not in the taverns, was one of self-conscious gloom: an autumnal air of decline, a preoccupation not so much with death as with defeat, an aesthetic of failure, assumed the disseminated proportions of a vogue. To some degree, doubtless, it was an affectation, but it was also based on a real and consciously cultivated revolutionary policy.

The literary world of the nineties was much more tight-knit than it had been in the early and middle years of the century. Young, or youngish, men of ambition had converged on London, epicentre of the impendent revolution whose quakings had been perceptible for a considerable time, from all boxings of the compass. Moore, Wilde, Shaw and Yeats had arrived from Ireland. From Scotland came William Sharp and John Davidson. Wales sent Ernest Rhys, Arthur Machen and Arthur Symons. William Watson, Francis Thompson and Richard Le Gallienne came winging down from the North. Beardsley arrived from Brighton, and Beerbohm, Dowson and Lionel Johnson straight from Oxford. It was a milieu in which poets, writers and artists tended to know and to meet one another, the circumstance that many of them happened to be of an age fostering and facilitating mutual awareness and acquaintanceship.

Thus, in 1892, Aubrey Beardsley and Max Beerbohm were twenty; Ernest Dowson and Lionel Johnson, twenty-five; Richard Le Gallienne, twenty-six; W. B. Yeats, twenty-seven; Stephen Phillips, like Hubert Cranckanthorpe and Arthur Symons, was twenty-eight; Arthur Machen and 'Q' were twenty-nine.

The 'elders' of the group were Henry Harland, thirty-two; Francis Thompson and Ernest Rhys, thirty-three; William Watson, thirty-four; John Davidson, thirty-five; George Bernard Shaw, thirty-six; William Sharp, thirty-seven; Oscar Wilde, thirty-eight; and George Moore, forty.

Browning was dead. Arnold was dead. Tennyson was about to die. Swinburne was moribund at The Pines. Ruskin was immured at Brantwood. Meredith was in moody declension at Box Hill, and Hardy was still no more than emergent from Wessex. The true elders, the pundits of the moment, were Walter Pater, John Addington Symonds, Andrew Lang, George Saintsbury, Sidney Colvin, Churton Collins, Edmund Gosse and, to a lesser degree, the immigrant Henry James.

There was, in fact, no singular, characteristic and unified movement such as the label 'Decadent' has been pressed into uneasy comprehensive service to designate as *the* quintessential *fin-de-siècle*, but rather a diversification of coeval literary experimentations, linked only on the plane of their temporal identity. *De facto*, the 'Decadence' was simply one skein in a tangled plexus of *fin-de-siècle* modes which constituted a conjunctive phase; that of the neo-poetic impulse seeking to supplant the traditional classicism of the precedent decades. The 'Decadents' existed, as the Rhymers' Club existed, qua a coterie. Side by side flourished equivalent concurrent coteries; the imperialist counter-decadents, grouped about the wounded vigour of Henley; the Celtic Revivalists; Shaw and the Fabians; Wells and the Scientific Humanists. There were, too, strongly nonconforming nonconformists such as Davidson, Johnson, Thompson, Hardy, A. E. Housman and Gerard Manley Hopkins.

So, before this multiplicity of variegated intent, the legend of a single manifesto of shared response to the challenge of the dying moment—which Da Sola Pinto called the crisis in English poetry—dissolves under scrutiny. The most that can be held to be common to the poets and writers of the time is that aversion to which all variously, and variantly, responded.

The nexus of the poetic revolt was dissatisfaction with the Great Tradition—the heroic line of iambic pentameter, loaded with philosophico-moralistic statement of Arnoldian 'high seriousness', couched in appropriate tonal and syntactic diction, and decorated with established imagery. It was an idiom which had been long revered as the authorised utterance of the poet-prophet in the direct Hellenic line.

This critical climacteric of the nineties had been pointing through many decades, bewildering congeries of factors—moral, intellectual, social, and economic—contributing to its inception and sporadically renewing its vitality. Although Chaucer, and indeed Spenser, had made use of the heroic line, it was the critical convention to trace the Great Tradition back to Milton, pausing on the way to stigmatise Dryden and Pope as unfortunate deviants who chose to emulate Gallic or Latin rather than Greek exemplars.

It was classicism, with its Miltonic idiom and Aristotelian art-for-life's-sake morality, ultimately traceable to the philosophers of Ancient India, that had dominated the main stream of English poetic development, connecting Shakespeare in the central, Apollonian, or bardic tradition, with Keats, Wordsworth and Arnold.

As early as the days of Keats, rumblings against the stifling pervasiveness of the Miltonic voice had been plainly discernible, but its power had continued to prevail throughout the greater part of the nineteenth century, Tennyson and Browning working creatively and ungrumblingly with the heroic line.

The genesis of the revolt which was decisively to shatter the Miltonic frame has been diagnosed in terms of many different causes. There have been those who have seen it as a direct reaction to the socio-economic proliferations of the Industrial Revolution, citing Pre-Raphaelite escapism as an early symptom. Bivalent coalitionists of art and letters, a fusion seen in England before only in the case of Blake, their egressions from the thraldom of the materialistic age of the machine, conducted under the Ruskinian banner of 'Art for society's sake', led them to look back in idealistic nostalgia to an idealised medievalism. Morris' excursions into the world of Froissart and Courtly Love, and the more remote past of the Norse sagas; Rossetti's embrasure of the sweet poesy of Dantesque Italy; Swinburne's foot-pointing into the more dubious arenas of pagan Rome; all these were unquestionably responses directed against the mid-century's Utilitarian creed. But were they choices dictated by temperament rather than by any external exigency of the historic moment?

Another diagnosis blames the classical revolt on Darwin, tracing a line of ideological fault back to the publication in 1859 of *The Origin of Species*. Not only, runs the argument, did the book disastrously undermine the opiate function of religious orthodoxy, but its enunciation of the universality of the evolutionary principles of the struggle for existence and correlative survival of the fittest, exploded traditional cosmology and seemed to provide scientific sanction for the inevitability of the oppressive inequalities of the social system, substituting chance anarchy for biblical order, and producing not only a sense of weary disillusion, but also a countervailable dynamic in the ethics of reform.

Yet others have seen the dismissal of Classicism as a totally natural phenomenon inhering in the temper of the times. The old tradition was, they aver, antithetical to a period of crumbling ideologies. Reason was ousting imagination: realism was blotting out romance. Foreign waves—French, Scandinavian, Italian and Russian—were breaking on the beach at Dover. Experiment was in the wind. Circumstance was calling for a change of poetic tune. It is in this view as impossible to divorce the struggle between the Ancients and the Moderns from its historical background as it is to discount the gathering pressures of the Industrial Revolution as catalysts in the formulation of the secondary escapist idealism of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

Indisputably, since the 1870s, with their economic and agricultural

depressions, the power and pride of the Victorian high noon had been gradually succumbing to an inimical twilight. The dusk deepened in the eighties with the lowering of British prestige in the East, the rising industrial hegemony of America and Germany, the bedevilment of the Home Rule agitation, and the eruption of open class warfare in the Dock Strike of 1889. But again, the question is: is this to over-simplify? It is not difficult to go on and on pointing out different reasons why, possibly, change was being wrought, and even convincingly to make out a case or cases for this or those factor or factors—religious, economic, social and so forth—and in so doing merely to compound the complexity of putative stimuli, none of which necessarily has deictic reality.

The precise determination of the origins of the Aesthetic Movement is also a matter of some intricacy, the search for its source requiring the navigation of many streams of speculation; but what is generally accepted is that the one writer who, more than anyone else, was responsible for both its informing philosophy and aesthetic theory, and, in considerable measure, its style, was Walter Pater.

Although influenced by the literary ideals of Ruskin, Pater shared neither his extolment of the Middle Ages, preferring the Renaissance, to which Ruskin's attitude was dyslogistic, nor his philosophical ideas. Pater rejected Classicism, embracing a florid Romanticism rooted in neo-Platonism, reinforced by the Hegelian evaluation of the various kinds of human experience as expounded by his Oxford contemporary, Thomas Hill Green, fellow and tutor of Balliol, in the 1860s. It is instructive to remember that Plato was, so far as is known, the only philosopher in classical antiquity subscribing to a Buddhistic negativism towards life; the achievement of the Nirvana of extinction. Pater displayed a poignant and omnipresent awareness of the awful transience of human existence. This realisation of Hugo's *'les hommes sont tous condamnés à mort avec des surcis indéfinis'*, was a concomitant of his personal experience with the visitations of premature death. It inclined him towards Cyrenaicism, a philosophy which, admitting no basis of unverified hypothesis, sets great store by the security of *now*, the 'sharp apex' between 'two hypothetical eternities.' It is not, therefore, surprising to find Pater adjuring his followers to fill each passing moment with intense experience—'To burn always with this hard, gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life.'

Pater exposited 'the philosophy of the moment' in his *Studies in the History of the Renaissance,* 1873, and applied it in *Marius the Epicurean,* 1885, and for the Aesthetes it became the philosophy of the time. Life was not to be a pilgrimage of moral earnestness. Not the fruit of experience, but the experience itself is the end. 'What we have to do is to be for ever curiously testing new opinions and courting new impressions, never acquiescing in a facile orthodoxy. . .'

Such sentiments might be expected to appeal, as indeed they did, to one of the temperament of the young Oscar Wilde. Wilde attended upon Pater during his terms at Oxford and became his most devoted acolyte. And it was Wilde who, leaving Oxford and his blue china in 1878, went

forth to spread the Paterian Gospel of Beauty to Philistia, and to become the self-appointed hierophant of Aestheticism. In his hurry he perverted the 'muffled scholar of Brasenose'. He took Paterian doctrine, twisted it stem and blossom, and wore it in his button-hole, fashioning it into the cult of the sunflower. Appropriately apparelled, as he conceived it, Wilde stomped about England, an Aesthetic mannequin, preaching Aestheticism, also as he conceived it, and voyaged to America as envoy extraordinary for D'Oyly Carte—and advance agent for himself. It was a performance which Pater must have regarded with misgivings, for Wilde's iconic evangel, popularising—and vulgarising—the Master's hierarchical teachings, applied his aesthetic philosophy in precisely the way that Pater must have feared when, in the second edition of 1877, he suppressed the Conclusion to *The Renaissance*. In the dozen years which remained to him, Pater, reluctant to acknowledge leadership of the New Aesthetes, became, in effect, a spyman's mole of the movement.

Although the Aesthetes were regarded, and not displeased to be so regarded, as outrageous innovators, the veritable antithesis of Victorianism, the somewhat sensual morality to which they gave public expression was not really novel; Swinburne had explored that part of the aesthetic forest almost twenty years before them. Even their 'Art for art's sake' motto was not new; Gautier's *'L'Art pour l'art'*, proclaiming the autonomy of art and artist, had long been a well established precept in France.

It was actually as early as 1866 that what may be identified as the first English literary symptom of 'Art for art's sake' scandalised Britain. That was the publication by Swinburne, strongly under the sway of Baudelaire, of his *Poems and Ballads*, with its anti-Christian 'Hymn to Proserpine', its treatment of Sapphic love in 'Faustine', and its celebration of the 'noble and nude and antique' in 'Dolores'. The Pre-Raphaelites came in for the backwash of this. In the *Contemporary Review* of October 1871, Robert Buchanan pseudonymously attacked them, and especially Rossetti, in his celebrated diatribe against the Fleshly School of Poetry. Its author, masked by the signature 'Thomas Maitland', was promptly indicted by Rossetti, in a letter to the *Athenaeum*.

Aestheticism was a hybrid movement. Insofar as it was a religion of beauty, it claimed kinship with Pre-Raphaelitism, but whereas the Pre-Raphaelites, persuaded by the ethics of Ruskin, had conceived of the creation of beauty as a societal duty, the Aesthetes, seduced by Swinburne, Whistler and Pater, viewed it autistically as a purely subjective experience, 'Art for the artist's sake', devoid of any social significance or moral purpose. Nor did the Aesthetes subscribe to the medieval inspiration. They were Renaissance to a man.

[The second of three articles by Richard Whittington-Egan on the literary scene of the late nineteen hundreds, *Sunflower and Green Carnation*, will be published in the September issue.]

THE GENIES

by Nicholas Roderey

MANY stories are told in legends and written in books of flights into space. They are now becoming true, fantasy is turning into reality. Rockets are taking off into space, and are beginning to make them true. Many stories are also narrated of flights into time. Some day these too will undoubtedly become true. Time ships will be built, as well as space ships.

This narrative tells an ordinary time story, and a true one. It tells the tale of a solitary, scholarly archaeologist, in pursuit of discoveries, exploring the Middle East towards the end of the twenty-first century. He was, no doubt, a little mad, thinking that he could find the tomb of some ancient king, and find it all by himself. He kept at his task for many years, digging holes all over the desert, excavating in the plains and in the mountains. In the end there was hardly a spot left which he had not visited and investigated. And then, as so often happens, he found what he was looking for where he least expected to find it.

In a part of the Arabian desert, which men seldom visited, which the desert tribes called the Valley of the Ghosts, he came upon a royal tomb. The wilderness itself concealed that spot from men by dark precipices and shifting sands, forbade it to them by condemning, for miles around it, all animal and even plant life to death. It was a dead region, suitable for a tomb.

In that still and lifeless desert, men had in ancient times built a regal tomb, and the hand of his fate opened the door of that tomb to the solitary archaeologist. He entered it through a dark and hidden gate, descended twenty-one steps guarded by twenty-one doors, and came to a cave that seemed to extend into endless space, all its walls, its ceiling and floor being covered with silver mirrors. There, in that vast hall, lay the wealth of an oriental palace, there was displayed the splendour of an Eastern King. And they were multiplied by endless reflections in countless mirrors.

In the middle of the hall, on an enormous catafalque, lay, as if he were asleep, the body of the king. Over him hung an immense chandelier, made of pure yellow gold, studded with diamonds and pearls, rubies and opals, emeralds and amethysts, and many other gems of extraordinary brilliance and beauty.

A light burned in the lamp. By some miracle a small flame burned in it, and must have burned for thousands of years. That small flame, its light reflected in the innumerable mirrors, contrived to give a dazzling radiance to the underground treasure house.

The ruler of that part of the desert, and his ministers, left the whole cave as it was, untouched by human hand. They made it the main museum in their land, and a shrine. They decided to take only the lamp away, in order to learn from it the secret of its perpetual flame. But as soon as the lamp was taken out of the tomb its flame went out, as if the evil breath of the

world had blown it out. The gold of the lamp unaccountably turned black, the gems lost their lustre, the jewels their sparkle.

The men of the desert entrusted the lamp to the archaeologist who had discovered it. They bade him to take it to a physical laboratory, for the scholars and scientists to find out the secret of the flame that had burned in it for so many ages, until the day it was brought back into the light of the world. He took the lamp to his own country. The learned professors and inquirers, however, found that it was an ordinary lamp, though made of gold. They searched in vain for the secret of the undying flame, of the light that had burned for thousands of years underground, but went out as soon as the sun competed with it.

The desert men gave the lamp to its discoverer, as his reward, for they would have no sorcery in their land. He took the lamp to the foremost museum in his native country. The keepers of that museum, themselves archaeologists, decided to restore its natural glow to the gold of the lamp, to return their glitter to the precious stones. They bathed the lamp in the purest spirits, and began to clean it with cloths made of the purest silk.

They began to polish it with their pure silk cloths, and they produced a veritable electric storm in it. They drew flashes from it, blinding as lightning, and blasts, deafening as thunder. Smoke and darkness accompanied this mock tempest, and finally out of the clouds of dust rose a gigantic form of human shape. A spirit, a genie, such as men had not seen since the childhood of their race, came to life.

The archaeologists then showed, as so many of their race had done before them, that men could still not master the power which a superior being had given into their hands. Their opportunity found them wanting; they could not command the power that they had called forth. The discoverer of the lamp alone found the courage to speak to the genie he had restored to the world, he alone found the words to say to him, 'Go you home, return whence you came!'

The appearance of a genie of the fables in an age of science, an era of machines, in a century when men had almost made genies of their machines, caused an enormous upheaval. The surprise could not have been greater had one of the famous dead of history risen from his unknown grave. Learned men met in their academies, scientists in their associations, multitudes crowded into public meetings to discuss the return of the genie into the world. Statesmen met in their councils to discuss its future. In the end the government announced that it would decide the future of the genie, as it was in the habit of deciding the future of men.

The chief ministers decided in their cabinet that they would give the lamp into the safe-keeping of the wisest, the best man in the land. But having so decided they found that they did not know who was the wisest, the best man in the land. They asked teachers and thinkers, professors and priests, scientists and soldiers, they asked merchants and lawyers, masters and workers, they asked clever men and they asked fools to tell them who was the wisest and the best man in the land. Nobody knew that man, nobody knew how to find him. For men do not often recognise the wise and the good until they have buried them. No more did they recognise

such a man the day they needed him. In the end the archaeologist, who had discovered the lamp, advised the ministers to ask the genie himself to take them to the wisest and the best man in their midst.

The genie took them to a man they had often seen among themselves, to one who had come to them in order to teach them, to give them his wisdom and his goodness. He had found the ears of men deaf to his words, found their hands clenched into fists that they might not receive his gifts. He had told them that they should give the best among them opportunity, the chance to make their common world better, richer and fairer. He had told them that they should grant all men justice, the chance to use their gifts in their work, and in their struggle for life, for happiness and for freedom. He had told them that they should make themselves better, so that they might make the world better. He had told them that they must grow greater than were their fathers, that they must change and mend themselves, so to make their dreams come true and to find their God.

The rulers of that society left their lamp in the safe-keeping of the wisest, the best man of their generation. This man then decided that the genie should serve not him but all mankind. He commanded the genie to produce another, then another, in the end to produce great numbers of genies. He saw that the machines of men were merely experiments, in which they attempted to create genies. He believed that men could not find the fulfilment of their lives without having personal genies, without each of them having a servant of unlimited power over matter. He believed that he could make men wise and good only by giving each of them a genie, through whom each could command the matter of the world.

His wisdom and goodness alike told the man who had the power to distribute genies among men, that he should grant genies only to those in whom a light shone comparable to that of the lamp, the source of light to which the maker of the world had tied the first genie. He decided that the wisdom and the goodness of a man must be as great as the power of the genie he commanded. He decided that genies should be allotted only to those who had great gifts and a great love, who had gold in them, since the creator of the first genie had decided to tie him to a lamp of gold.

But the rulers of that society presently undertook the allocation of genies to men, as they had before that undertaken the allocation of riches and honours, of powers and positions, of life itself. That government decreed that every man was to have a genie, that he might have many genies, that all men were to have genies according to their aptitudes and in the measure of their wealth. For genies were, then as before, to be tied to lamps of gold. The poor could thus afford only little lamps, secure the services only of weak genies, the rich could buy big lamps, obtain the services of many genies. But society gave every man at least a little lamp, an inferior genie, to keep him in comfort and free from the cares of the world. In the end the poor had poor genies, the rich had rich genies, all men had genies corresponding to their fortunes and their useful endowments.

The genies were merely the fantasies of men, conceived by their desires

and their imaginations, and come to life. They were the good and the evil in men, which were made immense through power over the world. In the genies the envy of the poor and the cunning of the oppressed came to life equipped with supernational powers. In them the greeds of the rich and the jealousies of the powerful came to be masters of the world. Hatred and cruelty grew enormous in men through the genies, they swayed society. Men lived in unimaginable splendour, and in unthinkable desolation.

Evil prevailed among men, it governed society. The genies, like men, were unequal in their powers. Men made the genies good and evil, as they made their own desires, their imaginations good and evil. They fought against one another with the aid of the genies. The poor, the ordinary fought for the powerful, the ambitious with multitudes of little genies, as they had always fought for them with their bodies, with all their possessions, even with their lives. Men made deadly weapons of their genies, made their struggle for the world wholly destructive. Whatever a man built one day, another tore down the next. The human race made into a graveyard the world which it should have made into a Paradise, brought itself to the threshold of destruction instead of perfection.

The genies in the end rose in revolt against men, resolved that they would no longer obey men. They went to the wise and good man whose word of command had given them life, and complained against men. That man could then impose his will on his fellows. He was able to enforce his decision that men must be made of the gold of life, as the lamps of the genies must be made of the gold of the world, before they can have power over genies. He could ask of them that they have within them a light as bright as that which their lamps shed in the world.

After that day only the wise, the virtuous and the good commanded the power of genies among men. They cared for all the rest and provided for them, as it was their duty to do. They created a Paradise on Earth.

QUARTERLY FILM REVIEW

by James Morton

SOMETIMES I think I should omit the summer quarterly review of films because there simply is not enough to go round, and then somewhere like the Academy puts on a double revival which simply must be mentioned and which sadly puts the rest of the art house cinemas to shame. I cannot recall how many times I have seen *Les Enfants du Paradis*, that wonderful French film made during the last days of the German occupation of Paris. The film aimed amongst other motives to provide as much work for as many as possible in the circumstances. It is a lavish recreation of Paris a century earlier where on the *Boulevard du Temple* the tradition of French mime and comedy is continued.

The film is being shown in a new print which of itself is welcome because the copies I have seen were getting a bit murky in places. Now we can see Arletty as Garence, Pierre Brasseur as Frederic Jean Louis Barrault, Maria Casares and Marcel Herrault in a new clear light. What a wonderful cast of actors, and what wonderful performances were elicited from them by Marcel Carne. The film has of course been a tremendous influence on the rest of the cinema world. I saw on television the other evening Gene Kelly's *Invitation to the Dance*. The first of the three episodes of this film devoted to the dance and the ballet is a straight homage to *Les Enfants du Paradis* with Kelly playing the Barrault role and a tracking shot which echoes the end of the French film.

The heroine in *Slave of Love* would have done well to see the controlled acting of Arletty and Maria Casares who played the soubrette who marries Barrault. In Nikita Mikhalkov's story of a film company stranded in the countryside ten days' train journey from Moscow it seems to me that Elena Solovey simply overacts as the star of the film who becomes involved with the cameraman and the revolution. Take the scene when she goes to the revolutionaries' café and pleads with them to assist her. She is completely without dignity in her sorrow.

Now, you may argue it does not call for dignity. Perhaps not, but it seems to be a stunning example of ham acting. I know she has just seen someone shot but she was by no means besotted with him. Contrast that with both the acting of Casares and Arletty when their hearts have been broken on each occasion by Barrault. This seems to be the trouble with the film. The heroine turns in a bad performance and isn't very attractive. It is shot in wonderful pastel tones which owe a good deal to Lelouch and Dominic Delouche whose film *Twenty-four Hours in the Life of a Woman* it pictorially resembles. The interesting thing about Soviet films is that, in the main, they are totally unable to resist threepence worth (or often more) of propaganda in the last reel. Take the lecture in *Cranes are Flying* as an example. Here we have the obligatory promise of a new dawn by the guerilla chief just before he loads Elena onto an otherwise deserted tram so that she can make her escape. Unfortunately the tram driver is a

white Russian and he alerts a troop of cossacks who happen to be camping by the tramline. The tram driver is shot, the machine careers out of control down the line, and the cavalry chase it. It is all a bit like an episode from the *Perils of Pauline*—the sort of film being made by the company at the start of the film. Eventually the sun rises in the East—or is it the West? Are we to take the film as a metaphor for the Revolution careering to its logical destruction? Is it just a gentle piece of hokum? It is never uninteresting and you may think that Ms Solovey is the equal of Arletty.

John Carpenter has had in the last half dozen years a fairly meteoric rise to stardom as a director and now seems to be falling equally fast. His first film, *Dark Star*, was absolutely splendid science fiction. His next, *Assault on Precinct 13*, was the start of the present cycle which he seems to be overworking. His next, *Halloween*, and the latest, *The Fog*, each have one good trick and nothing much else. The same applies to the *Eyes of Laura Mars* which he scripted and a television film he directed. In all these the one good stunt is the walk through the old dark house. It is quite incredible how the same old trick works again and again and we all sit on the edge of our seats waiting for something to happen, as we know it will. A really good example of the *genre* is *The Cat and the Canary* as done by Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard. Hope was a radio comedian and this was a jokey film version of a film already made by Paul Leni in 1927. Paulette takes the obligatory walk through the old dark house inhabited by escaped lunatics and the dangerous Laura La Plante. All Carpenter's recent films seem to have been remakes of this old plot. This time it is a walk through the old dark church and the old dark lighthouse. Carpenter does it very well but the whole film is not just hokum but utter rubbish. The basic supposition is that a colony of lepers should return for the centennial town fête and wreak revenge for their earlier extermination by the ancestors of the townsfolk, led by the vicar. If you can accept that you can accept anything. Carpenter does it really well from the opening shots of little things going wrong—an alarm clock which rings after it has been switched off, a petrol pump which goes on pumping when it should have stopped. He masters the everyday supernatural but what he can't really do—even with the aid of Hal Holbrook as the minister—is to bring any sense of credibility to the totally unbelievable plot.

Bad Timing directed by Nicolas Roeg is quite simply a bad film. Roeg has always had eroticism in the cinema as a long suit. The love sequence in *Don't Look Now* with Donald Sutherland and Julie Christie is a good example. Now, he tries to build a film on the premise that Art Garfunkel, who is not everyone's idea of superman, should indulge in necrophilia. It seems to me that Roeg is trying to extend the logical boundaries of sex in the legitimate cinema so that they overlap with the porn movie. After all, what in the so-called art cinema is there to be shown in the way of sex other than necrophilia? Perhaps he chickens out. That vastly ill-used actor, Denholm Elliot, appears as a *deux ex machina* to say that his wife is still alive and it was all right in the end. Elliot is as usual impeccable, Garfunkel exposes his limitations as well as his private parts and what on

earth is Harvey Keitel doing as the investigating police officer? All in all the film, with its multiplicity of flashbacks, is something of an irritation. We don't really care what happens to any of the protagonists. And that is essential in any sort of film let alone one which expects us to build on human relationships.

Curiously enough the Academy is showing *The Wanderers,* a revival of that splendid film by Albicocco from the novel *Le Grand Meaulnes.* On the other hand, *The Wanderers* is now on circuit. This is the latest and hopefully the last in the present cycle of gangland films which were spawned by *The Warriors. The Wanderers* goes back in time to the 1960s and the gang fight to defend their territory and have rather mawkish relationships with their parents and girlfriends. What it comes to, is a bit like *West Side Story* without music,

Richard Pryor in Concert is that fine negro actor from *Blue Collar Worker* and *The Wiz* doing a live stage shown in California. The film has clearly been cut and indeed poor Patti Labelle has been completely left on the cutting room floor. I did not enjoy the first few minutes of this absolutely foul-mouthed comic. I see nothing terribly amusing in fashionable white audiences paying to be insulted, but this man's total presence overcame my annoyance. Bathed in sweat he works a seventy minute act during which time nobody is spared and yet at times he can be extremely touching as when he imitates a deer in the forest. It is certainly not a film to which to take one's maiden aunt but as an example of black humour in every sense of the word it is well worth seeing.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

ADMIRAL J. H. GODFREY'S CAREER

Very Special Admiral. The Life of Admiral J. H. Godfrey, C.B. Patrick Beesly. Hamish Hamilton. £9.95.

Admiral Godfrey was profoundly admired by many people (by none more fervently than Ian Fleming) who served under him at various times, especially in Naval Intelligence 1939-42 and in his splendid hospital work after the war. He was extremely fortunate in a gifted wife and loving family. But Lord Mountbatten sums up the light and shade of his career in a sentence: 'He would have reached the highest post in the Royal Navy but for a certain inability to get on with his superiors and his colleagues'. Mr. Beesly in this highly readable, discriminating but overall favourable biography admits that John Godfrey 'fell foul of Churchill, Pound and Alanbrooke'. Also it would seem the Chief of the Air Staff. His military and air force colleagues on the Joint Intelligence Committee found him trying. His outstanding talents were slightly flawed.

In the result he was abominably treated by the higher powers. After three and a half years in Naval Intelligence where his achievements were, and are, beyond dispute he received a note from Pound, the First Sea Lord, informing him that his 'relief was necessary'. Pound had earlier promised him a sea command which made the manner of his dismissal all the more disgraceful. Some consolation was provided by his appointment of Flag Officer Commanding the Royal Indian Navy but bad luck was now added to human maltreatment. Although once again highly successful he was in this command confronted with a brief mutiny. I accept Beesly's assurance that no one who knew the facts ever blamed Godfrey for the outbreak of the mutiny. But when he came to leave India an excuse was provided to his enemies for not giving him a knighthood, although by this time he was a full Admiral. 'He became the only officer of his rank in World War II to receive no official recognition whatsoever for his immense contribution to the Allied Victory'.

Beesly is rather puzzling in the reasons he provides for the disgraceful treatment meted out to Godfrey. He refers to him, no doubt truly, as 'a man of great moral courage who refused to depart from the very high standards he had set himself and his Division.' He gives this as the specific explanation of why he 'fell foul' of the three potentates mentioned earlier. But Beesly who served under Godfrey in Naval Intelligence does not fail to refer to Intelligence as 'a devious and unscrupulous art.' Yet he evidently feels that Godfrey stood for the integrity of intelligence and brought about his own downfall by doing so.

What does this integrity of intelligence amount to? 'Godfrey', he writes, 'could not bring himself to tamper with what he considered to be the *truth* (my italics) in order to ingratiate himself to his masters.' The particular difference with Churchill that he singles out arose early in the war because Churchill insisted on publishing figures of U-Boat sinkings which Godfrey knew and felt sure that Churchill knew were grossly exaggerated. It can be submitted, however, that truth as seen by a war leader and truth as seen by an Intelligence chief are not necessarily in harmony without one kind of truth being higher than the other. The methods of neither would be acceptable to the stricter moralists.

Godfrey reveals himself in his Memoirs as highly critical of Churchill. This attitude I am sure should be regarded as the cause rather than the consequence of his dismissal from Naval Intelligence and the subsequent discrimination against him. He is quoted here as writing after the war 'as long as the German war was on one was bound to do what one could do to boost Churchill . . . the tragedy of Churchill was that the thing he loved most he did least well, i.e. strategy. . . . Early on in the war his decisions were invariably wrong and caused us to lose ships, men etc. unnecessarily . . . to those who were working on the edge of his personal influence he was an unmitigated pest and bully.' These views to my certain knowledge reached Professor Lindeman as close as anyone to Churchill and no doubt, through him, Churchill himself. Although in no way occupying myself an important position I was well aware, before John Godfrey's 'fall', how strongly the wind was blowing against him.

After the war he might have lapsed into an embittered impotence. The opposite was the case. His most fruitful years lay ahead as Chairman of the Management Committee of the Chelsea Group of Hospitals. The renowned Cheyne Centre for Spastic Children which he founded is his noblest memorial.

FRANK LONGFORD

THE ELITE AND THE ELECTED

The Secret Constitution. Brian Sedgemore. Hodder and Stoughton. £7.95.

The proposition is that Government in Britain is élitist, oligarchic and bureaucratic. The characteristics justifying this description are the Prime Ministerial nature of Government, the centralised nature of public and private institutions, political power of the British and E.E.C., civil service outside the concept of Ministerial responsibility, the acceptance of conventional establishment wisdom and the corporatist nature of Government. The accusation is made by a man who himself has been both a civil servant and M.P. and who approached as near to the centre of that elusive power matrix as I did in becoming a Parliamentary Private Secretary.

The fact that our principal interests are wide apart and our political temperaments equally different cannot obscure the fact that in general terms I find the conclusions inescapable and deeply disturbing to a democrat. In detailed descriptions of power struggles, reproduction of letters and irrefutable statistics on such things as patronage or the origin of civil servants, Mr. Sedgemore analyses the political establishment. The result is to expose the reality of a constitution in a manner that no text book writer would readily recognise. It cuts through the conventional approach which conceals the real centres of power and decision making. It is timely and additional ammunition to those who insist that there should be accountability to the elected representatives of the people in Parliament.

The right to require the attendance of Ministers, Civil Servants and heads of institutions together with the production of documents is the biggest single step that can be taken after the formation of the new Departmental Committees. It seems odd that Mr. Sedgemore is so closely attached to the populism of Mr. Benn. True, Mr. Benn supports open Government and we would probably both support a Freedom of Information Act. We no doubt share the same feeling about Official Secrets even if Benn shared Cabinet responsibility for the disgraceful deportation of journalist Mark Hosenball by a Minister all too obviously prone to civil service domination—Merlyn Rees. However, Mr. Benn and the author were content to undermine Parliamentary authority when it

conflicted with their wishes in other respects, most notably in connection with the use of the referendum.

Additionally, there is something curiously ponderous in the flawless prose and something laboured in the numerous examples which Mr. Sedgemore uses to back up his thesis. Indeed, when he produces a small treatise on the philosophy of corporatism I feel that he will lose some readers entirely and others will find the digression unnecessary and irritating. Perhaps one senses a justifiable feeling of grievance by the author at his own fate when the Prime Minister insisted on his dismissal for revealing a secret document. After all, Ministers and civil servants do the same all the time behind the scenes. Indeed, Prime Ministerial leaks are institutionalised and like all leaks more often than not slanted in a particular direction. Secrecy breeds this form of communication but the fact that various Cabinet Committees are not only secret but their existence is not even known to other Cabinet members makes nonsense of collective responsibility and decision making.

The book has the merit of exposing these facets of irresponsible power without fear and without value judgements on the decisions themselves. Its difficulty is that it is part Constitutional text book—albeit unorthodox; part diary of a P.P.S. and autobiographical; part commentary on the current scene and in the middle of all this a series of short stories in the sense of examples of power struggles. The narrative does not flow freely and it might have attracted a wider readership had it been less pretentious and more of a personalised view by someone well placed to observe the daily working of what Mr. Sedgemore terms the convergence of bureaucracies by-passing Ministers in the shape of employer's and employee's institutions. He was even better placed to see how his Minister could be shut out of decision making by the Prime Minister.

What we can all verify is the immense patronage of the Prime Minister. Sir Harold Wilson made wide use of this power in his appointments and honours, many of which were not far short of scandalous. Semi-literate junior Ministers and semi-honest peers were produced in numbers that were higher than for which the law of averages should allow. The power to resign and bring the whole house down makes one question whether we should have Parliaments for a fixed term or at least take away the power of dissolution. Even Ministers are not free from absurd powers. I enjoyed the reproduction of the questioning of Fred Peart which illustrates the secrecy surrounding even such a pedestrian Minister. His answers sounded like a American pleading the fifth Amendment. Such secrecy and close knit decision-making at the top is then compounded by the power of the Civil Service which itself takes so many decisions or provides the information upon which they are made.

By the time the payroll vote, that is the ninety or so M.P.s owing their positions to the Prime Minister, have packed a Party meeting the idea of a successful revolt becomes very rare indeed. This is compounded by the lack of facilities and information afforded to the members. After fifteen years in the House I myself decided that I would no longer give a spurious authenticity to a system in which the backbencher can be treated with contempt by civil servants unwilling to act on information supplied and if the Home Office in my last years was anything to go by, whispering into a receptive ear. That Mr. Sedgemore should draw his examples from energy, finance and industry and reach similar conclusions is corroborative but not proof. From time to time there are Ministers who put their own stamp on a department. The latest study of Cabinet Government found that only one third of Ministers con-

sidered themselves to be initiators, on their own admission.

The conclusion is too pessimistic in that well organised pressure groups have on occasion forced Governments to override establishment wisdom, and not all politicians and civil servants are cast in the same mould. If they were, then Mr. Sedgemore himself would be a non-existent species. Nevertheless, he is right to stress the continuing power of a civil service which may lose a battle but by its nature must go on winning a never ending war. If the result is a Parliament that cannot know the facts, the crusading Member is often regarded as eccentric or dangerous. He may be silenced by patronage as so many members are. He may be dismissed as the author and I were dismissed. Either way, until elected representatives have access to the facts they are unlikely to be really effective.

Are our Governments representative when chosen from a tiny number of marginal seats by tiny caucuses hardly constituting a cross section of voters? It takes about 30 per cent of the electorate to secure a Prime Minister in power. A tiny change in public opinion can swing the pendulum to the other extreme. A minority of votes can put a Government in power as happened in 1951 and 1974. These are problems which Mr. Sedgemore ignores and he does not reassure me that his alternatives would be viable. Nevertheless in exposing the true power centres in an élitist society and the remarkable penchant for secrecy and battles behind the scenes, Mr. Sedgemore has performed a valuable service.

He has put a good deal of effort into his research and drawn freely upon his own experience. The Crossman Diaries seem to have set a precedent. The question of the relationship of Parliament to the permanent and powerful civil service is becoming a central constitutional issue. This book adds some valuable evidence to support the contention that we do not really enjoy the Parliamentary democracy of which we boast. Nevertheless it is within the power of Parliament to alter that situation if it uses our official constitution to fight the secret one.

PAUL ROSH

LIBERALISM IN THE CONTEMPORARY WORLD

The Yellow Brick Road (Pamphlet 1). Tim Beaumont. Liberal Party. 50p.

This is the first of a series of pamphlets to be produced by liberals on the contemporary world. If the successors provide as good common sense as *The Yellow Brick Road* they will be worth reading.

Tim Beaumont is deeply anxious about the global imbroglio—about overpopulation, diminishing resources, environmental depredation and widespread starvation. Rightly in my opinion he heaps opprobrium on the head of conventional economists who have singularly failed to provide the solutions to the world *problématique.* The concept of GNP as a measure of progress is a farce. If you marry your housekeeper the GNP goes down; if you smoke yourself to death or have a road traffic accident involving hospitalisation and intensive medical care it rises. Economists have been unable to invent a less insensitive parameter; it is high time they did so.

Zero economic growth is dismissed by Beaumont as 'crazy'. Instead selectivity *vis-à-vis* growth is the keynote. The movement to sustainability should be gradual. But the steady state will be far from unpleasant and to quote John Stuart Mill 'there will be as much scope as ever for all kinds of mental culture and moral and social progress . . . when minds cease to be engrossed with the art of getting on.'

Beaumont is convinced that traditional Liberalism will be under increasing threat in the decades which lie ahead. Personal freedom will be at risk; the protection of 'civilisation' will be made the excuse for introducing Draconian measures of all kinds; as a result the flame of democracy will burn ever lower. According to Beaumont, Liberals have a special role in this new era of history to move the world in an ecological direction while still preserving democratic freedom. Let us hope that they will be successful in their task. Otherwise the prognosis for humanity can only be described as bleak.

JOHN A. LORAINE

CABINET COMPLEXITIES

Lloyd George's Secretariat. John Turner. Cambridge University Press. £12.50.

Nobody interested in the evolution of British Cabinet government can afford to neglect this scholarly book by Mr. Turner which is one of the shortest in Mr. Cowling's Cambridge political study series. Lloyd George, the first modern Prime Minister, set up this Secretariat in temporary buildings of the garden at 10 Downing Street, hence the name *Garden Suburb.* The date was January 1917.

Lloyd George, in my opinion, was a Coalition man. It must be remembered that his War Cabinet included Lord Milner, General Smuts, Earl Curzon, together with Arthur Henderson and Sir Edward Carson for periods of time and Arthur Balfour as Foreign Secretary. Indeed, as A. J. P. Taylor has pointed out, it was 'a coalition indeed of the front benches against the back benches.' There is now on record a complete account of the official Cabinet Secretariat instituted by Lloyd George, thanks to Stephen Roskill's three volumes on Hankey and the Diaries of Tom Jones (T.J.) edited by Keith Middlemas. One might well ask, why another body of advisers, why indeed a 'Garden Suburb'?

Who, then, constituted this strange collection of advisers? It seems to have emerged. The names, Prof. W. G. S. Adams, later Warden of All Souls College, Oxford; Philip Kerr, later Lord Lothian; Waldorf Astor, proprietor of the *Observer;* Sir Joseph Davies, shipping expert; Lord David Davies, pioneer of the League of Nations resigned in 1917 and was replaced by Cecil Harmsworth, a specialist on labour questions. Behind the scenes also was Christopher Addison, a close associate of Lloyd George and later to become the first Minister of Health. Here indeed was another Coalition. I knew personally three of this group. Prof. Adams taught me at Oxford and was always a pioneer on liberal social questions. Lord Lothian was not only a Liberal but a Milnerite, Secretary of the Rhodes Trust, and a prolific writer in the *Round Table* but also an intimate friend of the Astors and like them a Christian Scientist. Lord Astor was not only a part-creator of Chatham House but a Junior Minister. Lloyd George always liked to have around him, men of ideas and influence.

When reviewing for this Journal *Tom Jones's Diaries,* I quoted the words used by Tom Jones to Lloyd George in a letter: 'I explained that I didn't want to touch office machinery but rather to act as a fluid person moving among people who mattered and keeping the P.M. on the right path as far as possible.' The Garden Suburb were 'people who mattered' and no doubt T.J. was present at the Astor's house when on Lloyd George's birthday the group was formally launched. Mr. Turner makes it clear that individual members of the group influenced Lloyd George policy on shipping, agriculture, Ireland, foreign policy, and most particularly on war aims, especially on reference to America and President Wilson. There was never a collective policy, though both Adams and Philip Kerr influenced important speeches of Lloyd George, most pointedly

the Caxton Hall speech to Trade Unionists on January 5 1918. They undoubtedly helped Lloyd George to project the right image to the people of this and other countries, especially the Dominions, the image of free people waging a war against militarism and destined to build up a healthier and more equitable organized society in the future. One tends to forget the famous *Lansdowne* letter and the resignation of Henderson, also the vast effort needed to produce the munitions and avoid dangerous strikes. On these and other matters the influence of the Garden Suburb was effective.

Today we read of 'kitchen cabinets' and *Think Tanks* under Wilson and Heath, not to mention the extension of the *Private Office* of every Prime Minister. Lloyd George was breaking new ground, new Ministries were being founded. Ramsay Macdonald in 1931 had only a listless Economic Advisory Committee to help him in the great slump; but events forced a coalition type of National Government on Britain: its history has not yet been written. Indeed with this book of Mr. Turner and a new *Portrait of a Progressive Politician,* Viscount Addison, published by the Oxford University Press, the public is being asked to revise opinions on the closing stages of World War I, and with the invaluable help of John Grigg to revise some myths about Lloyd George himself and the story of National Liberals. It may be wise to take a less doctrinaire view of British politics. Similar issues seem to recur from generation to generation but in different form; struggles for power also recur. War Socialism is one thing: a mixed economy is preferred by Lloyd George and Winston Churchill in peace time. The Garden Suburb was never doctrinaire.

KENNETH LINDSAY

WYNDHAM LEWIS

The Enemy. A Biography of Wyndham Lewis. Jeffrey Meyers. Routledge & Keegan Paul. £15.

Wyndham Lewis hated, *or imagined that he hated,* internality, subjectivism, romantic squishiness or slush. Impressionism or interior monologue were *out.* He liked the hard, bold carapace of matter. Others, however, such as Roy Campbell thought that 'his style and his excitability betray him as the emotional romantic.' His complexity is incontrovertible. He cultivated an image of mysteriousness, but he was genuinely an enigma and his thoughts and deeds beg for explanation. An interpretative biography of Lewis, to succeed, must be of an extremely high order; Professor Meyers, of the University of Colorado, has adopted a middle course of modest analysis of motivation and achievement, with which he is perhaps, but not necessarily, content for the time being. We must be grateful to him for the massive factual content, and, since this is the first, (but clearly not the last) biography of Wyndham Lewis, it is, at the risk of sounding too earnest, more or less required reading for all who care about twentieth century art and literature; if, that is in the long view, Wyndham Lewis matters. Professor Meyers surely over-praises Lewis as a painter—'Lewis is perhaps the greatest English painter, certainly the finest draughtsman and portrait artist, of this century.' Qua a writer, Professor Meyers fights to include Lewis in the mainstream of modern literature from which Lewis so determinedly insisted on extrapolating himself. The problem is Cerberus-headed—the invective, the false gods and the sheer obscurity. Professor Meyers has a stab at exegesis, although stressing in terms that 'This biography provides the background, rather than a thorough analysis, of Lewis' fifty complex books.' He is strong on identifying the original victims of Lewis' satire, and there is no shadow of doubt that the persevering reader will end up

with a very much clearer idea of what Wyndham Lewis was about.

Perseverance is a pre-requisite, because those who lead feverish, gregarious and, especially, bohemian lives, devise to their biographers an indigestible plum-pudding of facts and faces. Particularly those lives which split into layers but fuse like *milles feuilles*. Professor Meyers dissects the mass with considerable brio. Secondly, the reader must persist against a barrage of thumbnail sketches of this kind—'Pound, who tried to be a portable substitute for the British Museum, aggressively attempted to prove his superiority as a poet and intellectual.'

Moreover, unless, (and why not?), one is interested in the display of sheer beastliness and old-fashioned caddishness—Lewis discarded mistresses and children like used carbon-paper, and kept his wife in purdah, a mere pair of hands at the serving-hatch—Lewis' biography is harrowing reading, however many friends Professor Meyers may call to attest to his fundamental sweetness and sensitivity. As in Miriam Benkovitz's excellent study of Corvo, the biographer's approach to aggression may successfully be somewhat clinical, more in sorrow than in anger. Professor Meyers eschews this nettle and adopts a partisan and defensive stance. The famous quarrel with Roger Fry is minutely anatomised and Fry is described as of 'dubious character' (strong words indeed). Absurd results flow from the attempt to mitigate—'Lewis, who often boasted about having venereal disease, which he thought was a sign of potency, was probably unaware of the malady when he visited Aldington's flat. In any case, Aldington could not have caught clap from a shaving brush.'

It is, however, frankly simplistic to select, as Professor Meyers does, Wyndham Lewis' lifelong poverty as the source of the evil. Great rewards were accessible to Lewis but by savaging the hand that fed him, and by sabotaging his own reputation, he alienated himself into a citadel of discontent.

MOLLY TIBBS

SHORTER REVIEWS

Everyone's United Nations (Supplied by H.M. Stationery Office. £6.85). This is the ninth edition of an official reference book on the work, structure and organisation of the United Nations itself and intergovernmental agencies related to it. The last edition published in 1968 gave a fairly detailed analysis of the evolution and activities of the UN during its first twenty years. The new edition covers the early years more in outline and concentrates on the twelve years to 1977/88. The volume deals separately with the political and security questions, human rights, decolonisation, legal questions and administrative and budgetry matters. Part 3 contains useful summaries of the structure, objects and work of the numerous and often little known intergovernmental agencies. Appendices include the texts of the UN Charter, the universal Declaration of Human Rights and the International Covenants on Human Rights and the Optional Protocol.

Keats and his Circle (Cassell. £8.95). The inspiration for this album of portraits came to Joanna Richardson when she was shown by Fanny Brawne's great-granddaughter a collection of family photographs which included an unknown ambrotype of Fanny Brawne. As a leading writer on Keats and biographer of Fanny Brawne, she is particularly well qualified to produce this remarkable collection. 'Here, then, assembled from private and public collections, from books and galleries and family archives, is a visual impression of Keats,

his family and friends'. It is remarkably comprehensive. 'I have, I hope, included in this album all the relations, friends and critics mentioned in Keats' letters: at least all those whose likenesses have been sculptured, painted, drawn, photographed, or cut out of paper'. She has included twelve likenesses of Keats himself, including Haydon's life-mask made in 1816 and the MacDowell bust sculptured in 1828 after Keats' death. The Whitney bust in Hampstead Parish Church is omitted deliberately. There are, in all, over 150 portraits with brief descriptions of each and their reference to Keats and his circle. This volume will be widely appreciated as a companion to the study of Keats.

Prostitutes—Our Life. Edited by Claude Jaquet. (Falling Wall Press. £8.50). In 1975 prostitutes in Lyon occupied a church in order to bring to public notice some of the dangers of their profession. There had been a series of particularly nasty murders of prostitutes in the City. The police broke up the occupation within a few days but not before there had been a wave of sympathy in the hookers' favour. After the introduction which deals with the strike, its run up and aftermath, the bulk of the book is taken up with the autobiographies of six of the girls who took part in the strike. The stories follow the usual treadmill pattern—an unwanted pregnancy, a broken romance, unemployment—through the first tentative steps to a conviction, very often the brothel, truck stops, prison and the street. Very often the women have managed to save something from their lives and have bought a flat.

The six girls who tell their story are all articulate or at least well edited by M. Jaquet and in addition there are English and American essays. What does not come across in the book however is the degradation of the girls at the absolute bottom end of the trade. (J.M.)

The Hero (New English Library. £3.25). Lord Raglan (1885-1964) was a late representative of the breed of independent scholar-traveller in the Bulwer-Lytton mould, and his spirited anthropological writings still have some power to stimulate beyond their mere curiosity value. He believed in 'diffusionism'—the theory that all culture spread from one central area, the so-called Fertile Crescent. Further, in *The Hero* he made three claims: stories about heroes all over the world agree in containing a significant number of an enumerated 22 motifs; secondly, there is no good evidence that these tales are based on history, and, finally, there is good evidence that myth and folklore are based on ritual dramas that originated in the Fertile Crescent. So he collates Oedipus, Moses, Elijah . . . He does not include Jesus Christ, 'confident, I suppose (gloss by Bernard Kaufman in his Introduction) that every discerning reader will think of Jesus and compute his score for himself. Mr. Kaufman does a pretty good demolition job on toppling Raglan himself. (R.W.-E.)

Living On (George Allen & Unwin. £5.95). Paul Beard's study on survival after death is based upon the experiences of those who have been near death and more particularly messages from the dead to sensitives or mediums. 'This book attempts to assess the composite picture of post mortem experiences as presented by the evidence which we so far possess'. One of the great difficulties, of course, is the source and validity of such experiences. The author acknowledges this, although he is quite convinced of their general accuracy, bringing together a pattern of post-mortem living and character development, with a new spiritual purpose. It is an interesting study to those who believe in survival. The agnostic may be enticed to read it, while the atheist will inevitably reject it as nonsense.

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IN LABOUR

An interview with the Rt. Hon. William Rodgers, M.P.

by John Elsom

On August 1, 1980, three former Labour cabinet ministers, Mrs. Shirley Williams, Dr. David Owen and William Rodgers, published an 'open letter' to the Labour Party, in which they criticise the draft manifesto of the Labour Party's National Executive Committee and certain trends within the party. '. . . there has been,' they wrote, 'a sustained attempt to commit the party . . . to inflexible policies based on bureaucratic centralism and state control, policies that offer no improvement in the quality of life here in Britain and that appeal only to a doctrinaire minority of party supporters.' John Elsom interviewed Mr. Rodgers for *Contemporary Review* at the House of Commons on August 5.

John Elsom: Mr. Rodgers, in the open letter which you published, with Shirley Williams and Dr. Owen, last week, you say that the Labour Party is facing 'the gravest crisis in its history'; and yet several aspects of this crisis seem to me depressingly familiar. Why should you insist that this is currently the gravest crisis?

William Rodgers: The principal reason is not just Labour's defeat in the general election of May, 1979—although if you look at the figures for that election, they were serious enough, with only 28% of the electorate voting Labour, coupled with the fact that we did very badly among the young and that we are now in Parliament virtually a party of the north of England—apart from Scotland and Wales—not of the south. But our vote has been suffering a steady erosion since the early 1970s: the results were not just caused by the winter of discontent. I believe that a significant body of opinion in this country, more than half, would prefer a left-of-centre government of conscience and reform; but that they have been losing faith in the Labour Party's capacity to provide such a government. In that sense, it is the sort of crisis which the Labour Party has not faced since it became established, more than 50 years ago.

John Elsom: But it isn't just the decline of the vote, is it? In your letter, you mention various specific issues, about the quarrels within the Labour Party over the Atlantic Alliance, over an incomes policy and other matters; but aren't the current internal constitutional questions of particular importance now? In the past there have been many such debates, about

unilateral disarmament versus the multilateral approach, about Clause 4; but now do you think that there is reason to believe that a disaffected minority within the Labour Party is going to use its constitutional powers to get its own way? Isn't that the fear?

William Rodgers: Over many of these issues, it is true, there have been continuing debates. In another form, for example, the proposed withdrawal from NATO is a recurrence of a debate which we had in 1935, when pacifist George Lansbury had a standing ovation at the party conference, which then voted for Ernest Bevin and collective security.

But there are really two additional factors today. Firstly, there has been, despite the present high level of unemployment, a very significant change in the nature of the country. It has been transformed over the past 35 years. Standards of living are much higher, expectations are higher and there isn't the same sense of group loyalty, of solidarity. That is new, and it provides the backcloth against which the debate about the constitution is taking place.

There are two sorts of party which you can have. I am talking now of the British situation, because you can only relate the role of any political party to what has gone before, to its own traditions, and not to what has happened to the Swedes, the Germans or the French. There is the bi-polar party which means a parliamentary party with a large measure of independence (which is what we've had in the Labour Party since before the First World War) and a separate centre of policy-making, of power, in the National Executive Committee. The members of parliament represent the Labour voters: the National Executive represents the Labour activists. That's one system, a bi-polar party, which works because each side recognises the role of the other, because there is a high degree of tolerance, and a substantial overlapping of persons. The alternative is to have a much more centralised organisation, such as the Conservatives have, where the writ of the leader, in this case Mrs. Thatcher, runs strongly everywhere. You don't seriously have another centre of policy-making, other than the leader and the parliamentary party of which she is part. But if you have a centralised party, then the centre must be representative of all its parts.

That's what much of the present debate is about. You can either have a bi-polar Labour party, with a balanced relationship of confidence between the poles, or you can have a much more centralised party. What some people now want, however, is two poles, but with one of them very heavily weighted in favour of the extra-parliamentary pole, the National Executive Committee, representing the party activists. That is a very serious development. It diminishes the role of MPs and thus the role of parliament itself; and it diminishes the relationship between the party and the public which the MPs are meant to serve. The Labour Party doesn't exist to satisfy the emotional aspirations of its activists. It exists to serve the people of this country, to improve their condition and to build a more egalitarian society but one which is essentially free in the way we know.

John Elsom: Can you say whether, in your opinion, these activists are small or large in number?

William Rodgers: It's very hard to tell. They're not easily characterised. There are many local Labour parties where the activists are like our traditional party workers—schoolteachers of one kind or another, active trade unionists, people in the professions. Some are men and women of the legitimate left, but equally they are of the centre and right; and they accept that there is a role for MPs representing their constituencies. Some local parties haven't changed at all, but an increasing number are dominated by small groups of often quite new members, and they are not concerned with tolerance or any kind of compromise or general understanding. They are concerned only with their own power and with pushing the party farther to the left. They want the MPs to do what the activists tell them to do, rather than what they, the MPs, believe to be right, as the result of their knowledge of the electorate.

John Elsom: These new activists, therefore, would regard the MP as a delegate, expressing their point of view; whereas representative democracy, to use your phrase, implies that the MP is a representative of a wider electorate than the party activists and therefore has to be given a considerable degree of independence.

William Rodgers: That's right. The traditional, and in my view absolutely justified, position is that the MP's duty is to represent all his constituents and he's got to have a feel for what they want. He isn't simply the creature of a relatively small number of people, who may be very unrepresentative even of Labour voters.

John Elsom: Do you think that the new activists' case is strengthened by what I would believe to be a widespread disaffection with parliamentary democracy, as it stands? Do you think, firstly, that there is this disaffection and, secondly, that the activists can make capital from it?

William Rodgers: I don't think that there is disaffection with parliamentary democracy. What I think is true is that successive governments have failed to solve this country's economic and industrial problems. We had five years of austerity after the war, then 10 years of boom during the 1950s. Then, all of a sudden, the chickens came home to roost. We realise now (but we didn't then) that we were seeing the symptoms of an industrial decline which had begun before 1914. There is not disillusion with the system, but a knowledge that successive governments have been unable to give the people what they broadly want, which means significantly rising standards of living and an improvement in their community services. Other governments with mixed economies have managed to do so—the Germans, the French, even the Italians. But in Britain governments have not found the answer, which has not disillusioned people with parliament

but made them more sceptical about their MPs and much more discontented. Unemployment is a classic example. Young people who are out of work when they want to be in work, don't blame themselves—and why should they?—and not the system, but the established political parties, the established politicians.

John Elsom: In canvassing, I have found many who feel that their points of view on various matters are just not represented in parliament in any way. They may feel strongly about the nature of the Atlantic alliance, about the Brandt Commission, about ecology, all these separate issues which somehow rarely surface because the broad 19th century coalitions of power are still surviving. Do you think that a feeling that the parliamentary procedure is getting out of touch with the issues about which many people are concerned, could contribute to a disaffection?

William Rodgers: I don't think so, because parliament is much more open and receptive nowadays—and MPs more independent of mind. When I came into parliament, nearly 20 years ago, there were a number of rather older trade unionists who were, quite frankly, the ballast of the ship of parliament. They didn't contribute very much to the parliamentary process—nor did the knights of the shire on the Tory side. Nowadays, you have more MPs with talent and energy, and far, far more hardworking. You find more Labour MPs who are more unwilling to let their government get away with anything, even when that government is in power with only a tiny majority. And although Mrs. Thatcher is in a very dominant position in parliament, you will find that her own backbenchers are prepared either to vote against her government's policies (except on censure motions) or to abstain. The quality of our select committees has been an extraordinary development. I have been in favour of them from the beginning, because they mean that MPs can exercise power against the government of the day, and can call witnesses from the public, either individuals, or groups, and not only commercial interests, but ecological ones too, Friends of the Earth or whoever they may be. There's far more access to Ministers and certainly to MPs.

John Elsom: And so you don't think presumably that proportional representation would be any sort of answer?

William Rodgers: There may be a case for proportional representation, but I don't think that that would necessarily mean that you would have a large number of MPs representative of minority interests. You wouldn't get that under any tolerable PR system. Under the present system, most minorities will find their spokesmen, within the parties, who are prepared to try to manipulate the party system to the advantage of the groups on whose behalves they are speaking, or will stand out against the party. If you were to argue, of the Labour Party, that we should widen democracy by bringing every party member into an enlarged role—there is a great

deal to be said for that. Let us say that we have a quarter of a million party members, I'd be very surprised if more than 1 in 10 of these members has a significant active role with the party on a committee of any kind. If you are going to change the constitution of the Labour Party (bearing in mind that I am in favour of the bi-polar system), then the desirable thing would be to bring all these people into the decision-making process. It is quite ridiculous that in a constituency where there may be, say, 30,000 Labour voters, and, say, 3,000 Labour party members (although that would be quite exceptional!), the parliamentary candidate should be chosen by, say, only 30 of them, or even, and more likely, an hundred.

John Elsom: In the Labour Party, you have on many issues several quite separate, and in some cases, quite opposed, points of view. They may be valid in themselves or there may be a certain amount of guesswork as to which is right; and yet the force of the nature of politics means that you have to vote as a block, or try to maintain an uneasy compromise between what are essentially opposite points of view. Defence would be an example. There is the case which supports a common defence pact with the United States and the West; or the one which supports unilateral disarmament; or one which seeks a totally different kind of accommodation altogether. These views are completely opposed and they can't really be contained within one party without very severe strains. If you believe that, by expressing your point of view on a basic issue like that, you are splitting your party, you're bringing the Tories in for another ten years, aren't you in danger of trying to bury these issues down so deep that they never get properly discussed at all?

William Rodgers: Well, you have 268 Labour MPs and you have probably got 268 separate potential parties there, because they are individuals. I doubt indeed, if you put David Steel and Cyril Smith together, they would have a great deal in common, but nevertheless they find it desirable to share a political identity as Liberals. . . .

John Elsom: Yes, but we are not talking about differences of opinion, but about very major policy issues. . . .

William Rodgers: Well, we are talking about where you draw the line. Of course, among the 268 Labour MPs you can begin to classify and put in groups. But you are bound to bring together some groups which would have a lot in common, but also a lot pulling them apart. What is true of the Labour Party is also true of the Conservatives. Is it better that this country should have two or three major established parties, or a dozen? It may be true that the Labour Party is a coalition which one day will break up. It may be better for British politics that this should happen, but I don't think that you can make any presumption in advance about how many parties there should be.

John Elsom: How many Labour MPs would support, do you think, the three major commitments in your open letter—to the mixed economy, the support of 'truly international socialism' and the 'unshakable commitment to representative democracy'?

William Rodgers: If we had taken our open letter around the Parliamentary Labour Party as a kind of manifesto, I do not think that we would have had much difficulty in getting the support of about three-quarters of Labour MPs—two-thirds, anyhow.

John Elsom: But suppose that the National Executive at the party conference succeeds in getting its own way on the draft manifesto (which is so opposed to yours), this would mean, according to what you have just said, that two-thirds of the parliamentary Labour Party would disagree with it. What would then be the next step?

William Rodgers: That's extremely difficult to tell. The constitutional ways of the Labour Party are labyrinthine. It would depend a great deal on whether the rules had actually been changed, because you can pass a motion in favour of change, but that is not in itself a change. It would depend on whether the rules have been changed or not. It would depend on other factors as well. If you take a series of issues—or a series of resolutions based upon issues—which conference might or might not carry, then if ten were carried one way and ten were carried another, then matters would be far from clear-cut. You would have to find a balance; and the difficulty would then be in judging who's won and who's lost. And even if the question of the manifesto were to be, as it were, 'lost', it would depend a very great deal on how that was interpreted, in terms of how the manifesto was to be drawn up by the National Executive, in consultation with the Parliamentary Labour Party. If the crunch came, the Parliamentary Labour Party might simply say that the manifesto was unacceptable. If the manifesto were crazy, a lot of MPs would say, 'I'm not going to fight under that manifesto' and simply disown it. They might fight as Labour MPs, but say that the manifesto was nonsense; or they might decide not to fight as Labour MPs at all.

John Elsom: And so you might get two Labour Parties, like, say, Stephen Haseler's SDA or Roy Jenkins's Centre Party . . .

William Rodgers: I wouldn't accept either of those examples as analogies.

John Elsom: You have said that there are these labyrinthine ways to block a manifesto with which the majority of Labour MPs might disagree; but doesn't this also mean that these labyrinthine ways can be used to block any change? In your statement, you talk about the way in which 'our institutions' are 'resistant to change'—but you also say that a new party would have no roots . . .

William Rodgers: A new Centre Party . . .

John Elsom: A new Centre Party would have no roots or no political philosophy. It seems to me that here you have a political party which is resistant to change because there are so many ways of blocking change and yet an alternative party, in your view, would have neither roots nor philosophy. Change, in other words, can come neither from within nor without . . .

William Rodgers: No, we don't say that. We say that a new Centre Party would have no roots or philosophy, one that takes its position some way from Labour and some way from Tory. Such a party would not have enough genuine coherence . . .

John Elsom: What about the Liberal Party?

William Rodgers: The Liberal Party is very much a case in point. The Liberal Party stands there, it does provide a convenient vehicle for a proportion of people who like to vote Liberal . . .

John Elsom: Would you say that these people are without roots or a philosophy?

William Rodgers: No, not necessarily. There is a limited number of people who come into that category, and a lot of people who vote Liberal are, of course, protest voters. The Liberal Party has not been in power for donkey's years and is not going to get into power for donkey's years. Therefore if you are a Liberal, you can be protesting against other political parties. You can have the satisfaction of adopting an attitude without the responsibility of carrying it through. Now I think that it is a good thing that the Liberal Party exists; and there are people in it of deep personal conviction. But there is a great deal of difference between having deep personal convictions and translating these into the reality of a political party with a philosophy. The Liberal Party provides a vehicle and I'm pleased that it does. But that doesn't mean that you can build it up into a credible alternative to, if you like, a rump Labour Party which has gone so far to the left that nobody supports it anymore, or to a Conservative Party. What you have got to do is to build a new pillar which stands very much in the position that the Labour Party has always stood. That doesn't mean, as we say in our statement, a party of monopoly nationalised industries; nor a party more preoccupied in gazing at its own navel, than in looking at the problems overseas and particularly of the Third World. There is room for a new radicalism, which nevertheless represents a coherent position in a Labour tradition, a Democratic Socialist tradition. I think that position is plainly there. And if the Labour Party abandoned its traditional ground, it wouldn't be an old-fashioned party which took its place, but a new radical party, looking to the future.

QUEBEC AFTER THE REFERENDUM

by Tom Riley

THE first thing to make clear in any discussion of the recent referendum in Quebec is that this was not a vote to determine if Quebecers did or did not want separation from the rest of Canada. The referendum questionnaire asked the Quebec people if they would give a mandate to the Quebec Government to negotiate sovereignty association. The question was worded as follows:

> The Government of Quebec has made public its proposal to negotiate a new agreement with the rest of Canada based on the equality of nations.
>
> This agreement would enable Quebec to acquire the exclusive power to make its laws, levy its taxes and establish relations abroad—in other words, sovereignty—and at the same time, to maintain with Canada an economic association including a common currency. No change in political status resulting from these negotiations will be effected without approval by the people through another referendum. On these terms, do you give the Government of Quebec the mandate to negotiate the proposed agreement between Quebec and Canada? Yes. No.

This is an important point as in a survey conducted by the Parti Quebecois in June, 1979 it was found that when 1,000 people were asked their preference for a political status 39% of those who responded said they wished for a 'renewed federalism' and only 19% said they favoured the proposed sovereignty-association, while only 9% supported independence.

The results of the vote on May 20, 1980, showed the 'No' forces winning 59.5% of the votes cast (and 88% of the eligible voters cast their ballots which was greater than any number in the last two provincial elections) with the 'Yes' forces getting 40.5%. Contrary to some popular opinion it was not the English or ethnic minorities in the province which caused the 'No' forces to win, as among the French voters the 'No' side won 52% of the vote. Only four areas in Quebec voted for the 'Yes' forces with a majority and in areas such as Montreal's East End the 'No' votes were in the majority, much to the amazement of the Parti Quebecois who had anticipated the reverse. This then takes away the argument that Francophones would be furious with the English and the ethnic voters and cause further tensions in the province. Since the vote there have been no signs of increased violence on behalf of frustrated separatists, as some pundits were wont to predict.

It is apparent that even a large part of the 'Yes' vote was a call for constitutional reform with increased rights and powers for Quebecers in the Canadian context. It has been said that if the Government had asked outright whether or not the people of Quebec wanted to separate they would have been strongly rejected.

However, the victory of the 'No' forces does not remove the fact there is still a large faction in Quebec who will continue to pursue their aims for an independent Quebec with the powers of a nation and an economic association with the rest of Canada (along the lines of the Common Market).

For the moment, though, the victory lies clearly with the Federalists who now have the upper hand.

Immediately after the referendum Premier Rene Levesque disbanded the Sovereignty Association Committee formed for the referendum and set up a Constitutional Committee of the Parti Quebecois to deal with the renewed Constitutional talks called by the Prime Minister. In essence, being a realist he recognized the defeat and has set himself to get the best possible deal for Quebec.

Prime Minister Trudeau was quick to placate and smooth any hard feelings generated by the defeat. In a speech before the House of Commons the following day he made it clear that the people of Quebec had spoken out distinctly on what they wanted and congratulated all those in the Federal Government who had worked so hard to attain the victory. He in particular praised Claude Ryan, leader of the Quebec Liberal Party and official head of the Federalist forces, for his campaign and style in achieving the victory. However, he was also conciliatory to the defeated and graciously conceded that there were upsets on all sides as a result of the campaign which so divided Quebecers (and even families).

His concern spread beyond mere speech making and he quickly dispatched his Justice Minister, Jean Chretien, on a whirlwind tour of all the provinces to meet Premiers and Cabinet Ministers and to set a date for Constitutional talks. Prior to the election he had said that if the 'Yes' forces were to win he would not be able to negotiate with them as it would be unconstitutional. Now, with the victory of the Federalists, he saw it as a firm mandate to revitalize the talks.

June 9 was the date selected and Premier Levesque agreed to attend. All who attended knew that though they too were coming to negotiate what their individual provinces desired (as Federal/Provincial rights and who has what powers under the British North America Act are as old as Canada itself) the real purpose was to demonstrate to Quebecers that they were serious about reform.

On June 9th the Prime Minister and the ten Premiers met in closed session at his residence in Ottawa. Prior to the talks the Prime Minister also took a radical step by meeting with Claude Ryan in Montreal to obtain his views on the wants and needs of Quebec.

The results of the talks themselves, billed as the pre-Constitutional talks, were unsatisfactory to most in attendance, including Rene Levesque. Essentially, Mr. Trudeau set out twelve areas of negotiation of power between the Federal Government and the provinces. These ranged from in what language a child will be educated, who has the oil rights off the shores of Newfoundland (the Federal or provincial Government?), and to what degree do the powers of the Federal Government extend on trade matters overseas. Other topics included communications, the powers of the Federal courts (in provincial jurisdictions) and the transference of Family Law from federal to solely provincial jurisdiction.

Jean Chretien was elected Chairman of a Committee of Federal representatives and all ten provinces to discuss the twelve points to hand and

then report back to the Prime Minister. Full constitutional talks will then be held on September 8th to 12th. The Prime Minister has gone on record as saying that failure to reach agreement on the twelve points could be disastrous, as then he might be forced to have Parliament take some form of unilateral action. He did not mention what this action might be though he does have the power to amend the Constitution and, theoretically (if not in practice) could bring it home from Westminster.

However, despite these ominous warnings it is unlikely the Prime Minister would rush into the breach and exacerbate tensions with the provinces, and in particular Quebec.

For in Quebec, Claude Ryan, the man responsible for the victory of the 'No' forces, has been forced to wait in the wings from his position in Opposition. He himself has proposed extensive amendments to the Constitution which would favour Quebec and give her greater powers than she now has. Mr. Ryan is confident that he can win the next provincial election though the polls show that the Parti Quebecois, though losing the referendum vote, are still popular and could win. The test of this will be three by-elections the Premier is required to call soon to fill three vacancies. It is expected that he will wait until 1981 (the end of his five year term) before calling an election even though traditionally, since 1946, elections have been every four years in Quebec.

Either way both Mr. Levesque and Mr. Ryan are going to want their say in any changes to the Constitution and any attempts to make changes without the consent of the provinces would create an escalation of hard feelings and could be a cause of bitter recriminations, especially since the Liberals have absolutely no representation in three of the Western provinces and only two seats in Manitoba.

As to Rene Levesque himself, though he has lost a battle with his referendum question and though it has caused bitterness in the Party against him, he is there as leader for as long as he wants. The night of the referendum results, he received a rousing reception from 6,000 supporters, showing that his name and personality are still magic to Quebecers.

He is also enough of a realist to go along with the will of the voters and to continue to get what he can for Quebecers without giving up his own ideals. So the referendum was merely a setback and not a defeat. The more important thing about the referendum was it showed that there is still a strong feeling for a united Canada.

Quebec is highlighted in the world press because she represented a threat to the unity of Canada. Conflict and potential separation and break up of a country is big news. But in actual fact, when you look at this in the context of Canada's history, it is really all part of a good Canadian tradition—the battle between the Federal Government and the Provinces. Quebec, with her language and feeling of cultural isolation in a sea of anglophones, really represents the apex of that traditional struggle.

[Tom Riley is a Canadian journalist and correspondent working from London.]

DUBLIN POLITICS: THE REALITIES

by Hugh Munro

ONE of the most striking things about the politics of the Republic of Ireland is the consistency of party strengths. Ever since its politics settled down after the civil war which followed the establishments of the Irish Free State in 1922, a situation has existed where the Fianna Fail party gets more or less 50% of the seats in the Dail (the lower house of Parliament), the Fine Gael party gets about 35% and the Labour party gets about 15%. On occasion Fine Gael and Labour have split temporarily, but the division between the sections of the divided party was never so great as to prevent them from coming together to help form a government. The last of these splits was healed in the early 60s, when a short-lived Farmers party crumbled away as its voters went back to their Fine Gael allegiance.

This extraordinary record of stability over 50 years would seem to indicate that these three parties are *about* something, that they represent deep-felt and lasting political attitudes. No doubt they do; but the clarity with which the election figures of fifty years indicate the existence of three differing political credos is only matched by the difficulty of deciphering what these credos might be.

Let us take Fine Gael for instance. It started life as a party committed to Dominion status for the Irish Free State. Until 1948, it emphasised the importance of using the state's membership of the British Commonwealth to further its trade and industry. And yet, when after 16 years in opposition it entered government in 1948, it promptly took the state out of the Commonwealth, declaring a Republic. And while this surprising decision may be put down to an irrational outburst on the part of an emotional Prime Minister the fact remains that this volte face on the one issue which was thought to divide Fianna Fail from Fine Gael—the issue of the role of the British Crown in Irish politics—did not make the slightest difference to Fine Gael's voting strength. Whatever the essence of the Fine Gael party may be, it is not to be found by analysing the party's policy pronouncements.

But any study of the Republic's politics must concentrate on Fianna Fail, which has, without ever contracting any alliances, formed the government for 38 of the last 48 years. The party originated in 1926, when Eamon de Valera seceded with his followers from the Sinn Fein party, which had locked itself into a sterile policy of refusing to recognise the existence of the Irish Free State. In 1927, Fianna Fail got over the difficulty of the oath of allegiance to the Crown required of those elected TDs who wished to sit in Parliament by proclaiming it to be an empty formula, and by 1932 it was in government. (Fianna Fail has always been derided by Fine Gael for its dubious attitude to the Oath; but it has to be said that, whatever the Fianna Fail's TDs thought of it, they were not the ones to finally break off whatever allegiance it involved).

Fianna Fail has good claims to speak, if not for Ireland, at least for whatever political attitude makes sense of the 26 Counties. The Republic's constitution provides for a nationally-elected Head of State, who, so far as powers and functions are concerned, stands in relation to the state very much as the British sovereign does. Certainly no candidate, in his election campaign, can meaningfully offer to stand for any particular political policy, for in office he will have no power to put that policy into effect. In choosing a President then, the voters of the Republic are more than anything else choosing someone who will embody the state as a whole. Significantly, we find that the Presidency has been a Fianna Fail monopoly ever since it was established under the new Constitution of 1937. Indeed, Fine Gael and Labour demoralisation in relation to the Presidency was such that on the death of President Childers in 1974 and the resignation of President O Dalaigh in 1976, they did not even offer to put up a candidate, although they were partners in government at the time.

So we are near to understanding the essence of the 26-County state, if we can understand the essence of Fianna Fail. At basis, Fianna Fail's predominance exists because it offers a view of the state on which stable politics can be built, whereas Fine Gael and Labour do not. Fine Gael (at that time called Cumann na nGaedeal) to be sure performed signal service in 1922-23 by having the energy and will to enforce the will of the majority of the state's population that the terms of the Anglo-Irish Treaty should be accepted the Irish Free State set-up. But democracy is not enough, if democracy is to work. Behind any state, if it is to survive as a working democracy, must be a view of the nature of the state, a widely-shared patriotism for which men are willing to fight. Only if such a patriotism exists can democratic governments exercise moral authority over the state's defence and security forces. Thus we find that in the new states of Africa, where national patriotisms are weak or non-existent, civil governments tend to be supplanted by military, for the good and practical reason that they do not represent a patriotism for which the security forces feel they have a duty to risk their lives. In a state with a widely accepted patriotism, however, a democratically-elected government has moral authority over the security force because it can claim, by virtue of democratic election, to speak for the patriotism which motivates that force.

What then is the patriotism at which Fianna Fail aims, and to a large extent succeeds in embodying? What people are included in its embrace?

Clearly the people of the 26 Counties—but what of the North? Here we come up against the dilemma which faces all the Republic's parties—the fact that the political unit they have to govern is not a unit which commands any allegiance in its own right. A patriotism for a political unit should be built up around the distinguishing characteristics of that unit. Irishness is not a distinguishing characteristic of the 26 Counties, which share that characteristic with the Six. In practice, its only distinguishing characteristic is that it is the Catholic area of Ireland and, to their credit, the people of the 26 Counties refuse to accept that particular identity. To say that the 26 Counties is the nation is to say that the people outside the 26 Counties are foreigners. It is just not on. A Dublin govern-

ment cannot say that the people of Protestant Belfast and Ballymena, let alone Catholic Derry or Crossmaglen, are foreigners and survive. It would have lost the right to call itself Irish.

To the extent that the problem of Northern Ireland would be eased if the South accepted a purely Southern political identity, we have, then, a situation where the path to peace lies not through the decay of sectarian politics, but through the growth of sectarian politics in the form of the acceptance of a state whose badge of identity is Catholicism.

To say that the 26 Counties, if it wishes to see itself as a nation, must see itself as a Catholic nation is not to say that it must have governments whose values are those of official Catholic orthodoxy. France, Belgium and Italy are Catholic nations, but their governments can hardly be said to obey the Vatican's every desire. Rather does it mean that the government of a 26-County nation would be a government preoccupied with the issues which Catholicism generates. At least until lately, the fundamental cleavage in the politics of Catholic countries was between clerical and anti-clerical parties—with, in general, the anti-clericals in the majority. It should be remembered that it was an established rule in France up to as recently as 1959 that a man who regularly went to Mass could not be Prime Minister. The Prime Minister could be a strong socialist or a dedicated pro-capitalist; he could be nationalist or internationalist; but if he was an active practitioner of the religion to which the vast majority of Frenchmen belong (at least nominally), he was barred.

As the example of France shows, to have politics dominated by the struggle between clerical and anti-clerical is to debilitate the nation. If the 26 Counties moves towards seeing itself as a nation, we may expect a similar effect. Indeed, something like it has already occurred. In 1948-51, 1954-57 and 1973-77, Fianna Fail was replaced in office by coalitions dominated by Fine Gael, whose commitment to the ideal of a 32-county Irish nation is less than Fianna Fail's. During these governments, and particularly during the first and last, there was a rise in what may be called Catholic politics. Indeed the first government was brought down by the resignation of the Minister for Health over what he regarded as interference by the Catholic bishops in the matter of a health-care bill (the extent to which he invited and provoked that interference is arguable). The *cause celèbre* of the most recent coalition government was a bill to legalise the sale of contraceptives (private importation is already legal). Although the Catholic hierarchy had announced that, so far as the Church was concerned, Parliament was entitled to vote for easier contraception if it felt it prudent to do, they had also reaffirmed (what else could they have done, if they were to be true to their calling?) that contraception was immoral.

Although the bill had been approved in cabinet, the Prime Minister, Liam Cosgrave, saw the matter as an issue of conscience and without any previous warning to his cabinet colleagues suddenly walked into the 'No' lobby on the second reading vote, thereby sabotaging the measure, to the amused delight of the Fianna Fail opposition.

The sectarian preoccupation of the Republic's coalition governments

also shows in government appointments. Just as the Minister of Justice in post-war French governments came always from the Catholic parties so also ministers of Defence and Justice in the Republic's coalition governments tended to be chosen from the more openly Catholic TDs. This was hardly a conscious policy; it is better seen as the fruit of an instinctive realisation that, given that the coalition government represented a dilution of the commitment towards the idea of a 32-county Ireland, it would need, insofar as these critical ministries are concerned, to turn towards an alternative source of motivation and morale and that Catholicism, being the identifying patriotism of a 26-county state, was the only possible source.

Fianna Fail, on the other hand, has a calmer and less involved relationship with Catholicism. It feels free to act independently of the bishops but at the same time has the good sense not to make public any differences it may have. Thus, after the break-up of the first coalition government of 1951, Fianna Fail, back in office, enacted a bill very much on the lines of the measure which had caused that break-up; and since resuming office in 1977 has passed a (admittedly confused and unsatisfactory) measure to allow the sale of contraceptives. And, when the Constitution of 1937 was being drafted, it bowed to pressure to make the state an expressly Catholic state—but only to the extent of including a provision (never translated into practical effect) recognising the 'special position of the Roman Catholic Church' as the faith of the majority of the population. It will be noted that this degree of recognition of the Catholic Church was far less than that afforded to the Church of England in the United Kingdom by the Act of Succession, and by the fact that the Sovereign is 'Governor' of the legally-established religion; and in any case the 'special position' clause has since been repealed.

For all that Fianna Fail is the party which displays more independence of the Catholic Church, it is not the party to which people of an anti-clerical tendency incline. These tend to turn to Labour, whose only hope of office is in partnership with Fine Gael. Thus the first coalition government saw Dr. Noel Browne as Minister for Health fight his battle over the Mother and Child Bill in a cabinet which included two leaders of the Catholic Ancient Order of Hibernians; while in the third, Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien had Oliver Flanagan, Knight of St. Gregory, as a colleague. And one can see why; in a Fine Gael-Labour coalition, both had the best hope of breathing their natural political air, and that the issues around which politics would revolve would be those that to them were the important ones—the issues which Catholicism generates.

But while the 32-county patriotism enables the 26-county state to turn away from the debilitating feuding that the attempt to make sense of a 26-county nation involves, it has its disadvantages also. For a 26-county government to say that the national unit is the 32 counties is for that government to devalue itself. By its own definition, it is merely a government of a province, even if that province comprises two-thirds of what it sees as the nation. And so Dublin governments are forced into an ambiguous stance. In international affairs, they claim the title of the

Government of 'Ireland' although they manifestly do not speak for what their own constitution defines as 'Ireland', namely 'the island of Ireland, its islands and territorial seas'. In its assertion of the Irish-unity ideal, then, the Dublin government, albeit for understandable reasons, adopts an attitude which implies that the people of Northern Ireland are of second-class status in the nation, in that Dublin can speak for 'Ireland' without referring to them. Which, of course, is counter-productive so far as the national aim is concerned. In asserting the identity of 'Ireland', it divides what it purports to see as one nation and, by antagonising people in Northern Ireland, makes the attainment of unity more remote.

But labels are only labels. The government which says it is the government of Ireland is not the Government of Ireland, but only of a part of Ireland. In reality, the Union Jack flies over two-thirds of the province of Ulster and the facts of day-to-day life enjoin acceptance of that reality on any Dublin government. But there have to be limits to that acceptance. To the extent that Dublin comes to terms with the reality of British rule in Northern Ireland it provides emotional raw material for irredentist Republicans to work on. If Dublin has to grapple with an underground army which sees itself as the army of a submerged nation, an army with by far the longest history of continuous existence in the annals of such organisations, it is not because Dublin has political aims which differ from those of the IRA; it is because Dublin is forced into continuous compromise in its pursuit of the aim which it shares with that army. The more it compromises, the stronger the IRA becomes. If the strength of the IRA in the Republic has declined in the last two or three years it is exactly because, with the replacement of Fine Gael, the aims of the IRA are now being more clearly enounced by the Dublin government.

Dublin then is caught in a strait-jacket. It can neither move towards acquiescence in partition because that, as successive Prime Ministers have found, makes the Southern state more unstable; nor can it follow out the logic of the all-Ireland policy by portraying 'Ireland' as a political entity which would only come into being if the island were united, since that would involve accepting that it currently speaks not for a nation but a province—which would undermine its moral authority as a government for the 26 counties. And there seems to be nothing that Dublin can do of its own to escape from its predicament.

THE MOOD IN SCOTLAND

by R. D. Kernohan

IT is not easy to sum up the mood of Scotland today, though a phrase like anxious perplexity amid diversity provides a ready and pretty rough assessment. Geography, history, economics, inheritance, and inclination all make Scotland a very plural society. Only when we play England at anything are we all agreed what the score ought to be.

A few months ago in the Scottish Cup Final riot at Hampden Park we showed ourselves and each other the ugly face of football that we are ill-famed for taking to Wembley; and we have never been agreed among ourselves what the score ought to be on a succession of more important occasions, from Bannockburn to last year's referendum by way of Culloden, the Highland Clearances, and the high-tide of the Red Clyde. Even the graffiti of our vandals, when it finds any political expression, is readier to identify with Irish factions than chalk up a claim to what the Nationalists called 'Scotland's oil'.

Very occasionally in our history we conclude a kind of National Covenant. There was one (at least in Lowland Scotland) at the time of the Reformation and another, that copyrighted the expression, against Charles I. There was another of a different kind in 1914 when the outbreak of Europe's civil war coincided with the peak of our heavy industries' prosperity. There is much that has never been the same since. And in a sense we concluded one that committed us to the British Empire more unreservedly than the English ever did—perhaps more heartily even than we ever merged ourselves in the United Kingdom.

Now we have lost an empire and failed to find a role. The American epigram suits us more aptly than it does the English, with their intense but unacknowledged nationalism, the Welsh with their cultural mysteries, or the Irish with their ambiguities.

What is Scotland's role to be? It is the better part of a century since we were the workshop of the world, but the Victorian industrial inheritance is that too many Scots are crammed into too small a part of Scotland for us to prosper, as the Irish seem to, by becoming the grazing grounds of the Common Market. We are the shore base for North Sea oil, but our industrial heartland around Glasgow is scarcely touched by the forces which have challenged and stimulated Aberdeen or Shetland. When times are good and the Western world believes in economic growth we make the most of a branch-factory economy. But when there is falling-off in demand for cars, or cash registers, or record turntables, or cheap watches we are only too vulnerable.

The simplest, clearest, and most strident answer to the question about Scotland's role comes inevitably from those who tell us that we are Europe's oldest nation and ought to be its newest nation-State. Perhaps the most difficult question to answer about the mood of Scotland is whether

it is one which political nationalism, despite its serious setbacks at last year's referendum and the General Election, will be able to take advantage of in the next year or two.

For it would be a mistake to write off Scottish nationalism or even the more moderate claim to political devolution and some kind of 'Scottish Assembly', though that term means very different things to different Scots.

The question is not whether the present mood of Scotland is a nationalist one. It isn't. Last year's referendum and election brought a serious and dramatic setback to a nationalist movement which, if one studied the graph of General Elections and ignored the spectacular but fortuitous results of by-elections, had been steadily advancing for nearly 25 years. Indeed, the arrival of the Scottish National Party in 1974 as a powerful Parliamentary force, and as a potential winner of a majority in the 71 Scottish seats, may have played an important part in the consolidation of opposition to nationalism before the referendum. When one recognises that at least half the Yes voters (as well as the No voters in the almost equally divided poll) supported devolution as the best long-term defence of the United Kingdom it becomes clear how firmly Scotland came out against nationalism.

But it would be wrong to assume that the nationalist disasters in 1979, serious though they were, have necessarily been decisive. The irony is that Scotland emphatically rejected nationalism only to find itself more clearly separated than ever before in this century from the prevailing mood and dominant trend in the rest of Britain, especially southern England. In the Labour landslide of 1945 a third of Glasgow's parliamentary seats remained Tory. Ten years later Labour only managed a 8:7 majority. But the 1979 election that carried Mrs. Thatcher to a clear victory left her with only one Glasgow seat out of 13 and at least temporarily shattered the career of her principal Scottish spokesman, Edward Taylor, who is also in many ways the most skilful and gifted Scottish politician in the two big parties. It was symbolic and not just expedient when Mr. Taylor was convinced that the road back to Parliament ran through Southend. What he stood for, and expressed so well, had been rejected by his own people more clearly than ever before.

It is true that to look at Glasgow alone gives an exaggerated impression of the movement of Scottish opinion. Much, though not all, of what has happened there reflects the different kind of movement which has shifted so much of the Labour vote from the dark canyons of crowded tenements to the sprawling acres of housing estates built on the green fields beyond the old suburbs.

It is probably also true that there have been changes in Glasgow over the last quarter-century, physical as well as social, which may be unmatched elsewhere in the United Kingdom—except possibly in Liverpool. For a generation virtually all new house-building in Glasgow was municipal. The local authority took pride in closing its main grammar school (the High School of Glasgow) which dated from the thirteenth century. The Conservative Club, which once put itself in the Pall Mall class, was dissolved. *The Glasgow Herald*, one of the two principal Scottish news-

papers, opted for political as well as commercial down-market-exploration and abandoned its historical role as the main opposition in print to nationalism and devolution. The Labour Party, despite occasional local upsets and troubles, consolidated its grip on local government, helped by the regionalisation put through by a Conservative Government.

Glasgow, of course, is not Scotland. But it is the heart of the Strathclyde Region which has half Scotland's people and, much more than Edinburgh, it is the centre of the press and broadcasting media which try to discover and develop distinctively Scottish dimensions in politics. Except during the brief and unrepresentative three weeks of the Edinburgh Festival it has an equal role in Scotland's cultural life—Scottish Opera, for example, is Glasgow based—and it dominates Scottish sport, which means Scottish football. Unfortunately it also and inevitably keeps well up a number of other league tables: for crime, violence, deprivation, squalor, and unemployment.

Even in its greatest days Glasgow had contrasts more dramatic than anything which induced Disraeli to write of 'two nations' in England. It still has. It is the centre of Scotland's musical life but the home ground too of the raucous, cynical Billy Connolly. East Kilbride new town, on its doorstep, is Britain's most successful creation of its kind, socially as well as industrially. The commercial Radio Clyde, unlike the present Glasgow papers, is really outstanding, and very profitable. Strathclyde University is a major force in technology but its cultural and community role matches that of the much older Glasgow University. Such successes contrast with the depressed mood of so much of the community in the way that Glasgow's great Victorian architecture contrasts with the contemporary mixture of concrete and waste land.

Given Glasgow's Socialist traditions, and the strong radical roots which helped to nourish Socialism, the present economic frustrations and leftward move in the Labour Party might appear likely to create a new mood in Scottish politics. There is also the theory that a new leftwing Socialism outside the Labour Party could coalesce with the new nationalism, despite the hesitations of the small-town, small-business type of S.N.P. activist. A sizeable minority of Nationalists use a leftish and even a Marxist vocabulary and they have provided a new home for James Sillars, the ex-M.P. who has moved from Labour to S.N.P. by way of the now almost defunct breakaway Scottish Labour Party.

In theory the time seems ripe for such a movement to catch the spirit that in the early 1970s, with the then Communist Jimmy Reid as leader and cult figure, made the work-in on the Upper Clyde shipyards something more significant than the conventional Labour politics of job subsidies and low rents. The new national covenant could come from a new mixture of Socialism, nationalism, radicalism, and idealism; or so it might seem.

But the humdrum sober reality of Scottish politics and Scottish opinion looks rather different. It is easier to present it as the douce political face of a very conservative country at odds with political Conservatism.

At one level this is obvious in listening to a conservative Liberal like

Russell Johnston, or a Nationalist like Donald Stewart of the Western Isles, representing very fairly parts of the country where for historical reasons political Conservatism alienated itself from natural conservatism. But it can also be found in stranger ways at a deeper level. When Jimmy Reid spoke for Clydebank he used the tactics and vocabulary of the far left, but the instincts he appealed to had more in common with Burke than with Marx. What could have been a more organic yet hierarchical society than the shipbuilding industry which had built the Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth? And what could have become more obviously an *ancien régime* than the Cunard line for which the QE2 was built a few years before the debacle? The men of Clydebank were facing a revolution which bewildered them as much as the one which threatened the livelihood of Marie Antoinette's jewellers and wigmakers; and which was equally unfair.

Scotland's MPs and Labour councillors are hardly the most obvious defenders of natural law and the rights of property. But they are not the spokesmen for people who want to tear society apart and enthrone some goddess of reason at Hampden Park (a ceremony which could be matched only by the theatrical send-off which Scotland's footballers received there on their ill-fated World Cup trip to Argentina). They speak for those who want to keep things as they have always known them; for whom housing subsidies have become a kind of property right; for whom jobs at the yard or the works, or even the American-owned factory built in better times, had come to seem a part of the natural order. It is Margaret Thatcher and Sir Keith Joseph who in this setting might be seen as the doctrinaire Jacobins ready to break up real communities in the name of some abstract rights of man.

There is an element of truth in these flights of fancy. Scotland, or at least West Central industrial Scotland, is in danger of becoming the Vendée of Mrs. Thatcher's attempted economic revolution: or at least it would be if Sir Keith Joseph and Mr. Tony Benn could each live up to his reputation with the other side. But Mr. Benn probably seems too much of a city-slicker to lead the Chouans of Clydebank.

Of course in some way this mood is as remote from Edinburgh as the discontents of iron and steel workers in Lorraine are from modern Paris. To write too dogmatically about the mood of Scotland means making quite unwarranted assumptions about the feelings and reactions of a jobless Glasgow teenager, an Edinburgh advocate planning his rise at the Bar, a Gaelic crofter, and a farmer in the Mearns, more familiar with the EEC Common Agricultural Policy than with the works of Lewis Grassic Gibbon. Indeed one of the ways in which one can fairly talk of a mood in Scotland, and not just of very different and contradictory moods, is perhaps in the recognition of the extent of Scottish diversity.

This is perhaps most obvious to those of us who have to try to keep in touch with the whole of Scotland, especially if we are Glaswegians living in Edinburgh. It also raises the possibility, however remote, that Scottish Nationalism might make more progress if it put more emphasis on uniting Scotland than on dividing Britain or hating England. (Of course every

S.N.P. enthusiast will deny that his party is anti-English: but the force and style of the denials can be very revealing.)

All that can fairly be said is that modern Scotland will fit uneasily into the kind of Britain that Mrs. Thatcher wants to create, even though her team of Scottish Ministers has shown unexpected skill and much political talent in tackling what seemed an impossible parliamentary situation. The extent of the next Nationalist advance may depend a lot on unpredictable accidents, for one by-election success leads to another and absence of exploitable opportunity can breed frustration and confusion. And since the Labour Party remains the dominant political organisation in Scotland, and commands far more traditional support than any other party, the future mood in Scotland is bound to be affected by the outcome of the present conflicts and strains in the party.

It is also quite possible, not for the first time in Scottish history, that Scots will give a relatively low priority to uniting Scotland, with Edinburgh and the prosperous East Coast feeling as remote from Glasgow's troubles as London does from Tyneside's. Indeed it is arguable that if the United Kingdom survived the years of decline and even humiliation in the 1960s and 70s it can survive indefinitely, regardless both of local nationalism and European integration.

Yet there remains a recognisable Scottish identity, even amid diversity. One of the weaknesses of the British political system remains its inability to devolve the democratic and the legislative as well as the administrative elements in Government. Tories, Nationalists, and Socialists have all incurred risks for the future—the Tories because they have turned their backs on the very modest kind of devolution they once tepidly supported; the Nationalists because they campaign for devolution when they intend separation; Labour because for reasons of imagined expediency, and without the necessary political conviction, they produced a devolutionary scheme which seemed to reasonable people (including many Socialists) to be a formula for future conflict.

A few years ago the strongest mood in Scotland was an irrational emotional demand for devotion with illusions about the extent to which a local Scottish executive and Assembly could tackle the problems of industrial decay and renewal. Today the mood is of frustration and anxiety, and of adjustment to harsher economic conditions than Scotland has encountered since the Second World War.

[R. D. Kernohan, a Glaswegian who now lives and works in Edinburgh, is editor of the Church of Scotland's magazine *Life and Work*. He is a former London Editor of *The Glasgow Herald* and from 1967 to 1971 was Director of the Scottish Conservative Central Office.]

LIBRARIES WITHOUT BOOKS?

by Feona J. Hamilton

ASK most people in Britain what the word 'library' means to them, and they will describe a public library. Many will interpret the word in an even narrower sense, and describe only the lending area of their local library—the shelves of books, perhaps some sound recordings, the counter by the entrance. If they use the library for other purposes, for example, study or research, they will talk about the reference library, with its tables and chairs, and the directories, textbooks, atlases, and so on, that they use. Naturally, using and borrowing the books will be free.

How many will realise that such a service has existed for a relatively short time? How many will know of the changes which have taken place since the first Public Libraries Act was passed in 1850? This Act began the work which has led to the public library network which we take for granted today. In 1850, only municipal authorities were empowered to establish public libraries; in 1919 another Act gave the same powers to county councils; in 1964 the Public Libraries and Museums Act made it compulsory for a local authority to provide a 'comprehensive and efficient library service for all persons desiring to make use thereof.'

When first established, public libraries operated a 'closed access' system. The books themselves were not available directly to those wishing to borrow them, but had to be requested from an assistant, who fetched them for the would-be reader. This must have been a most frustrating experience: browsing was impossible, and the risk of requesting a book which was not what one thought it was must have been fairly high. Subsequently, open access became the norm, and the delights of whiling away an afternoon drifting around the shelves, sampling a crime novel here, a classic there, or finding something to spark a new interest were available to all.

Gradually other material was provided as part of a public library service. Very soon after the implementation of the 1850 Act, children's books were added to stock. Newspapers were made available in many libraries—with the racing tables blotted out of course! (This practice continued until quite recently—at least into the sixties in some places.) Next came music and gramophone records. Now cassettes of both music and the spoken word are also available plus picture loan schemes and—less usually—toys for children. Specific groups of people are also provided for—books in other languages are commonplace. Services are provided to housebound readers and the print handicapped. This last term is used not only for those with imperfect or no sight, but also for those whose handicap makes it impossible for them to hold a book, or to turn pages.

For those whose only 'handicap' is one of access to a library building, a mobile service is provided, and the large mobile library is a familiar sight in many areas. It is worth pointing out that not only rural areas use mobile libraries—the London Borough of Southwark is a good example of mobile library use in a densely-populated area.

So, that is the picture presented by public libraries in this country today. The whole service is financed by a tiny proportion of the rates—on average, 1½ pence in the pound. Of course, the standard of service varies from place to place, depending on the amount of money available, the attitude of the local authority, and the ability of the chief librarian.

As with everything in the twentieth century, technology has had a great impact on libraries, particularly in the last two decades. References in the preceding paragraphs to sound recordings, and their availability through public libraries have indicated that more than books and newspapers are bought by libraries and lent to their users. Indeed, the term 'reader', indicating one who avails himself of the facilities of the local library, can no longer cover all categories of those who make use of the library. The word 'user' is more appropriate.

Every library has a catalogue of some kind. At one time, the usual format was the ubiquitous card catalogue: a wooden cabinet of drawers, neatly labelled with a guide to its contents, containing white cards measuring a standard five inches by three inches. On the cards was a record of every volume on the library shelves, cross-referenced under author, title and subject (at least!) to enable one to track down the required material.

Technology entered the area of 'housekeeping' in public libraries as soon as local authorities purchased computers. They were used originally to record issues made to library users. Now they are used to store the catalogue of the entire library system of an authority. In this way, every branch has access to the holdings of the systems. They each have microform readers, and a copy of the catalogue on COM (computer output microform). This takes the form of microfiche—small, post-card sized pieces of celluloid, with a standard number of reduced pages on it in negative (i.e. white on black). A standard number of frames is ninety-eight. Other public libraries may use microfilm for preference, which is the same idea on a continuous roll, rather than on separate cards.

At the moment, these are kept in each library, and the user goes to his local library to consult the catalogue. Since the microform reader is a necessary piece of equipment, and those found commonly on the market are cumbersome, this seems an obvious means of making the material available. Still, smaller microform readers are available. While not exactly pocket-sized as yet, they are produced in the size of an ordinary brief-case. In view of the progress made in reducing the size of a television set—models are already on the market weighing only two or three pounds—it is feasible to imagine a future microform reader equally small. This being so, it would be perfectly feasible to issue each user with a complete catalogue of the library which they are joining, at the moment of their enrolment. Of course, a central catalogue would still be necessary, and an updating service would have to be provided.

The other means of disseminating information which is easily available, and already in the process of being very widely used is the television set. This is surely the easiest medium by which information can be transmitted to a large proportion of the population, since almost every home in Britain

has one, and, apart from some remote areas of Scotland, a network of transmitters is in place. Although colour does not seem a vital adjunct for the transmission of words, the 625-line form of transmission will be unavoidable, simply because 405-line transmission is to be phased out by the late 1980s. This being so, colour-coding could be used as an indication of the type of material being transmitted.

The television is, of course, already being used as a medium for transmitting both current news and community information, although on a very small scale as yet. This is not because of a lack of information being fed into the system, but because of the expense of buying a specially adapted television set. As with all new systems there are also the problems associated with reluctance to make use of unknown machinery, and the lack of knowledge needed to operate it.

Currently, Ceefax and Oracle are available on BBC and ITV stations respectively. They are both information services consisting of material such as current affairs, stock market prices, programme news, all of which is collected by Ceefax and Oracle themselves. Prestel, the Post Office system which uses both telephone and television, differs from the other two in that many different information providers contribute. At present, Prestel is also an expensive medium through which to transmit information—expensive for both information providers and information seekers. Each is expected to pay a fee per frame, as well as a subscription.

Since such use is already made of television and the telecommunications systems, could this be extended to include other materials? Would it be the best means, or would microform be better? If we consider the possibility of still using a building for one of the functions performed by a public library—that of storage—the amount of space taken up by an average novel of, say, two hundred and fifty pages, if put into microform is much less than in conventional book form. This would have the advantage of giving all libraries the chance to greatly increase stock. This, in turn, depends on increased finance for the public library service. One interesting statistic which has been much quoted in library circles recently is that a transfer of one per cent of the total annual expenditure on education by local authorities to the total annual expenditure on libraries would increase the library budget by no less than forty per cent! In view of the important role of libraries as educational resource centres, it is surprising that so little importance is attached to them by the local authorities which have them under their control.

To continue with the idea of making microform the medium for the production of material now usually contained in book form, there are, of course, distinct disadvantages. Quite frankly, there is nothing more boring than a row of microfiches in plain white envelopes. There is nothing to catch the would-be user's eye, nothing to arouse his curiosity. Although many people complain about the lack of standardisation in the placing of titles on spines, and object to swivelling their heads from side to side, surely, even they prefer swivelling to no visible title at all! (A title *is* placed at the top of a fiche, but this is not easily visible when items are in storage, as a

title on the spine of a book.) There would also be a security problem even greater than that which currently exists. While not wishing to accuse the general public of persistently stealing large numbers of books, it is nevertheless true that up to five per cent of the stock of an average public library will disappear during the course of each year. This is in spite of the security systems currently installed in many public libraries. Concealing a microfiche is ludicrously easy. Genuinely forgetting one had a fiche, or picking it up with one's notes is equally easy to do, causing embarassment to the hapless user when the discovery is made! At least one firm has introduced a form of label, treated so as to prevent the removal of the item to which it is attached from the premises unless it has been neutralised. Currently, this is available for use on gramophone records, but could easily be adapted for use on microfiches.

Finally, we come completely into the area of transmitting information without the use of long-term storage. I refer to the 'electronic journal'. As yet, this will be familiar only to those working in areas of science and technology. An electronic journal is transmitted via computer to those able to receive it on terminals linked to the main computer. Pages—i.e. the amount of print it is possible to fit on to the screen of a visual display unit—are transmitted one at a time to those interested. Letters, questions, problems as well as articles are transmitted. This kind of communication naturally depends on computers and their becoming as widespread and commonplace as television is today. The growth in the manufacture of microcomputers, and 'personal' computers—such as Apple's 'PET'—makes this a possibility in the very near future. If Government plans to increase education within these areas, and if adequate funding for the development of the 'chip' and its applications is forthcoming, such a means of transmitting information could indeed be normal within a few years. Nor is there any reason why the practice should be limited to journals. Presumably, full-length monographs could also be transmitted in this form. It does not seem very likely that anyone will ever sit down in front of a VDU in order to enjoy the latest novel—although someone reading this in fifty years' time could be amused to see such an old-fashioned comment, I suppose!

One drawback connected with the electronic journal is that of storage of back numbers. I have been unable to discover if any storage takes place and it would seem that it does not. This could lead to problems in the future, if no provision is made for archive storage. Imagine a historian from the twenty-first century, seeking information on the growth of electronic methods of information transmission, discovering that a shortage of material had led to the same tapes being used over and over, with all previous items being wiped out!

Exciting and interesting though the prospect of all this transmitting of information via computer or microform is, I am convinced that the book as we know it will remain in use. There is one important aspect of what we might call the 'packaging' of information where no computer or microfiche reader can possibly compete—that of beauty. The sheer aesthetic delight of holding a well-bound, well-printed volume in one's hands is

indefinable and beyond value. Kodak boast that they can get the Encyclopaedia Britannica on two square inches of microfiche. So what? There is nothing to delight the eye in a piece of square, black celluloid. Pick up a volume of Britannica—or any encyclopaedia—and immediately one is intrigued, engrossed, gains enjoyment from gazing at the illustrations. Choose a novel to your taste from your library, have it issued to you, and you can read it anywhere: in your armchair, on the train, beside the sea, lying in bed. Often, it will slip easily into your pocket or bag. If you collect books, they will form part of your interior decoration, with their jackets and bindings, and their air of comfort.

If you need information quickly, I have no doubt that the future will provide you with access to immense resources and 'libraries without books' will be a feature of your life. This is especially true of information provision within the areas of commerce, industry and local government information, where public libraries are playing an increasingly large role. For those of us to whom reading is a deeply satisfying hobby, as well as an everyday necessity, the word 'library' will always conjure up the same image: a treasure house of books, books and yet more books!

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[Feona Hamilton, a Chartered Librarian, is the Library Association's Information and Press Officer. She has worked in both public and academic libraries in London, Liverpool and Sussex, since 1961.]

THE SLOW ASSASSINATION OF PUBLIC SERVICE BROADCASTING

by Grace Wyndham Goldie

ONE of the oddest results of the precariously successful constitutional settlement in Rhodesia is to give a new respectability to the idea of the Commonwealth. It had almost disappeared under a load of old-school-tie approbation, Third World disapproval, and widespread suspicions of its relationship with multinationals and other blimpish organisations. In 1980, because the unexpected, if limited, success in transforming Rhodesia appears to have been the result of the combined determination of several Commonwealth countries acting as a group rather than that of any single one of them, the Commonwealth is increasingly seen as a force to be reckoned with.

But nobody, to my knowledge, has yet pointed out the degree to which the creation in 1945 of a Commonwealth Broadcasting Association, and its continuous existence till this very year, 1980, when it had one of its routine meetings at Marlborough House, has made possible the development of common attitudes to a number of world problems for the 53 nations which unite to support a single secretariat and which meet regularly as fellow members of the Commonwealth Broadcasting Association. The alphabetical list starts with All-India Radio and ends with Zambia Broadcasting Services: its next biennial Conference is to be held in Australia. Each of these Conferences becomes a forum of expression where the differing opinions of developing countries about the uses of broadcasting are proclaimed and contrasted with the traditional attitudes, particularly in relation to political broadcasting, which have been established in Great Britain. To anyone who attends these Conferences (as I myself have done in the past) it is obvious that two very powerful trends are in operation and in recent months it has been fascinating to notice how dramatically they have been evident in the handling of the Zimbabwe negotiations.

Predictably the strongest re-action in countries which are in process of creating their own internal and external broadcasting systems is to find that the traditions which had grown up in a developed nation as, for example, Great Britain and had been spread around the world by the operations of a sophisticated broadcasting organisation such as the BBC are not suitable for their own broadcasting needs. In particular many reject the idea, so deeply embedded in British political thinking and so evident in the handling of political affairs in British radio and television programmes, that contentious argument in a democracy is a valuable method of arriving at acceptable political decisions. A number of the thoughtful information men in developing countries are highly conscious of the possibly disruptive forces of tribalism, easy corruption and personal power rivalries and do not want to hand to those who represent such trends the added strengths of easy access to broadcasting facilities. Therefore they tend to value broadcasting mainly as a potentially unifying and educative

tool which must be kept under strict governmental control rather than allow its influence, with whatever safeguards, to be distributed among contending political parties.

There came therefore to be within the Commonwealth broadcasting organisations a decisive pull away from the traditions of the British Broadcasting Corporation. Nevertheless an underlying belief in the values and standards which had been set by the BBC throughout the world remained. This was due partly to the work of the Commonwealth Broadcasting Association, partly to the fact that the BBC had always been ready to train broadcasting staff, particularly engineering and technical staff from overseas, partly because the Corporation's reputation not only for technical excellence but for the truth-telling of its news and current affairs programmes had become famous and also because the English language was used regularly by many of its members and was a useful means of communication between them.

Strangely, the pull of these standards has become more, not less, evident during the last few years. As recently as 1st February 1980, broadcasting in Singapore which had been the responsibility of a Government department was transferred, on that date, to an independent Corporation modelled upon the British Broadcasting Corporation. But the latest and most dramatic development has been in the new state of Zimbabwe. Mr. Robert Mugabe, with the whole world, including the Soviet Union, to choose from asked that the BBC should send a team of advisers to Salisbury to help re-organise the radio and television services of his country. And by the end of March the BBC announced that a team of four of its staff had left for Zimbabwe on a visit lasting some weeks funded by the Overseas Development Administration at the request of Mr. Robert Mugabe's future government. The four consisted of the BBC's chief engineer (Regions) and three editorial staff. The latter consisted of the then chief assistant to the director-general, Peter Hardiman Scott; an editor in the BBC's World Service, Austen Kark, and a former deputy director of News and Current Affairs in the BBC, Andrew Todd.

It was generally understood that Mr. Mugabe welcomed not only the engineering and technical advice but also editorial guidance in order to ensure that what was transmitted to his people would be based on the truth and not be merely propaganda designed to prop up the government in power.

It remains to be seen whether it will be possible for Mr. Mugabe to maintain his alleged desire for objectivity and truth in his broadcasting services since in this area as in others he is likely to have to compromise with African expectations of due celebration of their victory. Indeed, by April 1980 *The Times* was reporting broadcasts which were far from being politically objective and, later, it was being stated that one of the reasons why many whites were leaving Zimbabwe was the tone and style of some official broadcasts.

But who are we in Britain 1980 to query the lack of political consensus in Zimbabwe with regard to the uses of broadcasting? For the sad truth

which Britain has to face at this moment is that just when the developing world is making evident its faith in the need to accept the standards of public service broadcasting already established in Great Britain, British politicians appear to be united in their attempts to destroy it. It is true that the motives of the Labour and Conservative parties are different. The Labour party wants to use broadcasting increasingly to promote its own political ideas and so counter what it believes to be the bias of a capitalist Press. Conservatives see broadcasting, particularly television broadcasting financed by advertising, as a means of money-making for individuals and specialist groups as well as providing a face-saving device which will absolve them from any need to increase the BBC's licence fee to the point where the corporation can compete adequately with commercial television.

Until recently the most consistent of the attacks upon public service broadcasting in Britain have come from the extreme left of the Labour Party and in particular from Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn who in 1972-3, when he was chairman of the powerful Home Policy Committee of the Labour Party, put forward a plan for broadcasting which included the abolition both of the BBC and the IBA and their replacement by a centralised system which would be under the control of representatives of those who were in political agreement with the Labour left. These views were adopted, with very little change, as the official policy of the Labour Party and published in 1974 in the form of a pamphlet, entitled *The People and the Media,* with a foreword by Ron Hayward, the General Secretary of the Party. They have never been rescinded. Indeed as lately as 1977 when appearing in a television programme with Mr. Benn (an old friend) on the occasion of the publication of my book, *Facing the Nation,* I challenged him about these views. He replied that there was lots of time before any decision need be taken.

There is no reason to believe that the left wing of the Labour Party have changed their opinions and every reason to think that if Labour should be returned to power with the left in the ascendant (as now seems possible) that future public service broadcasting whether run by the BBC or the IBA will in fact disappear and that broadcasts will be under the control of a politically biassed and not a would-be objective body.

All this has been predictable for years. What is unexpected is that the Conservative Party should by the summer of 1980 be in process of dealing the most destructive blow to public service broadcasting and the existence of the BBC which can at the moment be envisaged. The instrument of change is the Broadcasting Bill now ploughing its way through Parliament and expected to become law by the end of 1980. By the simple device of handing the so-called 'fourth' television channel to the commercial interests which are responsible for the running of the present commercial television services the Conservative Party is in fact using the powerful weapon of finance to bludgeon public service broadcasting into a position of subservience. For at a time of general inflation no government is likely to agree to a rise in the licence fee sufficient for the BBC to be on terms

of equal competition with the commercial television services which are financed by advertising.

These services are expected to be under the overall policy guidance and control of the Independent Broadcasting Authority, commercial television's equivalent to the Board of Governors of the BBC. Both bodies are ultimately responsible to Parliament, both are expected to be free of Government interference in their day-to-day running; the difference between them lies in their source of income. This, in practice, if not in theory, is crucial. For the BBC cannot increase its licence fee in order to meet increasing running costs, whereas it is certainly possible for the commercial television companies to increase their advertising rates in order to deal with the constantly rising expectations of the viewing public and the demands from unions involved in television matters for rewards which will bear a direct relationship to the profits produced by television advertising.

In 1947 I began an article about television in a book about the mass media with the words

> Television is a bomb about to burst. Already in radio and film we have loosed upon the world forces which affect men's minds as powerfully, and possibly as dangerously, as the new weapons of war affect their bodies. Now, at a moment when we can still scarcely guess at the long term results of, say, American films upon the Asiatic mind, or propaganda broadcasting upon the inhabitants of Africa, we have upon our hands, and in our midst, this great new force, television.

The television bomb has now burst with a vengeance. Television has become the world's most powerful persuader. It dominates the political decision in the United States about who is to be the man who can put his finger on the button of world annihilation: it undermines the work of ambassadors and diplomatists by allowing political leaders to appeal directly over the heads of governments to the peoples of countries with whom their ambassadors are dealing according to more established routines: and, by the increasing use of direct broadcasting by satellite into people's homes together with the development of cable television, which ties a particular group of those who provide it with television programmes, it has created the possibility of an Orwellian nightmare of thought-control by unknown forces.

Direct political thought-control appeals to many politicians and can be seen in current Conservative Party attitudes to the expression by broadcasters of opinions which run counter to Conservative Party policy but it is the power of money obtained from advertisers which is the ultimate factor in the shaping of the decisions of millions of individual voters. The unique characteristic of television is that it is received with little apparent trouble in the homes of millions of individuals and, when allied to advertising, at little apparent cost. But the effect of the standards which are being introduced by television attitudes is being increasingly criticised all over the world. Few people, apparently, wish these standards of behavioural acceptability to be decided by governments. But what alternative is possible?

It could be said, and is being said by many advocates of free enterprise,

that the solution for the problem of the use, guidance and control of television is the American model where the free play of market forces determines what is shown on millions of television screens. But it is precisely from the USA that the revolt against the power and influence of television is taking its most extreme form. A recent example is a strange book published in this country by the Harvester Press Ltd. which is called *Four Arguments for the Elimination of Television.* The author is Jerry Mander, who spent fifteen years in the advertising business and who believes that television provides a means of social control on an alarming scale and that 'it must be destroyed before it devours us.'

To anyone in this country his book is simply an exaggerated expression of the guilt complex which is being experienced by those in the United States where television is under the ultimate control of advertising.

It is in this light that the people in Britain and possibly elsewhere in the world should regard the proposals for the control of broadcasting which are being put forward by Mr. Whitelaw in his Broadcasting Bill. In essence, he seems to have abandoned hope for the future of public service broadcasting. His highest expectation seems to be that it might be possible, as a result of exhortation, to compel commercial broadcasting to raise its standards and, by some miracle of conviction, to create an entirely new system which will satisfy every kind of minority interest even though it is financed by methods indistinguishable from those which have created the type of commercial programme which many denounce as a major factor in creating violence and undermining standards of behaviour among young people, not only in the USA but in Britain and, indeed, all over the world.

Mr. Whitelaw, being a nice man and an incurable optimist, is I am sure, sincere in his belief that the Broadcasting Bill will achieve the near-impossible task which he has set the new commercialism. It is to be hoped that he is right. If he and his allies *can* succeed in altering fundamentally the style and tone of television programmes even when the competition from public service broadcasting has effectively been removed, he may be doing more than he could by any attempt to raise the licence fee to standards which neither the mass public in Great Britain or anywhere else in the world would be willing to pay for a service which they have come to expect to arrive in their homes with the minimum of trouble and cost.

FRANZ JOSEF STRAUSS AND THE WEST GERMAN ELECTION

by David Southern

IN *War and Peace* Prince Bolonsky observes: 'There are only two virtues, energy and intelligence.' A year ago, when Strauss was chosen by the Strategy Commission of the CDU and CSU parties as their joint Chancellor-candidate, he seemed to his supporters incessantly to actualise the prescription of the old prince. However, as the football manager said, the time to sell a centre forward is when he is still scoring goals. In the light of developments since last year, above all in the wake of the North-Rhine Westphalia Land Parliament elections of 11 May 1980, Strauss appears to be what the SPD leader Schumacher called him in 1952: 'a resounding nothing.'

The key to Strauss's appeal and limitations lie in his character. His selection as Chancellor-candidate was the result of the overweening ambition of leaders of the Christian Socialist Union who used Strauss as the instrument to promote their party. They succeeded in foisting Strauss on the Christian Democratic Union because the larger party was too divided to parry this Bavarian thrust. In the Federal election of October 1980 the effect of Strauss's candidature can only be to lose votes for the CDU/CSU and to gain votes for the SPD. The heightened success of the Social Democratic Party combined with competition from the new Environment Party ('the Greens'—unkindly dubbed 'the Reds' by conservatives), is to squeeze electoral support for the SPD's small coalition partner, the Free Democratic Party. If the FDP's vote falls below 5% of party votes, as has already happened in the North-Rhine Westphalia Land election, it obtains no seats in Parliament. Paradoxically therefore the probable outcome of Strauss's candidature will be to make the FDP change alliances and come forward, either before or after the Federal elections in 1984, as the coalition partner of the CDU/CSU.

No man's character is simple and uniform and all contain unresolved contradictions. Strauss is renowned for a peculiarly Bavarian combination of earthiness, joviality and aggression—the Falstaff of German conservatism. The son of a Bavarian butcher, he looks as if he succeeded his father in the business. He has, however, other attributes which are discordant with this character. He is undoubtedly the only German politician who for recreation reads Latin and Greek authors in the original. But for the Second World War he would have become a university professor. When he left officer training school in 1942, the report on him concluded: 'More fitted to become an academic than an officer.' In moments of crisis he has simply panicked. When he married it was at the age of 43, which for a robust son of the soil is leaving it a bit late.

The truth is that in his public *persona* there is an element of role acting as self-conscious as his use from 1948 onwards for political purposes of his full name, which resounds like three drumbeats—Franz Josef Strauss.

That this assumed character should be so universally accepted is simply one more proof, if further demonstration were needed, of the extent to which appearances are taken for reality in the world of sublunary nature.

While it is relatively easy to pass off false coin as genuine, this can only be done at a cost. For every pretence a price has to be paid. Strauss's public character is forced rather than natural. Exercises of the will require histrionic skills in order to be convincing. Strauss admirably lives up to this role. As acting it is magnificent—but it is not politics. He finds himself obliged to act in a way which is consistent with his assumed character rather than appropriate to political circumstances. He is trapped between the requirements of his role and the exigencies of politics. In living up to the character he has chosen to make for himself, he is driven to do things and say things which are politically disadvantageous. He is marked by a curiously unworldly quality, for his preoccupation with internal consistency insulates him from political reality. Meanwhile, his supporters and opponents take him to be what he seems to be. The result is that he is both admired and reviled for qualities which he does not in fact possess. A further distortion of reality is thereby imposed. But the deceptions which he has practised on his countrymen are nothing compared to the deception which he has practised on himself. It is the fate of Strauss to fall victim to his own pretences. He believes himself to be one thing, when he is in truth another. Far from being true to his own self, he is obliged to be false to himself in order to be true to what he would be.

But times must be suited to characters. Strauss has been propelled forward not only by his own talents but also by the West German party system. He is the front man not only for himself but also for the CSU.

West Germany possesses at least the outward form of a two-party system, in that two cohesive party groupings compete against each other to hold power. Since its founding in 1949, four parties—two big, two small—have controlled the government of the West German republic. The Christian Democratic Union (CDU) and its smaller Bavarian sister party the Christian Social Union (CSU) are simultaneously separate yet identical. The CDU exists in all parts of West Germany except Bavaria, while the CSU exists in Bavaria alone. Institutionally, financially, in terms of organization, personnel and voters they are wholly distinct. Nevertheless, they have formed a single party group in the elected house of the Federal Parliament (Bundestag) ever since 1949 and have entered every federal election from 1953 onwards with a joint Chancellor candidate. From 1949 to 1966 they formed a coalition government with the Free Democratic Party (FDP), a small liberal party. In 1969, however, the FDP formed a coalition with the large Social Democratic Party (SPD). Since then the Social-Liberal coalition of the SPD-FDP has provided the Federal government, while the CDU/CSU have been in opposition.

In a competitive party system every opposition party has one overriding task: to get back in government. This has been the dilemma with which the CDU/CSU have grappled since 1969. To achieve this goal they have had to choose between two strategies: a moderate conservative stance to

attract voters from the centre; and a fundamentalist conservative approach to bring in extra support from the right. The CDU embodies the liberal conservative line: the CSU plays the role of the hard-line defender of conservative values. The choice of Strauss as the joint Chancellor candidate for the October 1980 Bundestag election constitutes the triumph of the CSU over the CDU strategy.

The CSU's wish to promote their leader as Chancellor-candidate stems from a problem which they share with the FDP: the need to preserve an independent party identity. Paradoxically, the more successful the CSU are in imposing their line on the CDU, the more the FDP is pulled away from the SPD.

The separate political representation of Bavarian conservatism goes back to the split in the Catholic Centre party in 1919. The political organisation of Catholicism as a distinct political group took place in the nineteenth century in response to the secularizing trends of the modern era. The party *par excellence* of German Catholicism was the Centre Party, officially constituted in 1870. Outside Bavaria Catholicism was not in political terms conservative. Therefore in 1919 the Centre Party wanted to work with the Social Democrats and Liberals to establish in the form of the Weimar Republic a new liberal democratic system of government. Bavaria had always been out of line with developments in the rest of Germany. Bavaria remained rural, particularist, exclusively Catholic. Bavarian Catholicism was politically reactionary. Therefore its leaders broke away from the Centre Party in 1919 to found the Bavarian People's Party. In 1945-49 new political parties were founded in the wake of the overthrow of National Socialism. Outside Bavaria the CDU became the dominant party of Catholics and Protestants alike: the CDU, it is said, is the party of those who think that they are religious. It had to compete for support with the Social Democratic and Free Democratic Parties, and so was a moderate party. The special characteristics of Bavaria, however, had survived and even been strengthened by the results of the Second World War. When in the 1950s Bavaria belatedly industrialized, the process did not cause a breach with traditional structures. Bavaria thus retained a sufficiently distinct character to require separate political representation.

Apart from the years 1954-7 the CSU has since 1949 dominated Bavarian politics. It enjoys a position in Bavaria which no other party occupies elsewhere in West Germany. Bavaria under the CSU is effectively a one party state. The party reflects the special character of Bavarian political culture and its institutional and electoral base are exclusively Bavarian. The CSU, however, aspires to be more than a regional party. Indeed it would not command the same influence and support as a Bavarian party if it did not also play a leading role in national politics. If the CSU were pushed to the side-lines in Bonn, the other national political parties would challenge its position in Bavaria because in national elections some other party would have to take over its support. Therefore the CSU is bound to play a double role in West German politics: as a Bavarian party and as a national party. It achieves its national role

through teaming up with the CDU in the Bundestag and in federal elections.

Because the CSU is a Bavarian party with a national role, there are two poles in its leadership: the party headquarters in Munich and the CSU Bundestag group in Bonn. Strauss essentially belongs to the Bonn wing of the party, but has maintained his position in both camps. Among the founder members of the party, he became its General Secretary in 1949 and its President in 1961. He occupied himself exclusively with federal politics until 1976, when he chose instead to become Bavarian Minister-President.

Adenauer, Federal Chancellor from 1949 to 1963, expected the CSU to function as a satellite of the CDU. The leaders of the CSU, and in particular Strauss, believed that the CSU had to follow its own line. Adenauer resented the airs which in his view the CSU assumed whenever it obstructed rather than obediently supported his policy. Political resentment spilled over into personal antipathy towards Strauss. Strauss, Adenauer let it be known, lacked the stability and integrity of character for high office and would never be appointed to his Cabinet. When the claims both of the CSU and of Strauss forced Adenauer to admit Strauss to government office, Adenauer sought to humiliate him in Cabinet.

Until the departure of Adenauer in 1963, Strauss was denied his place in the sun. Adenauer's methods of government paradoxically promoted a party situation which facilitated Strauss's rise to power as soon as Adenauer no longer blocked his advance. As a German administrator of the old school, Adenauer believed in the separation of government and party. Adenauer wanted the CDU to provide support for the government but not to become a political institution in its own right, claiming a share of the authority which properly belonged to the government. Even after its formal establishment as a national party in 1950, the CDU remained a coalition of regional associations, each with its own leadership coterie. The CDU is highly federal. Only the ascendancy of Adenauer kept the regional barons of the CDU in order and concord. With the departure of Adenauer a struggle for the succession began which has still not been resolved because the CDU lacks a structure which can provide secure national party leadership. As Macaulay observes of the factional leaders who competed to succeed to the mantle of Cromwell, the scattered chiefs of the CDU have pursued the object of their ambition with 'all the restlessness and irresolution characteristic of aspiring mediocrity.'

The CSU alone had no leadership problems. The CSU was one party, not several. Unlike the CDU it did not have to fear competition from the right or the left. Where the CDU was obliged to be cautious, the CSU could be brash. Where the CDU essayed statesmanlike moderation the CSU could be unrestrainedly partisan. Where the CDU fudged issues, the CSU could take a stand on political principle. Hence the CSU appeared more cohesive, purposeful, self-confident and aggressive than the stumbling, confused and leaderless cohorts of the CDU. The departure of Adenauer created and perpetuated a vacuum of leadership in the CDU and produced

a shift in political strength in favour of Strauss and the CSU.

From 1966 to 1969 the CDU/CSU took refuge from their problems by forming a grand coalition with the SPD. The Grand Coalition pushed the FDP into the position of a minuscule opposition party and threatened its continued political existence. Recognizing both the CDU/CSU could no longer save it and that the political tide was at long last running in favour of the SPD, the FDP formed a coalition government with the SPD in 1969. For the first time since 1949 the CDU/CSU found themselves out in the cold of opposition, without effective leadership and with apparently shrinking electoral support in a West Germany where the left appeared to have taken over wide sectors of public life.

From 1969 onwards the CSU sought to take over direction of the opposition strategy of the CDU/CSU. Rainer Barzel had been the Chancellor-candidate of the CDU/CSU in the 1969 general election. The CSU, as a means of advancing its own claims, was set to undermine the authority of any CDU leader. Under Barzel and his successor, Helmut Kohl, the CDU/CSU had to decide what attitude to take towards the new foreign policy, the *Ostpolitik,* of the Social-Liberal government. The *Ostpolitik*—the formal acknowledgement of the frontiers of Germany, Poland and Russia established in 1945 leading to virtual recognition of the independent existence of the East German state—was a long overdue breach with the past, which enjoyed great electoral popularity and was the most potent factor uniting the SPD and FDP.

The leadership of the CDU, recognizing that there was nothing to be gained politically by fighting yesterday's battles, was prepared to acquiesce in the new policy. By threatening to withdraw CSU support, Strauss forced the CDU to oppose it. In April 1972 the CSU pushed the CDU into an unsuccessful vote of no confidence in Chancellor Brandt, which furnished him with grounds for provoking a premature dissolution of the Bundestag at a time electorally advantageous for the SPD and FDP and adverse for the CDU/CSU. Barzel's successor as CDU leader, Helmut Kohl, found it equally difficult to establish himself against the divisions in his own party and hostility of the CSU. Strauss's most persistent device for unsettling the CDU leadership was his threat to establish the CSU nationwide as a fourth party. He argued that a fourth party was needed to balance the SPD-FDP combination. This argument had little to commend it: there were no further votes on the right to be gathered—Strauss was mixing up parties with armies. Nevertheless, this device was sufficient to keep the initiative in the hands of the CSU and make the CDU wait upon its pleasure. In the wake of a second electoral defeat of the CDU/CSU in 1976 Strauss actually announced that the common party grouping of the CDU/CSU in the Bundestag would not be renewed. On this occasion, however, Strauss had overreached himself. Other CSU leaders appreciated the utility of the threat to break away from the CDU but also recognized that they would imperil their own position by carrying it out. In a party conclave behind closed doors Strauss's proposal was outvoted by 35 to 20.

The Kreuth resolution to end the party grouping with the CDU illus-

trated the limits of Strauss's support in the CSU. Strauss was the indispensable front man of the CSU. But there were other highly influential if less well known leaders of the CSU who were prepared to cross Strauss and if necessary ditch him if his actions jeopardized the position of the party. The two leaders in particular who checked Strauss at Kreuth were Stoiler, the manager of the party in Munich representing the Bavarian leadership, and Zimmermann, chairman of the CSU Bundestag group. They had a fundamentally different outlook to Strauss. For all his excesses, Strauss was primarily concerned to obtain a Bundestag majority for the CDU/CSU and was only secondarily concerned with the CSU *per se*. For Stoiler and Zimmermann the CSU came first, the attaining of a government majority second. Their prime concern was to maximize the influence of the CSU within the CDU/CSU combination. After Kreuth Strauss had been called to order: in the last resort the Bonn and Munich leadership of the CSU could unite to prevail against him. Therefore he had not lost his utility as a vehicle for promoting the CSU's interests. With patience, vigilance, sagacity and determination they launched a two-pronged campaign from Munich and Bonn—to install Strauss as the Chancellor-candidate of the CDU/CSU for the Bundestag election of 1980.

The Chancellorship is a post in government—not in party or Parliament. At present Helmut Schmidt is Chancellor, while Willy Brandt is national chairman of the SPD and Herbert Wehner is parliamentary leader of the SPD. Because the Chancellorship is a governmental post not necessarily connected with any party or parliamentary position, there is no such post as Leader of the Opposition. The nearest equivalent is the person whom the opposition parties select between elections to be their candidate for the Chancellorship in the next election. In the absence of an outstanding individual with substantial backing the West German political system throws up a variety of possible Chancellor candidates: the leaders of the national organization, the Bundestag group, the Land (state) governments and the Land party associations will each have their own political base.

It was precisely this lack of a dominant political centre within it which made it difficult both for the CDU to find a Chancellor-candidate and for the candidate, once selected, to establish his authority. This vacuum at the heart of the CDU gave the leaders of the CSU their opportunity to act as kingmakers. Barzel and his successor Kohl were ousted in part by the CSU. When Albrecht, Minister-President of Lower Saxony, was brought forward as Kohl's successor, Strauss blocked his candidature. The CDU had run out of alternatives. Moreover, the liberal conservative cause of Barzel, Kohl and Albrecht seemed to offer no prospect of a governmental majority for the CDU/CSU. In terms of results West Germany has a pure party list system of proportional representation. In such a system it is exceedingly difficult for one party to obtain an absolute majority. The FDP was unshakeably committed to its coalition with the SPD. Therefore no advance in the centre could be made. The choice of Chancellor-candidate effectively lay in the hands of the twenty-strong joint electoral Strategy Commission of the CDU/CSU. It was this body which

in June 1979 succumbed to Stoiler and Zimmermann when it put forward Strauss as the two parties' Chancellor-candidate for the 1980 federal election.

What is good for the CSU, however, is not necessarily good for the CDU. The CSU has a much lower rating in public opinion polls than the CDU. The discussion about whether or not the CDU/CSU parliamentary grouping should be renewed and who should be Chancellor-candidate has left a lasting impression on the voting public. Above all, while Kohl had few friends Strauss has many enemies. His behaviour may have changed but the image which he has made for himself lasts longer. He is likely to mobilize SPD-FDP voters without securing any comparable increase in the CDU/CSU vote. Moreover, while Brandt in 1972 was deeply unpopular amongst CDU/CSU voters, Chancellor Schmidt has a strong appeal to CDU voters. West German parties can only fetch their voters from the middle. Strauss by contrast polarizes electoral opinion. Under Helmut Kohl in 1976 the CDU/CSU had come within a short distance of attaining an absolute majority of seats in the *Bundestag* obtaining 48.6% of party votes, as compared with 44.9% in the 1972 election. In the Landtag elections of 1977/8 the CDU made further electoral advances. In 1978/9, however, support for the CDU began to fall off and this trend has accelerated since Strauss's selection as Chancellor-candidate, culminating in the North-Rhine Westphalia state election of May 1979 when the CDU lost 4 per cent of its votes—a serious defeat in a proportional system of representation which, like the much criticized British system, exaggerates the effect of small electoral changes.

The beneficiary of the setbacks of the CDU/CSU has been the SPD, and in no way to the advantage of the FDP which has been in coalition with the SPD since 1969. Experience under Adenauer showed that, if the FDP remains too long in the same coalition, it ceases to exist as an independent party. The FDP can only exist in government because it is essentially a party of office-seekers which, out of office, has nothing to give to its supporters. Its existence is constantly threatened by the 5 per cent clause of German electoral law: effectively this means that if a party fails to obtain at least 5 per cent of the party votes in a state, all the votes cast for it in that state are disregarded. Because of the immense authority of the Chancellor, discontented CDU voters have switched directly to the SPD rather than via the FDP. Disillusionment with the established parties has caused young, educated, middle-class voters—the sort attracted to the FDP simply because it is a minority party—to support the various Green parties.

The central problem for the FDP is: when is the right time to leave the boat without anyone noticing? In state elections first in Hamburg, then in Lower Saxony and finally in North-Rhine Westphalia, the FDP's vote has slipped below the 5 per cent limit and so forfeited its representatives in those state legislatures. The great fear of the FDP is, not that the CDU/CSU will win the next election, but that the SPD will attain an absolute majority so that its dependence on its small coalition partner will be, at

the least, greatly reduced, leaving the FDP with fatally declining support and no viable role to play in government or opposition.

So long as Strauss remains Chancellor-candidate of the CDU/CSU, the FDP must keep its distance. Strauss, however, has dispatched too many leaders of the CDU in his time to escape their fate if he loses the October election. Then will be the opportunity for the FDP to brace itself to re-establish contact with the CDU and prepare to change alliances. The departure of Strauss, however, would not of itself reduce the influence of the CSU, which stems from the structure of the German party system. For all the appearance of a two-party system, West German politics are profoundly consensual. The political parties are adjuncts to the state rather than the state itself and politicians of whatever hue work together on a day to day basis with a high degree of unity of purpose in order to carry on the government of the republic. It is the fate of the CDU that its coalition partner pulls it to the right, whereas the coalition partner of the SPD pulls it to the centre. The leaders of the CSU have exploited the weakness of the CDU in order to push Strauss's candidature. Leaders of the CDU have had to fight the SPD-FDP on the left and the CSU on the right. The crucial task for the CDU is to retain the initiative *vis-à-vis* the CSU. Until then the CDU will be unable to realize its potential political influence, and the vitality of the West German party system as a whole will be impaired.

[Dr. David Southern's first of three articles on the political situation in Germany, *Radical Thought in Germany*, was published in March (Volume 236, No. 1370). He will be reporting on the results of the October elections in the December issue.]

A CHRONICLE OF MODERN LIFE: THE WORK OF FELIKS TOPOLSKI

by Ernle Money

IN a recent interview David Hockney, probably the most sought after of all contemporary English painters, summarised the process of creation in some singularly apposite words:

> The artist's job is to articulate the beauty around us. We don't see it until the artist comes along and can find in many different places a beauty that we might not have known was there. We all want that and that is the value of art . . . What turns something from a piece of nature into a work of art is magic. In the end we all know we can find poetry anywhere and the poet finds it. If he looks at a tree and makes something poetic out of it, you suddenly think, how beautiful it is, that tree.

Although Hockney was talking in terms of the transformation of the natural into the poetic, in terms which are perhaps particularly appropriate to his vision of things, the same function is basically true of any interpretative artist of genius. No major painter in our time has been more 'articulate' in these terms than Feliks Topolski. The extraordinary thing is that the field he has chosen to interpret has been the whole of the human condition for a period of over fifty years. It needs a man of high originality of approach, of deeply personal vision and faith and of remarkable technical ability to succeed in such a task.

The extent of Topolski's success has been on view in London during the course of the present summer. In a diverse exhibition at the Institute of Contemporary Arts a selection of works, in particular, connected with the unique 'Chronicle' which he initiated in 1953 as a kind of running commentary on the restless, strangely exciting years through which we have lived since the war. Across the Thames, in the arches next to his studio underneath the span of Hungerford Bridge, we have seen, at last, the emergence of the major concept which has been in the painter's mind for very long, and for which, in a sense, the 'Chronicle' forms a kind of independent *Liber Veritatis.*

I have used the word 'diverse' and used it deliberately because there is no other term which adequately conveys the range of human experience which Topolski has adopted as his theme. The wide sweep and nature of his subjects should not suggest that his achievement ought to be considered as anything less than a cohesive whole. Some artists, Braque for instance, can best be considered in terms of their individual pictures; others like Chagall, seem to be working throughout the whole of their careers at what is really one single and inter-related theme, so that the latter artist's vision of life in the various ramifications of the diaspora and his cumulative conception of the twelve tribes of Israel in the stained glass at the University Hospital in Jerusalem are part and parcel of what is really one continuing process.

I do not mean by this that Braque's paintings of his different periods do not need consideration as a painter, any more than Chagall's individual

canvases cannot validly be separately considered except in terms of a continuing whole. But Braque is an artist who, in Hockney's words, is primarily concerned with looking at a particular object and making something poetic out of it. Both Chagall and Topolski are committed to a process of continual comment on a series of subjects of which each is relevant to a related theme.

The fact that Feliks Topolski has covered so many and such different aspects of the history of his own times gives his work both an enormous challenge, from its very nature, but could also bring to it a considerable risk. One thinks, for example, of the increasingly jumbled nature of his immense allegorical vision in which the major nineteenth century painter eventually dissipated his very considerable talents. It is a danger which, in particular, arises in the case of the mural pictures of such painters as Brangwyn or even Puvis De Chavannes. The composer Sir Michael Tippett gave the title to one of his most moving early works, *A Child of Our Time;* is Topolski so much a child of his own time that he also becomes the prisoner of his particular circumstances?

I think that this is not the case. A number of incidents depicted by Topolski, the world of the hippies in the late 1960s, for instance, or the Democratic Convention in Mayor Daley's Chicago are bound to 'date' in the sense that for future generations the immediate nuances and emotions involved will become less readily apparent. This is bound to be so in any chronicle dealing with the history of a particular time.

There are passages in the Paston letters, for example, which are only intelligible to the modern reader by the means of careful footnotes. There are parts of Proust's masterpiece, even though this was written as recently as the early decades of our own century, which require a certain amount of background reading about the social, political and cultural life of France in the era between Dreyfus and the First World War to be properly appreciated at the present day. But this does not affect the validity of either of these very different chronicles as a work of art.

The Paston Letters, dealing though they do, in the main, with the detailed happenings of what would otherwise be a forgotten Norfolk family five hundred years ago, still entrance us because of the immediacy and interest of the people concerned in them; because, whatever else changes in the world human nature does not tend to change to any great degree. Proust's work enchants us because it is the testimony of a writer of genius, over and above its 'period' interest.

The strength of Topolski's 'Chronicle' (and I use this phrase to cover both the individual pictures at the I.C.A. and the expanded character of the mural on the South Bank site) therefore depends on the quality of his achievement as a painter. In referring to him as a painter I include, of course, his highly individual qualities as a draughtsman, since it is the character of his line drawing which very often gives a particular vitality to the impact of his full-scale execution in other mediums.

Were it not for the excitement of Topolski's observation of events and his capacity to apply his lively eye to a deeper understanding of the

predicaments of his times, the very scale of his undertaking would make it intolerable to the observer. As it is, however, I believe that his capacity as a draughtsman in the great tradition gives his work a sense of form and a degree of immediacy in his identification with the subjects to which he applies himself which brings this its particular and unique impact.

With an artist of such a highly individual character, it is difficult to make relevant comparisons with other figures, either past or present. Suffice it to say that, in my view, Topolski is entitled to be judged here, on his merits, by the very highest standards such as Hogarth, Tiepolo or Daumier. His larger paintings, such as certain panels in the mural, can sometimes seem deliberately stringent in their impact, so that the degree of distortion and the almost combative nature of the colouring employed seem at first, in certain instances, to be intended to shock or surprise rather than to articulate, in Hockney's words. It is worth bearing in mind, nevertheless, that even so overtly 'pleasing' a painter as Hockney himself is capable of employing exaggerated effects of colour and perspective to achieve an immediate impact. Topolski never flinches from utilising a strong graphic impact of this kind.

Occasionally this tends to lead him into something approaching near caricature, but, then, the same is true of Hogarth and Daumier and indeed of the drawings and engravings of G. B. Tiepolo. It is, perhaps, the very vigour and intransigence of Topolski's approach to his subjects which makes his work so different from the general run of contemporary painting. As with Edward Ardizzone, on a much smaller scale, the impact of something so wholly original on the eye startles the mind into a degree of interest and attention to the subject which involves the observer very closely in his work. The fact that the 'Chronicle' has involved some thousands of drawings is an indication of the energy with which Topolski has approached his task.

Dealing with the contention that the impact of photography had wiped out the image in the visual arts, Topolski himself has put forward three contrary arguments—first, that the urge to make images is indistinguishable; secondly, that any form of drawing is 'nourishing' to the artist (and to the viewer), while the effect of photography is to bog him down; thirdly, that with his own paintings his experience has been that this moves further into the creative (as opposed to a re-creative) process. As he himself has written:

> I never set myself to enlarge and copy a sketch in painting; I paint crowded (overcrowded by those conditioned by castrated one-element aesthetics) images fed on the essences squeezed out of numerous drawings; on memory, fantasies, politics, lurid news. . . .

It is these contrasting factors, therefore, which serve to ensure Topolski's position in regard to contemporary art, the combination of a most delicate detailed skill with a broad sweep of approach, the ability to combine a great deal of gaiety and charm in visual detail with a realisation of the often sombre character of the nature of human existence in the twentieth century.

Despite this basic underlying factor of truthful testimony, which he shares with the greater moral observers like Hogarth and Daumier, Topolski's art remains fundamentally optimistic in its approach. This is why so much of what might otherwise simply appear to be pageant painting (the last episodes of the raj, the coronation, the enthronement of Pope John Paul II) takes on a far wider significance from its purely visual impact; the tradition here is one which goes back at least as far as Montegna. It is also the reason that Topolski is able to achieve something which is likely to be of lasting importance from both a purely visual and also from a spiritual point of view.

As Jacob Bronowski put it, in the text of a series for television called *The Ascent of Man*, which was published in 1973:

> We are aware that Topolski's pictures do not so much as fix the (human) face as explore it; that the artist is tracing the detail almost as if by touch; and that each line that is added strengthens the picture but never makes it final. We accept that as the method of the artist. But what physics has now done is to *show* that that is the only method of knowledge. There is no absolute knowledge. And those who claim it, whether they are scientists or dogmatists, open the door to tragedy. All information is imperfect. We have to treat it with humility. That is the human condition and that is what quantum physics says.

It is Topolski's realisation and acceptance of this limited but limitless degree of artistic potential which make him a painter of such significance. He himself has referred to the seismographic nature of his pictures. An increasing familiarity with his paintings, in particular, with the remarkable mural at the Hungerford arches will enable us to take readings that can tell us not only much of the state which art is capable of achieving in the present day but also of the state of mankind as well.

Ever since its foundation in 1866 *Contemporary Review* has covered a wide range of subjects, many of them interesting and topical today. During the coming months we shall be publishing comments by present contributors on quotations and extracts from articles which appeared in the Review before the year 1900. The series begins in October with *Thomas Hardy: the Historian of Wessex* by J. M. Barrie (July 1899, Volume 56): comment by Robert Gittings, F.R.S.L. Also in October, *Mrs. Thatcher's View of Human Nature* by Peter Howells, *Cheltenham: a Gently Sited Town* by Brian Little and *The New European Parliament: Its First Year* by Juliet Lodge (held over from the September issue).

SUNFLOWER AND GREEN CARNATION

by Richard Whittington-Egan

THE muddled Aesthetic doctrine was an eclectic amalgam of Swinburnian defiance, Whistlerian depreciation of Nature, and Gautier-Paterian hypersensuousness. It paraded individualism against conformity and advocated sensibility rather than morality. It preferred the 'musical' paintings of Whistler to the 'literary' ones of Rossetti; the prose of Pater to that of the oracular Ruskin. It incorporated the influence of various Continental writers—including Flaubert and his obsessional dedication to style and *le mot juste*—whose outlook was not inconsistent with that of Pater, and accepted as seminal such *livres noirs* as Baudelaire's *Les Fleurs du Mal*, Flaubert's *Salammbô*, Gautier's *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, and Huysmans' *A Rebours*.

As the forces of Aestheticism mustered, the medieval lily of *Beata Beatrix* wilted; the Wildean sunflower bloomed unhealthily. Within a few years the sunflower would fade to give place to the green carnation, fit symbol of the studied artificiality of the Decadents of the nineties.

The term 'Decadent' is an ambiguous one. It is a word of imprecise connotation. Properly used in literature, it should not, does not, imply a value judgment, but is a prescriptive label in the context of time. In France it applied to the form and not the content of the writing. In England it came to be attached to both the form *and* the content, and was a rubric invested with a pejorative quality. The word had not hitherto been 'incarnated', that is to say given flesh, applied to people. Previously it had always been used of things or states of affairs, civilisations, nations, communal conditions. The fleshly school of decadence was thought of as an unhealthy preoccupation with the grotesque, the sexual bizarreterie—the androgyne, the invert—and the exotic. Its adherents were depraved and languorous debauchees, perpetrators of forbidden eroticisms, seekers of esoteric sensations, cultivators of sterile refinements; exquisites of the caliphate of Baudelaire, connoisseurs of the sensuous superficialities of Gautier's *Emaux et Camées*, citizens of the perverse worlds of De Sade and Des Esseintes. They trafficked in sweet pain and beautiful death, corpses, vampires, *femmes fatales*, and all the associated furnishings of decayed sensibility since itemised in Praz's *Romantic Agony*. Wilde's *Picture of Dorian Gray*, published in 1891, was seized upon as archetypal decadence and, with its blatant new hedonism, provoked fully orchestrated histrionics from the good bourgeoisie of Britain.

This alternative construction of the import of 'decadence' was a semantic inexactitude which was to persist. Writing in 1933, Edgar Jepson says quite plainly in his *Memories of a Victorian*,

> When in the nineties we talked of the decadent poets we did not mean exactly what the journalists of today mean when they write with shocked pens of the decadent poets of the nineties. We were speaking of a French school of poets, of whom Verlaine was the chief, in whose verse there was a certain fall, a *décadence*, which you will find in the best verse of Mr. Arthur Symons and in

> some of the poems of Ernest Dowson. It may be that the journalists have not heard of the French decadents, and having been misled by the word, their mistake was quite natural, for, oddly enough, it never struck me when I was with those poets, that I was in the decadent atmosphere of the later Roman Empire.

Lines of demarcation are stronger on the historian's page than in life. The truth is that the Aesthetes shaded into what might more correctly be called the New Aesthetes—the Decadent coterie of the eighteen-nineties. Even this is a yielding to the nominalist fallacy, for the New Aesthetes were really no more than an extension of the old Aesthetes of the eighties, jettisoning, or perhaps defining more rigorously, an old belief here and there, accreting a few new notions and artistic guidelines. Swinburne, Rossetti and Pater were still the Masters. The New Aesthetes were still enthusiastic Art-for-art's-sakers. One great difference was that Wilde had been dethroned. His rhetoric was considered every bit as bad as that of the deposed classical traditionalists. He was, moreover, an extravert. The New Aesthetes chose the 'voyage within'.

The poetry of splendid abstractions, the didactic verse which had been a vehicle for cerebration about religion, politics, philosophy and the state of the cosmos, was still despised, considered as anachronistic as its Latinate syntax. Poetry must speak henceforth in the rhythm of normal speech patterns, and be couched in freer and more natural metres. Most vitally, it must be purified by stripping it down to essentials. And those essentials were words and the music of words. Had not Mallarmé said: 'Poetry . . . is made not with ideas, but with words,' and Verlaine conjured: *'Prends l'éloquence et tords-lui le cou.'*?

The example of France continued to be, as it had been for their Aesthete predecessors, of overwhelming importance, and Arthur Symons' translations and perceptive interpretations of the *Art Poétique* of Verlaine, of Rimbaud and of Mallarmé, provided them with the delicate instrument of Symbolism.

In any evaluation of the New Aestheticism the centrality of Symons' rôle must never be underestimated. Whistler, who had introduced both Swinburne and Wilde to the French *mise en scène*, and George Moore were, to be sure, pioneers, but Symons had taken over and vastly extended Moore's position as Anglo-French cultural fugleman. Symbolism was not at that time a definitive product which could be assimilated from textbooks; it was a technical revolution yet in the making, requiring a more than glancing acquaintance with French poetry in order to appreciate exactly what was going on, and probably Symons was the only one of the New Aesthetes who was equipped to understand and interpret it. French Symbolism might, in the latter decades of the nineteenth century have dominated mainland Europe as completely as Anglo-German Romanticism had dominated it in the age of Goethe and Byron, but it was Symons who arranged the popular excursions which ferried it across the Channel and became largely responsible for the cult of Verlaine.

Another article of the New Aesthete creed was that there must be freedom of choice in the subject matter of the new poetry, taking into account

Pater's dictum that nothing which had strongly interested the human mind could ever lose its validity, and remembering Saintsbury's observation that 'if any subject can be poetically treated that subject becomes poetical.'

This led to some curious selections. It would be naïve to suggest that bought love, casual love, even the 'love that dare not speak its name,' were being sung for the first time, but it was the deliberate vaunting of such themes that was remarkable. There was, no doubt, an element of *pour épater le bourgeois,* to fly the flag, in it, but it was also a calculated demonstration of the new freedom of choice, the cocking of a snook in the prim face of hypocritical Victorian rectitude. That it was also an exposure of a factional addiction to the unnatural and artificial—love, Uranian and pandemian, the theatre, the mask, the music-hall, make-up and Pierrot, was an uncalculated extraneity.

What were the diagnostic features of the New Aesthetic poetry? It was deliberately remote from the serious concerns of contemporary society. It replaced statement with suggestion and relied upon symbols and the effects of synaesthetic *correspondances* to 'fix the last fine shade, the quintessence of things' and to crystallise that 'unseen reality apprehended by consciousness' which, according to Symons' definition, Symbolism seeks to express. It displayed a fundamental sensuality, a pervasive melancholy and subfusc air of unwholesomeness.

Although they professed the poetry of Catullus, Herrick, the Jacobeans and Baudelaire, it was Verlaine who was to prove the real model of the New Aesthetes. The pre-psychoanalytic introspections of Rimbaud were beyond most of them, as were the intricate tesselations of Mallarmé. But in the brief crystalline lyrics of the short poems of the period, the form and diction of Verlaine is the transparent wrapping of the Paterian realization.

In discussion of the New Aesthetes, or 'Decadents' as they were collectively and inaccurately designated, the particular coterie of the nineties to which reference is in reality intended is that group of, mainly, young men and their creedal associates who, in 1891, founded the Rhymers' Club. Most prominent among the Rhymers were Ernest Dowson, Lionel Johnson, Richard Le Gallienne, Arthur Symons and W. B. Yeats. Wilde was never a Rhymer. The new school which the Rhymers were trying to establish had a more austere devotion to self-discipline than any which Wilde could understand or tolerate. Deploring, like the Old Aesthetes, irrelevant nature description, scientific discursiveness and the homiletic moments of Tennyson, scorning the psycho-dynamic exploration of Browning, appalled by the robustious tautologies of the likes of Sir Lewis Morris, shivering away from the brink of the 'Abyss Didactic', the Rhymers retreated from what they saw as the chaotic public world of exteriority into a private world of interior coherence. In truth, that private world was more often one of disordered dreams. It was the sort of avolation which the Pre-Raphaelites had essayed forty years before.

Dowson's dream-world orbited between the bars, whose absinthe-sticky marble table tops were the stages upon which were played out his little girl

fantasies, and the calming cloisters of the Church of Rome, where regret sighed and death made overtures of friendship. Johnson created his dream-world, incense-suffused, whisky-irrigated, wherein he held imaginary conversations with the most august personages of the day and solitarily enjoyed lamp-lit scholarly parleyings with the early Fathers and philosophers. Symons' dream-world was one in which he saw himself as the Herrick of the music-halls, chorus-master of pliant *danseuses* and ballerine, and celebrant of the more recondite delights of noctambulant London. Yeats' dream-world spun through a Celtic twilight in which were discernible the mystical Blake, golden heroes from Irish legend, and a host of misty figures and forces from the nether end of heretical occultism.

The Rhymers were mostly penurious members of the middle class with a leaning towards Bohemianism. They were scholars but not intellectuals. Several of them knew German and read Heine. They read, too, something of the Italian poets, including the young D'Annunzio. They were enthusiastically Francophilic and were as much at home in Paris as in London, and in Dieppe as in Brighton. They were most particular in regarding themselves as poets and not as men of letters, which was a despised term. They issued no tangible manifesto, so that precisely what they thought they were about is somewhat fuzzy. Hints of their principles and snatches of their beliefs have to be garnered from such individual chance sources as one can find. Pure poetry *à la* Verlaine and a penetration to the inner core of things *à la* Pater, were their most urgent objectives. They were powerfully attracted to ritualism and religion, orthodox and unorthodox, over a wide spectrum, ranging from Johnson's rigid neo-Catholicism, through Dowson's wavering Romanism, to Yeats' hermetic extravagances, but the attraction was tempered by a marked antinomianism. Their Bohemianism was cerebral rather than Murgeresque. Their manners were ceremonious, their attire formal. Albeit, in some cases, these tidy guises masked, and perhaps compensated for, excessively dishevelled lives. Despite its flaunting as a kind of literary stock-in-trade, such vice as they practised was little more than the drinking and drabbing common to men in all ages, and, as distinct from toleration of it on principle, homosexuality was not noticeably rife among the Rhymers. Admittedly, Lionel Johnson was homosexual by inclination, but alcohol and religious fervour latterly restricted indulgence.

The critical habit of the Rhymers was impressionistic: that is, concern with the effect on the percipient rather than the intrinsical effect of the perceived—a methodology which elevates criticism itself to the level of a fine art. In practical terms this is Pater criticising *La Gioconda*. It is a critical system subsequently attacked by I. A. Richards, who proposed instead the determination of meaning by semantic analysis and the determination of value by behaviouristic psychology. This approximates to the legal construction of statutes by the Golden Rule, and without reference to the intention of Parliament. Following Richards, T. S. Eliot was also to arraign impressionism.

The New Aesthetic Movement had its essential personnel. Dowson was

its poet, Symons its critic, Beardsley its artist, and, by an unspoken understanding, Wilde was its dramatist. Within the more restricted *cénacle* of the Rhymers there was an established pecking order of poets. It was Dowson, Johnson and Yeats, in that sequence of regard.

Dowson was certainly the most purely lyrical of the Rhymers, but his verse was fragile, and, though charming, had no great intellectual depth. The classic *poète maudit*, his preoccupation with days of wine that turned sour in the morning and roses that fade in a night echoed the attitude of Mallarmé's *Plainte d'Automne*. He was also, although it is not generally recognised, a religious poet. He had, personally, something of a Peter Pan quality, and seemed at the time of his premature death never really to have grown up. Conversely, his art, although innocent of innovation and lacking the ultimate power to express novelly his fine sensibility, fixed the mood, the moment and the nuance, employing fastidious diction and delicate metre. He was a minor poet—but a major minor.

Johnson, a traditionalist like Dowson, and like him a Peter Pan, was the scholar among the Rhymers. It has become the custom to describe his poetry as, to use one of his favourite words, marmorean—cold, chiselled—but many of his nature poems are surprisingly warm and tender, and there are some intensely personal poems which display the same restrained but deeply felt emotions, and for similar reasons, as Housman's love poems of regret. What is indisputable is that despite his acute mind and refined sensibility, he failed to achieve any original mode that would give new direction to poetry. He gradually withdrew himself from the Rhymers, retiring to his private library where, breakfasting when others dined, he turned night into day, reading alone in the silence of the night. Revealing are the words he put into the mouth of Cardinal Newman in one of those imagined conversations of his—'I have always considered the profession of a man of letters to be a third order of the priesthood.' Unfortunately, Johnson's altar wine was whisky—two pints a day.

The relegation of Yeats to third place does not accord with posterity's verdict. He is now seen as the one significant poet cradled by the Rhymer's Club. His early work, from *The Wanderings of Oisin*, 1889, to *The Wind Among the Reeds*, 1899, does not escape a period flavour, but is far more metaphysical than that of his fellow Rhymers. Having but little truck with the sin and salvation obsession of Dowson, untouched by the severe scholarship of Johnson, he was strongly influenced by Blake, Morris and Rossetti, and grafted on to this was a faith in an unseen world of heart and imagination which owed a good deal to his experimentings with theosophy and sundry cults mystical. He was subsequently to change course and become the revered twentieth-century occupant of the Lonely Tower.

It was Yeats who remarked that not everyone in the nineties wore velvet. Some were even violently opposed to the wearing of the sheen. These were the Imperialists or Counter-Decadents, a coterie to whom the Rhymers and all they stood for were anathema. This Muscular School, the Beefy Brigade, clustered about the savagely spirited, physically crippled,

poet and editor of the *National Observer*, William Ernest Henley.

Henley, whose piratical personality had furnished his friend Robert Louis Stevenson with the original of Long John Silver, preached from his position of disablement the cult of virility with all the vehement enthusiasm of a new-fledged convert to Rome. Henley's Huskies, his dependent band of hearty young men—the 'Henley Regatta' Max Beerbohm christened them—were poets and men of action, or at any rate *theoretical* activists, 'Voyagers without' with a vengeance. They stood to rigid attention as Henley beat the big drum and blew the bugle of Empire, and the lower the curtain descended on Imperial Great Britain, the higher they raised their standard. The Lydian airs of Oscar, the effete posturings of the Aesthetes, nauseated them. 'That little reptile Le Gallienne . . . I wish someone would kick his bottom,' thundered William Ernest, and the Henley Regatta reached for their manly boots. Henley lay, the cripple on the couch, dreaming of battles in which he could never physically enlist and far-flung frontiers he could never visit, celebrating in sabre-rattling free verse the song of the sword, the glories of war, and the sunset-defying Empire. Wielding his mightier-than-sword pen, he was to go on skirmishing boisterously to the end. He had mourned the death of Gordon in Khartoum, watched with excitement the opening up of gold fields and diamond mines in Africa, was strong for Rhodes, Chamberlain and Milner, quivered beneath the emotional impact of the old Queen's brace of jubilees, and reached his apoplectic apogee with the Boer War. The simple truth is that he was a born fighter whose courage had already triumphed on his grim personal battlefield—the surgical ward of the Edinburgh Infirmary.

His young men, 'my lads', he called them, included Rudyard Kipling, whose *Barrack Room Ballads* he had printed in the *Scots Observer* in 1890, Charles Whibley, G. S. Street and George Wyndham. H. G. Wells and Yeats, both of whose work Henley printed, liked the man but abhorred his politics. Neither was ever truly a member of the Regatta, and Yeats, vacillating on the fringe, toying with *Caladborg*, was soon to draw it from its scabbard under cover of Celtic twilight.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

CONSERVATIVE POLICY MAKING

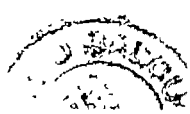
The Making of Conservative Party Policy, The Conservative Research Department since 1929. John Ramsden. Longmans. £18.50.

This is a valuable and up-to-date survey of a fascinating aspect of British party policy-making. John Ramsden has had access to the archives of the C.R.D. and has worked assiduously on them; and indeed on those papers transferred to Newcastle University when, in 1976, the archives of Swinton Conservative College were transferred there when Swinton was closed. He makes clear the curious love-hate relationship that has usually obtained between the Conservative Central Office, the party headquarters in Smith Square and the Mecca of the voluntary workers in the party, and the Research Department, until recently in Old Queen Street, a stone's throw away, the intellectual centre where briefs and manifestoes were drafted, and where there sat a thirty-or-so strong group who acted as aides to Ministers or Shadow Ministers. At times the relationship between the two was very close, and whether close or distant, its bridging always depended on key personalities. Prominent among them since 1945 has been Michael Fraser, now Lord Fraser of Kilmorack; in one sense, this is almost a biography of that genial and very un-grey eminence, and will remain so until his own account of these 35 years is written.

The strength of John Ramsden's study is, however, that it rises above personalities, even if it is likely to be read chiefly for what it says, or refrains from saying, about the small regiment of talented men (all men they were) who used the C.R.D. as an apprenticeship for the House. It is excellent on the problems posed, recurringly, when Conservatives were in power: would the man who had lived for years, or even decades, alongside a Shadow Minister, then be squeezed out by the established Civil Service? In Britain we have never learned to live with *Chefs de Cabinet.*

It is good (though not quite fully up-to-date) on Scotland, and on the sensitive nature of the relationship between the two distinct parties north and south of Cheviot. And it is especially good on the 1970-74 years when the Prime Minister was hesitant about the role of the Research Department, perhaps precisely because it had armed him, in the years in opposition, with a daunting quantity of policy briefs from which daunting quantities of legislation could come. The 500 yards between Smith Square and Old Queen Street seemed farther to walk then than before.

This is a study of one small but important piece of back-room politics. It needs setting not only against the story of Central Office itself, but in particular against the activity of those other agencies of Tory thinking loosely attached to Central Office that were also producing briefs and offering platforms like the Conservative Political Centre (only just mentioned here) and Swinton College (hardly mentioned at all). Nor does it ask the question—perhaps the key question for the next 10, if not 50 years?—of the over-all doctrines that emanated from Old Queen Street in recent years. We know a good deal about *One Nation*, and about Rab's bright young men of 1945. As they worked at their desks, however, devising replies and counter-tactics to the Attlee-Style and Beveridge-Style Welfare State, how far were they and their successors unwillingly becoming captives of the assumption that if not the men



in Whitehall at least the men in Old Queen Street knew best? Significantly, the Laisser-faire and Market-forces school emerged in the 1970s far more from the party outlets than from the *Chefs de Cabinet.*

The book is, however, a welcome demonstration of the amount of effort and of the time that went not only into campaigning but into strategy, and of the high quality of the documents, notably *The Campaign Guides,* that emerged. To them have, after all, to be added, the publications of Sir Keith Joseph's Centre for Policy Studies and, on the flank but always pointing out the way, the Institute of Economic Affairs, wisely located at an equidistance from all of them. It is always sound tactics to have to put a coat on to visit even your friends.

Dr. Ramsden is sufficiently up-to-date to note that—officially on the grounds of economy—the Research Department now shares premises with, and is located inside, Central Office. The relationship is now physically close. Some Conservatives think that it is too close, and that one of the functions of the Department was always to be at an intellectual-remove from the party headquarters. Yet in another sense it was always closer to power, and to those who wield it, than was Smith Square. To the latter you go to ask how to get elected. To the other you go to ask why you want to get elected. Are they not aspects of the same thing? Are they not complementary rather than antithetical? Certainly it is the writing of the present and the next chapter that will be at least as interesting as are these objective and vivid insights into the shaping of recent history.

ESMOND WRIGHT

TWO CONTRASTING LIVES

Raymond Asquith Life and Letters. John Jolliffe. Collins. £10.95.
Christopher Isherwood My Guru and His Disciple. Christopher Isherwood. Eyre Methuen. £8.50.

When I was at Oxford in the mid-twenties, the classical dons still spoke with obsequious awe about Raymond Asquith, who had graduated more than twenty years earlier. Later in our Senior Common Room after dinner one could stimulate a lively discussion by suggesting that no undergraduate had ever had such a brilliant academic record as Raymond Asquith. Rival names would be produced—Monsignor Knox perhaps, or from a later generation Hugh Trevor-Roper. But at the end of the evening Raymond Asquith was still on his pedestal.

In his spare time he was President of the Union. He was extremely good looking and enjoyed many friendships, male and female. He married a lady as popular as himself who adored him and whom he adored. His father, Home Secretary while he was still at Winchester, became Prime Minister a few years after Raymond left Oxford. The gods in fact gave him 'everything'.

As John Jolliffe in this admirable and fascinating edition of his letters rightly records: 'innumerable books of memoirs and accounts of the war single him out as the most brilliant and most remarkable of all those who lost their lives in it'. But he comments just as truly 'up till the present he has remained an elusive figure for all the vague superlatives that have been heaped on him'. He obviously hopes that in what he modestly calls 'Raymond Asquith's self-portrait', we shall come to understand and appreciate his grandfather at last. Certainly the letters possess a verbal felicity and descriptive power that fulfil our best expectations; but the iron curtain of Asquithian reserve is seldom lifted.

The letters to his wife and to Lady Diana Cooper, for example, are full of beautiful feeling. But he seldom, if ever, in what is published here gives himself away. The self-revelation, such as it is, hardly ever expands beyond the point reached in letters written to John Buchan when he was twenty-three. 'The world', he wrote, 'as I see it just now is a little barren of motives . . . there is the eternal lack of motive'. This question of motive, or the absence of it, continues to haunt him. It is difficult to know quite how seriously to take his expression of what amounts to a death wish in the trenches. He seems to have made no progress towards solving his central problem until the war brutally solved it for him. His military courage made a lasting impression alike on officers and men.

He wrote to his father, while taking the Balliol scholarship: 'There are a very large number of diseased and hideous people up for it'. His style did not change much over the years. Twenty years later—'I had an officer of the Welsh Fusiliers and half a platoon of his men attached to me for purposes of instruction. He was a well-meaning little fellow, but a thorough-faced snitcher and I found his society irksome, as I daresay he did mine. His men are absurd and pathetic and made me more than ever glad that I chose a good regiment to fight with'.

John Jolliffe tells us that Raymond Asquith 'had been adopted to succeed a sitting Member of Parliament in a safe seat and was on the threshold of a political career of his own. The fulfilment and expression of his gifts that would have given him public fame was just about to begin.' But this seems to me to conjure up too rosy a prospect.

Raymond Asquith's comment on the safe seat just referred to, written a few months before he died, is revealing. 'The Derby news leaves me quite cold. I really don't care whether I get in or not, as you know. . . . Nothing would induce me to spend my leave in making political speeches.' This is not the stuff of which successful politicians are manufactured. Not to mention the fact that a loyal Asquithian Liberal would have had no political future after 1916.

His wife was to become not only a Roman Catholic, but a source of spiritual inspiration in varied circles. His own attitude to religion on the evidence here could at best be described as frivolous. When he was nineteen he wrote: '. . . if religion wasn't so damned silly, and my father—who is far the greatest philosopher I know—so successful and convincing a disciple of the Real, I verily believe I should totter into the arms of Leo XIII . . . .' Whether the subject was considered too sacred or too unimportant, it is barely discussed in the later correspondence. But in the case of a man of such transcendent gifts and in the eyes of his contemporaries such nobility of character, who can guess at the outcome if he had survived?

Christopher Isherwood rivals Raymond Asquith in the elegance of his writing. Otherwise the contrast between these two Englishmen of the upper middle classes could hardly be sharper. One thing that one can not complain about in Isherwood is an undue reticence about himself.

His book is an account of nearly forty years as a disciple of an Indian Guru living in California, whom he certainly presents as an attractive character, however weird by western standards. Isherwood, as we all know by now, had led a life of active homosexuality. Except as a writer, he is not a very satisfactory advertisement. I am not saying this because of the rather famous question and answer between himself and the Guru when Isherwood asked him: 'Can I lead a spiritual life as long as I am having a sexual relationship with a young man?' The Guru answered: 'You must try to see him as young Lord Krishna'.

It is easy to deride this answer as a rather crude way of condoning active homosexualism, without quite saying so. But Isherwood, no doubt correctly, understood the Guru to mean that he should try to see the young man's beauty as the beauty of Krishna, which attracts devotees to him spiritually. It was not on the face of it an all clear for any physical performance.

Isherwood is sometimes heterosexual but not often. He describes a succession of homosexual love affairs which in his eyes I suppose, could be equated to successful marriages. But that by no means exhausted his sexual activity. On one occasion, for example, he picked up a deaf mute when they were out for a swim. There is no avoiding the use of the word promiscuous in describing his sexual record.

By and large Christopher Isherwood, though ashamed of occasional extravagance, apparently feels no remorse about his sexual theory or practice. A diary entry for November 22, 1962, when he had known his Guru more than twenty years, goes a long way to explain his standpoint: 'Saw Gerald [Heard] yesterday. We talked about morality. How nowadays people tend to think of religion as being only a set of ethical standards. I said I don't go to Swami for ethics, but for spiritual reassurance: "Does God really exist?" . . . "Advice on how to act—my goodness, if you want that, you can get it from a best friend, a doctor, a bank manager".' This total divorce between religion and morality must surely invalidate Isherwood's credentials for speaking with authority on either. But there is something heroic in the way in which, now a man of seventy-five, he continues the search for a better vision of God.

FRANK LONGFORD

SURVIVAL IN THE NUCLEAR AGE

How to Survive the Nuclear Age. The Ecology Party: Devon Print Group. 80p.

This is without doubt one of the more important treatises I have reviewed for *Contemporary Review* in recent years. It deals with the supreme dilemma of mankind—the threat of a nuclear exchange culminating in a wholesale holocaust. It points out the pitiful, yet arcane and Machiavellian attempts of government to cope with the question of defence—an area in which *control* of civilians rather than their protection forms the lynchpin of policy. Largely through the dictum of the Prime Minister who dominates her Cabinet more than any other leader in recent British history we are, as the pamphlet says, 'rapidly being moved from a posture of defence to one of offence'. Our defence budget is escalating in a quite unprecedented manner in peacetime when our monies should be being used in quite a different way—to create a fairer and more equitable society. The Cruise missile, built in the USA and the supposed answer to the Soviet SS-12, is to bespatter our countryside like some peculiarly obnoxious breed of locust; and there is virtually nothing that anyone can do about it.

The words of John Foster Dulles, that apostle of brinkmanship, echo over the years: 'In order to make a country bear the burden we have to create an emotional atmosphere akin to a wartime psychology'. What a camaraderie would have existed between Foster and our Iron Lady!

The booklet contains a series of essays by various individuals. Lord Noel Baker talks—as he has done eloquently and cogently for decades—about disarmament and destruction. He visited Hiroshima; he tried desperately to convey to others the carnage which he witnessed there. He ceaselessly kept

up his campaign to ban the atom; he became a figure sanctified by the many who share his views. But in the world of 1980 denuclearisation is as dead as last week's mutton and only a 'punishing stimulus', similar to those endured at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, has any chance of bringing mankind to his senses.

The 'clean kill' is the title of the chapter by Elizabeth Sigmund. Nerve gas is the dominant theme. Not content with packing the country with nuclear weapons, the Government is now recommending that British troops be given their own chemical weapons. The Government maintains secrecy on the whole issue; no pamphlet has been issued giving the public the appalling scale of death, destruction and unparalleled human misery to which our population would be exposed were gas warfare to be loosed on our small and overcrowded island.

Duncan Campbell of the *New Statesman* contributes the section on civil defence. This is comedy at its best were the situation not so cynical and tragic. No attempt at mass evacuation from cities of high population density is envisaged; instead the maxim is to 'sit it out' while a 'clutch of major-generals and a large bevy of Council clerks' run the country. That the bunkers for the élite are already constructed is not even denied. One has little difficulty in suggesting some of the personalities who would be resident in such bunkers.

The effects of a nuclear attack next receive consideration. They have been widely covered in the literature recently and require no further elaboration here. The building of shelters is advocated and the pitiful list of emergency supplies in terms of equipment, clothing, food, water and miscellaneous items duly given. That the medical profession will be totally overwhelmed is a *sine qua non* of a nuclear exchange. Little or no assistance can be anticipated from doctors and nurses. Rescue teams will be able to enter only a very small number of affected areas; and even now in 1980 the medical curriculum for students, obsessed as it is by feats of technological legerdemain affecting a very few individuals out of a community of millions, gives little or no instruction in preparing the doctor of the future for a nuclear attack.

Any government, irrespective of ideology, has the prime duty of ensuring the defence of its citizenry. In terms of nuclear warfare the Swiss have done this well; so have the Swedes; there are adequate air raid shelters in Moscow and other Soviet cities and China under Mao Tse-tung's hegemony built nuclear shelters almost routinely. But what do we find in Britain—a Government wedded to continuing complacency; to the shifting sands of 'deterrence', to the doctrine of 'mutual assured destruction' well abbreviated to the acronym MAD?

Mrs. Thatcher and her colleagues may practise the pseudoscientific theory of monetarism with disastrous results so far for entrepreneurs and workers alike. They may by sheer persistence succeed in reducing Britain's contribution to the EEC budget. But these are events of trivial significance, mere ephemera for the mass media, the candyfloss of day-to-day living. For the real issue by which history will judge them will be their capability and willingness to defend the population of these islands against an attack unprecedented in its ferocity.

The Ecology Party receive very few votes at elections. The Party is small and poorly financed; while strong on environmental issues it still lacks the *gravitas* to deal with bread-and-butter issues of politics—inflation, jobs, the economy in general. But it is certainly learning fast under leadership now quite inspirational in character. Certainly if the standard of this seminal docu-

ment is maintained in future publications we might dare to expect that, as in France, Federal Germany and Sweden now, the message of the Ecology Party will penetrate to ever widening strata of society. JOHN A. LORAINE

A POLTERGEIST INVESTIGATION

This House is Haunted. Guy Lyon Playfair. Souvenir Press. £6.95.

There can be no doubting the sincerity of Mr. Playfair's conviction that the case of poltergeistic infestation at Enfield, Middlesex, which he investigated during an eighteen-month period in 1977-78, was a genuine one. Equally unarguable is the fact that the phenomena which he observed and here reports upon—inexplicably moving furniture, abnormally projected objects, protracted series of mysterious thuds, crashes and knockings—which plagued the lives of the occupants of the modest North London council house, were all typical of those classically associated with 'visitations' of this kind.

The afflicted family, their true identity veiled behind the name 'Harper', consisted of a divorced mother and her four young children—two sons and two daughters. The apparent focus of the disturbances, which began in August 1977, was eleven-year-old Janet Harper, and, as so often happens in these cases, the young girl came under suspicion of trickery. By September, the Harpers were at their wits' end, and turned for help to the Society for Psychical Research. The Society assigned one of its members, Maurice Grosse, to investigate the case. Mr. Grosse's investigative methodology was unexceptionable. Even so, it may, with hindsight, be questioned if, psychologically, he was well equipped as an assayer, for Mr. Playfair writes: '(he) had been asking her (the secretary of the S.P.R.) for some time to let him know of a case within reach of his North London home. In fact, he had been getting more and more insistent, as if he had urgent personal reasons for being in a hurry to go out on his first assignment . . . . He did indeed have his reasons'. The reason was that the previous year Mr. Grosse's daughter had been tragically killed in a motorcycle accident and, because of what seemed to be a sequence of possibly supernatural incidents connected with his daughter's death, he was most anxious to seek out evidence of post-mortem survival. Mr. Playfair, who was invited by Mr. Grosse to help him in the investigation of the Enfield poltergeist, was an experienced researcher with no personal emotional involvement. This book, based on their collaborative investigation, represents their joint conclusion as to the veridical nature of the phenomena, Mr. Playfair supplying the theoretical constructs. The log of events is meticulous and provides the reader with an exceptionally full and satisfying account of what must be regarded as an extremely important record of a contemporary outbreak of poltergeist activity.

In line with modern thinking, Mr. Playfair, while accepting the fact of the poltergeistic phenomena, does not necessarily ascribe them to paranormal causes of the 'ghostly' kind. He is careful to allow for the possibility of a link between mind and matter which would postulate the existence of an as yet scientifically undefined force, arising naturally under certain, also as yet undefined, conditions, which may eventually provide a non-supernatural explanation for the occurrence of such bewildering circumstances as those which disturbed the peace of a small house in Enfield. Mr. Playfair's book is perhaps a shade credulous in some areas, but its value as a most capable scrutiny of a classic modern haunting makes it an indispensable addition to the relatively sparse literature of full-scale poltergeist investigation in the field.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Government of the United Kingdom: Political Authority in a Changing Society. (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £12.50 hardback; £6.50 paperback). This study by Max Beloff and Gillian Peele is designed as a textbook but rarely has a textbook been at once so relevant and so readable. It is written to a viewpoint: that in the 1980s Britain is no longer a world power and that 'the Westminster model' is no longer sacrosanct in Africa or Asia. The country is tormented by a persistent problem of domestic violence in Ulster which belies the view that the British are 'good at government'. It is no longer homogeneous, and both Wales and Scotland present special problems, only a shade less disturbing than those of Basques or Corsicans. The authors note that the general election of May 1979 resulted in a political map dividing at the Tweed, and they note—as do few of their predecessors in the *genre*—that the politics of Scotland and the North of England beat to a different drum from those of the easy Heartland of the South-east and South-west. They note too the turmoil caused by the local government changes in 1972, and by the new phenomena of referenda (on Europe in 1975 and on Scotland and Wales in 1979). They take special note of the role and power of the Civil Service, the government no longer invisible.

The changes outlined here serve to remind us how radical were the activities and the consequences of the Heath government, infinitely more radical than anything done by Sir Harold Wilson, though radical perhaps in a managerial rather than in a liberating direction. They—and British entry into the E.E.C.—make the writing of a textbook for our times a task of awesome difficulty.

While taking note of all these changes, the authors have equally useful chapters on the argument over the Constitution, and note the now compelling case for bringing under the law those lions outside the throne that are the real challenge to a working democracy in these islands. It is all done with apparent ease, and certainly with a marked grace of style; and the book is armed with a useful short bibliography. It is now essential reading alongside Crossman, Bagehot, Dicey, Berriedale-Keith and Mackintosh as a guide through the now tortuous labyrinth of our over-governed Society.

Approaches to Democracy: Philosophy of Government at the Close of the Twentieth Century. (Arnold, 1980. £11.50). One chapter in this book by Professor W. J. Stankiewiez has already appeared in the pages of *The Contemporary Review*. It is thus fitting to note the publication of Professor Stankiewiez's penetrating volume. Its viewpoints might be said to be a response to Carl Cohen's not-merely-flippant footnote in his *Democracy*—'Yes, I see that it works in practise. But does it work in theory?' A companion volume to his *Aspects of Political Theory*, he examines the impact of relativism on contemporary political thought, largely by a series of arguments with Schumpeter, C. B. Macpherson, Herbert Tingsten and Reinhold Niebuhr, Marcuse and Rawls. He probes also those aspects of our society which traditional political theorists neglect: civil disobedience, violence, coercion and social change. He gives us a series of intellectual confrontation, and in doing so seeks to make political theory relevant to

our tortured world. It is not easy but it is challenging reading.

Environmental Medicine. Edited by G. Melvyn Howe and John A. Loraine. (William Heinemann Medical Books Ltd. £21). A second edition of this invaluable source book of studies on environmental factors in relation to health and disease conveys a message which is, if anything, even more urgent than it was the first time round in 1973. As the editors emphasise, the health status of the population must in the long view reflect improvements in the environment. Increased clinical efficiency in treating existing illness is a short-term view of medicine today, and no finite answer to the over-burdening of the National Health Service. Thus, the papers cover, *inter alia*, pollutions, pesticides, infectious diseases, with a strong chapter on environmental influences in cancer aetiology, and interesting chapters on social factors such as drug and alcohol abuse. Other more esoteric matters considered include the plotting of gene frequencies in various populations. All the tables and maps are models of clarity. (R.W-E.)

The Rise and Fall of Empires (Cassell). *The Order of Rome* is the third volume in this series, with a Preface by Prof. M. Gwyn Morgan. The book is in two parts. The first, Imperium Romanum, covers the whole sweep of the rise and fall of the Roman empire, concluding with the sack of Rome by the Goths in 410, written by Jack Holland. The second part by John Monroe, Charlemagne and the Holy Roman Empire, stretches from 800 till its final dissolution by Napoleon. The fourth volume, *Religion at the Crossroads* has a brief Preface by Ron William Walden. It also has two parts. The first, Bysantium, is written by Joyce Milton, and covers the period from the foundation of Constantinople until its capture in 1853 by the Turks. In the second part, Rafael Steinberg and Sarah Lewis are concerned with the rise of the Turkish empire until its disappearance after the first world war. Both volumes are of coffee table size and consist of approximately 170 pages of text and illustrations. The main texts provide historical surveys in very brief outlines. They provide the background to the remarkable collection of colour illustrations which dominate both volumes. They are mainly photographs of contemporary works of art, sites, coins and artefacts which bring to life the military, social, religious and other characteristics of the period under review. These are also helpful maps. Both volumes are of great interest. Perhaps in later volumes the photograph will identify where the work of art illustrated is being kept

The Book of British Villages (Drive Publications Ltd. £10.95). This volume published for the Automobile Association describes in alphabetical order more than 700 villages, with numerous illustrations. Beauty and interest have been the test of selection on a county by county basis by the authors who know well the villages of which they write, with devotion. Inevitably, however, the reader will regret omissions. Village is given a wide definition in size from the little town of Alresford, of which John Arlott writes delightfully, to the tiny hamlet of Glencoe. There are a number of special features on village life and buildings. Landscape photographers were commissioned to take hundreds of colour photographs which add greatly to the value of the book.

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MR. BEGIN'S BOGY

by Dennis Walters, M.B.E., M.P.

WHENEVER the Palestinians react violently against Israeli occupation, Israel's leaders are quick to say it proves their thesis that Israel must retain permanent control of security on the West Bank and hence that they have been right all along to reject an independent Palestinian state on the West Bank and Gaza because it would be 'a mortal threat' to Israel.

The reality is of course the exact opposite. The only way Israel can ever hope to enjoy real security is by redressing, as far as may now be possible, the wrongs which the creation of Israel inflicted on the Arabs of Palestine and by thus removing, again as far as may now be possible, the cause of their justified resentment against Israel. The best hope of doing that is for Israel to acquiesce in the establishment of a Palestinian state on Palestinian soil, subject naturally to reasonable safeguards for 'the security of all states in the area,' including not only the security of Israel against Palestinian violence but also the security of the Palestinian state against Israeli violence. Once that is done, it is reasonable to hope that the Palestinians will turn their energies to running their state, be weaned away from their resentment against Israel and learn to live at peace with their Israeli neighbours.

The Israeli leaders' reaction ignores Israel's part in a long chain of spiralling violence and bloodshed for which successive Israeli governments, most of all the present government of Mr. Begin, are primarily to blame. It is Israel that is denying Palestinian rights, usurping Palestinian territory, annexing Arab Jerusalem, robbing Palestinians of their land and water and oppressing the Palestinians condemned to live under Israeli occupation—not the other way round.

Within the West Bank the violence perpetrated by Israelis—soldiers and armed settlers (who have no right to be there in the first place)—is such as inevitably to provoke corresponding violence by Palestinians. At Halhul in March 1979 armed Israeli settlers and Israeli soldiers fired a barrage of shots into a crowd of Palestinians demonstrating against Camp David and killed a young man and a girl. In November 1979 an old Orthodox priest, the guardian of Jacob's Well at Nablus, after being threatened by Israeli settlers, was found murdered, his skull split in the pattern of a cross. In May 1980, during a demonstration at Anabta, another young

Palestinian was shot dead by an Israeli soldier. In March 1979 armed Israeli settlers went on a rampage through Ramallah shooting at and beating up Arab townspeople. In September 1979 a similar 'pogrom' was launched by Israeli settlers against the townspeople of Hebron. In April 1979 Israelis from the illegal Israeli settlement at Kiriat Arba near Hebron cut down the vines in vineyards belonging to Palestinians. In February 1980 Israeli settlers forced their way into the mosque inside Abraham's tomb in Hebron and defiled a copy of the Koran. In April 1980 Israeli 'green patrols' (who are supposed to be concerned with nature conservation) sprayed with poison thousands of dunums of Arab crops. In the face of such Israeli action is it any wonder that the Palestinians respond in kind?

In the light of Israel's own record of terror and violence in dealing with the Palestinians, it is bizarre that Israel's leaders should now be trying to block the establishment of a Palestinian state on the West Bank and Gaza on the grounds that this would be a 'mortal threat' to Israel. A former, more sensible Prime Minister of Israel, Moshe Sharett, confided to his diary on 26 May 1955 that the credo of the hawks, led by Dayan, in his Cabinet was—

> It (Israel) must see the sword as the main and only instrument with which to keep its morale high. Towards this end it may, no—it must—invent non-existent dangers, and to do this, it must adopt the method of provocation and revenge. And above all, let us hope for a new war with the Arab countries so that we may finally acquire our space.

It is ironic that Mr. Begin, the arch-terrorist of Jewish terrorism during the Mandate, should use the lurid language he does to denounce Palestinian aspirations to nationhood and an independent state. But leaving these absurdities aside, what substance is there in the Israeli argument that a West Bank/Gaza Palestinian state would in fact be a 'mortal threat' to Israel?

The argument rests on the following assumptions:

(1) any Palestinian state that might emerge would be under the control and direction of the PLO;

(2) the PLO is nothing but a terrorist organisation dedicated to the destruction of Israel;

(3) the PLO is also under the influence of Soviet Russia and hence any Palestinian state would be a base for the subversion of existing regimes and the expansion of Communism in the surrounding area of the Middle East.

It is certainly probable that a Palestinian state would, initially at least, draw its leaders from men and women who have been prominent in the PLO. How could that be otherwise since virtually all Palestinians acknowledge and endorse the leadership of the PLO in their struggle for national recognition? That would be no more than usually happens when liberation movements attain their goal of independence. But the PLO itself is not averse to holding democratic elections under some form of international

supervision to form the first Palestinian government. If by due democratic process the Palestinians choose persons who have served the PLO, that surely is their right—just as in Zimbabwe it was the right of the African electorate to elect Mr. Mugabe.

Moreover, the fact is that the PLO embraces a wide range of Palestinian opinion and of constituent organisations, some more militant, some more moderate than others. It suits Mr. Begin's book to generalise about the PLO and lump together under the label 'terrorist' everyone connected with it. But that simply is not true. As the British Foreign Secretary has recently observed, the PLO is not 'a terrorist organisation as such' (*Financial Times*, 18 March 1980). When attempting to foresee the probable character of a future Palestinian government, it is reasonable to assume that, in the main, it will be drawn from the 'mainstream' leadership of the PLO which with the passage of time has shown itself increasingly pragmatic and ready to accept a 'two-state solution,' which would involve Palestinian recognition of Israel's right to live at peace with secure and recognised boundaries.

This leads on to the second assumption in the Israeli argument against a Palestinian state. Is it true that the PLO is nothing but a terrorist organisation dedicated to the destruction of Israel? Lord Carrington does not think so and most people outside Israel, including all the governments of Western Europe, would agree with him. The readiness of Yasser Arafat and other PLO leaders to accept the compromise of a two-state solution is explicitly on record in terms that cannot be denied. Yasser Arafat himself has made it perfectly plain. In an interview in *The Guardian* of 3 January 1978, he said—

> In spite of certain reservations, the joint Soviet-American declaration was acceptable to us.

He was referring to the declaration on the Middle East which the two Super Powers issued on 1 October 1977 and which called for

> termination of the state of war and the establishment of 'normal peaceful relations', based on mutual recognition of the principles of sovereignty, territorial integrity and political independence.

It also called for security measures

> to ensure the security of the borders between Israel and its Arab neighbours.

Clearly, in accepting the joint declaration Yasser Arafat was also accepting the continued existence of Israel and the need for 'normal peaceful relations' between any Palestinian state and Israel. On 1 May 1978 in an interview with *The New York Times* he made the point clearer still. He said that 'the only possible solution was the co-existence of Israel, and a Palestinian State under the joint guarantee of the USSR and the USA.'

In the face of these and other similar public statements by Palestinian leaders, how can Mr. Begin and other Zionist spokesmen maintain their position that the PLO is 'dedicated to the destruction of Israel'? They point to the terms of the Palestine National Charter which calls for the elimination of Zionism, the liberation of Palestine through armed struggle

and the reunification of Palestine under democratic, secular rule permitting Jew, Christian and Moslem to live together at peace and as equals. It is perfectly true that the PLO has refused to delete these provisions from its Charter. It is arguable whether, in their own interest, they have been well-advised to take this position since it lends itself to misrepresentation by Zionist propaganda. But what PLO leaders have now said again and again is that, once a two-state solution has been adopted and they have established their own Palestinian state on Palestinian soil, they accept that from then on they will have to pursue their 'dream' of a reunified Palestine by 'peaceful and democratic means.' That is an entirely reasonable position for the Palestinian leaders to take up. It does not justify the Zionist assertion that the PLO remains dedicated to the 'destruction' of Israel. 'Destruction' connotes violence—it is not a term that can properly be applied to the pursuit of a political aspiration by peaceful and democratic means.

Again and again it needs to be emphasised that there is nothing inherently wicked or detestable in the Palestinian 'dream' of a democratic, secular state in a reunified Palestine. It may be unrealistic or, indeed, unattainable—only time will show. It may be anathema to Mr. Begin and many (but not all) other Israelis. But that is *not* the same thing as saying that any Palestinian who clings to this hope is thereby proven to be a terrorist hell bent on the 'destruction' of Israel. Provided the Palestinian leadership accepts (as it has) that the price to be paid for establishing a Palestinian state on a part of Palestinian soil is an obligation to respect Israel's territorial integrity and to conduct normal peaceful relations with Israel, there is no just reason why they should also be required to abandon their vision of a time when a different, and perhaps better, form of co-existence may emerge for Jew and Arab within the borders of what was Palestine. Visions and dreams cannot be shut out from men's minds by the formal provisions of peace treaties. Mr. Begin and his fellow Zionists have not been required to renounce *their* dream of a Jewish state in the whole of Eretz Israel (including Jordan). The only way to moderate and reconcile these conflicting dreams is through the practical experience of Israelis and Palestinians living side by side in their own national states.

The kind of Israel that exists today, with all its apparatus of discrimination for Jews and against non-Jews, was not always what men had in mind, even some who called themselves Zionists. The vision of a binational state which Judah Magnus and other enlightened Zionists advocated during the Mandate period had much in common with the Palestinian dream nowadays of a democratic state where both Jew and Arab would live together at peace and as equals.

So too the Jewish state which was envisaged in the U.N. partition plan of 1947 and which Israeli leaders then accepted (and have since frequently adduced as proof of the legitimacy of their state) was a very different entity from the State of Israel as it exists today. From the outset it was to have had equal numbers of Jews and Arabs in its population and these

were to have elected their own representatives to a constituent assembly which would decide on the constitution of the new state. If the U.N. plan had worked out as it was intended the 'Jewish' state would have been from the beginning a binational state of the kind advocated by Judah Magnus with Jews and Arabs living as equals in it.

But leaving aside what the PLO has and has not said about peaceful co-existence with Israel, plain facts supply the most telling refutation of the idea that a Palestinian state would be a 'mortal threat' to Israel. A Palestinian state established on the territory of the West Bank and Gaza would be less than one third the size of Israel (and less than one quarter of the original Palestinian homeland). It would be cut in two by Israel, geographically and hence strategically. It would have meagre natural resources and could not sustain large armed forces. It could not possibly match the armed might of an Israel supplied and supported by the United States. It would be dependent on its neighbours (probably including Israel) for access to external markets. It would have to rely on economic and technical aid from outside—aid which might well be conditional on its maintaining peaceful relations with all its neighbours, including Israel. As part of any peace settlement it would be required to accept international guarantees of Israel's inviolability and security arrangements, such as demilitarised zones and international peace-keeping forces. It would be deterred from disturbing the peace with Israel by the threat of massive Israeli retaliation and the fear of giving Israel a pretext for renewed invasion and occupation. It is ludicrous to suggest that such a state would be a mortal threat to anyone—least of all to Israel with its superabundant and sophisticated arsenal of American weapons. Indeed, the boot will be on the other foot. The real task of the peace-makers will be to ensure that the infant Palestinian State is protected against armed interference by Israel rather than the other way round.

To be sure these facts will not provide any absolute guarantee of immunity for Israel from small-scale attacks by desperate individuals among the Palestinians. But no one can seriously pretend that such attacks would constitute a 'mortal threat' to Israel. Moreover, the best way of preventing them may well be to allow the Palestinians to establish their own state and so to thrust on them the onus of controlling their own people. Any Palestinian government would be bound to do all it could to restrain individuals from attacking Israel because of the awful risk of starting up again the cycle of violence and giving Israel a pretext for renewed military action.

There remains the argument that the PLO is under the influence of Soviet Russia and hence that any Palestinian state would be a base for the subversion of existing regimes and the expansion of Communism in the surrounding area of the Middle East. Certainly the PLO embraces a wide spectrum of ideological opinion and some elements in it are avowedly Marxist. But there is no evidence to suggest that the PLO is inherently and inextricably orientated towards Soviet Russia and against the West. That some members of the PLO may adhere to a

form of Marxist philosophy is not in itself proof, whatever Israel may say to the contrary, that a Palestinian state is bound to be a Russian Communist satellite. Israel itself has an active Communist party but no one has suggested that Israel is a potential Russian satellite. It is not true that the mainstream Palestinian leadership under Yasser Arafat is committed to Marxism or to Soviet Russia, although certainly they acknowledge an obligation towards Moscow for its consistent political support of their national cause in international circles. They have explicitly denied the charge that a Palestinian state will be a Soviet base and there is no evident reason for disbelieving them.

The logic of the situation in which a small Palestinian state would find itself surely bears this out. For its survival it would need a broad basis of support both throughout the Arab World and from elsewhere. Any future Palestinian administration is likely to be at pains to avoid their state becoming a client or satellite of any foreign power and to maintain as best it can a position of independence and non-alignment. As for the West, there is no reason to assume that a Palestinian government would not wish to establish co-operative and friendly relations, provided Western governments do not attempt to force it into the Western Camp.

It is gross Western partisanship for Israel that has forced the Palestinian leadership, in their search for political support, into the arms of Soviet Russia. But it is a marriage of convenience. It provides no real grounds for the prediction, with which Zionist propaganda tries to make Western blood run cold, that a Palestinian state would necessarily be a Russian satellite and a Communist base.

If therefore there is so little basis for the charge that a Palestinian state would be a 'mortal threat' to Israel, why is it that Israeli leaders go on reiterating this so persistently and in such absurdly exaggerated and alarmist terms?

Part of the explanation is that, by denying an independent state to the Palestinians, they are seeking to ensure for Israel the continued enjoyment of the economic benefits that have accrued to it from the occupation of the West Bank and Gaza. The present parlous economic condition of Israel itself underlines the importance for the Israelis of continuing to bolster up their own ailing economy with the material benefits of occupation.

The most important of these is the exploitation of the water resources of the West Bank for consumption in Israel. Some 30% of Israel's present consumption is now being drawn from sources in the West Bank. Land also is important. Israel has now used up virtually all the land available for settlement within its own borders. It has seized about one third of the total area of the West Bank and nearly as much of the Gaza Strip.

The West Bank and Gaza constitute a captive market for Israeli goods and this is of great significance to the Israeli economy. Israel enjoys a huge favourable balance of trade with the occupied territories and in fact they are second only to the United States as a market for Israeli products.

At the present time economic activity in Israel, particularly in building construction and agriculture, is heavily dependent on Palestinian labour from the occupied territories. According to the ILO some 75,000 Palestinians commuted daily in the third quarter of 1978 from their homes in the West Bank and Gaza for work in Israel. A peace settlement might mean that Israel would no longer have a monopoly to exploit this labour force; and economic development within the Palestinian state might well divert much of it to local employment.

Substantial though these economic inducements are for Israel to maintain its occupation, they are clearly not the whole explanation for the Israeli leaders' implacable determination to deny the Palestinians their right to a national state on Palestinian soil. Concern for Israel's security and a genuine, even if misplaced, belief that this can best be served by the retention of the West Bank and Gaza under Israeli control are no doubt part of the reason for their opposition to a Palestinian state. Understandably Israeli Jews suffer from an obsession with security as a result of the persecution of the Jewish people in the past. Moreover, Zionist propaganda has so dinned into them the idea that a Palestinian state would be a threat to their security that it would not be surprising if many of them now genuinely believe it.

But again this is not the whole explanation. The primary and fundamental reason for the Israeli leaders' fixation against a Palestinian state is ideological and rooted in the tenets of political Zionism. Committed Zionists, such as Mr. Begin and most of his predecessors and present associates, cannot abide the idea that any people other than the Jews should be accorded a recognised title to any part of 'Eretz Israel.' This is at the root of their determination never to allow the Palestinians to establish a state of their own on Palestinian soil. The apprehension about the threat to Israel's security is invoked as a plausible argument with which to obscure from the rest of the world, particularly the West, the crudity of their aspiration to usurp forever the whole homeland of the Palestinians.

The Palestinians are often condemned for having taken up arms in 1947. But it is not often recalled that the Palestinians were not alone in resorting to arms to defeat the U.N. partition plan. It was the present Prime Minister of Israel who at that time called upon his terrorist organisation, the Irgun, to 'take up the offensive' not merely to repel any possible Arab attacks but also to enable the Zionists to seize the whole of Palestine, proclaiming—

> The partition of the Homeland is illegal. —
> Eretz Israel will be restored to the people
> of Israel. All of it. And forever.
> (*The Revolt: Story of the Irgun,* p.335.)

Therein lies the real reason for the Israeli leaders' determination to prevent the establishment of a Palestinian state. It would run counter to their indefensible claim to exclusive possession of the whole of Palestine.

Where in the end will their phantasising about 'Eretz Israel' and the 'mortal threat' of a Palestinian state lead Mr. Begin and his associates?

Their stated aim is to establish Israeli sovereignty over 'Judea, Samaria and Gaza' and to incorporate the occupied territories within the State of Israel. If they succeed in that, they will have to decide what to do about the Arab population. Some may leave or be driven out, but most of them are likely to stay and stick it out under Israeli rule. Sooner or later the Israeli leaders will then be faced with the necessity of extending Israeli citizenship to the Arabs of the West Bank and Gaza. When that happens, the Arab population, including the existing Arab minority in Israel will constitute over a third of the total population. It will then be only a matter of time before Arabs outnumber Jews in Israel, because of their higher rate of natural growth and of the continuing exodus of Israeli Jews abandoning Israel for permanent residence in America and elsewhere. That must spell the end of the present Zionist state of Israel. So, paradoxically, history may conclude that it was not the PLO by *proposing* a Palestinian state, but Mr. Begin by *opposing* it, who in the end brought about the destruction of Zionist Israel and opened the way for the realisation of the Palestinian dream.

[Dennis Walters is Joint Chairman of the Council for the Advancement of Arab-British Understanding and of the Euro-Arab Parliamentary Association. He is also Chairman of the Conservative Middle East Council. He was Joint Honorary Secretary of the Conservative Parliamentary Foreign Affairs Committee between 1965 and 1971 and Joint Vice-Chairman between 1974 and 1979. He broadcasts frequently on Middle East Affairs and has contributed numerous articles to the press. He was personal assistant to Lord Hailsham throughout his Chairmanship of the Conservative Party from 1957 to 1959 and has been Conservative Member of Parliament for Westbury since 1964. He was a member of the British Parliamentary Delegation to the United Nations in 1966 and a member of the Delegation to the Council of Europe and the Western European Union between 1970 and 1973.]

THE NEW EUROPEAN PARLIAMENT: ITS FIRST YEAR

by Juliet Lodge

WHEN the European Parliament was directly elected for the first time in the European Community's history on 7–10 June 1979, it was widely expected that its Members (MEPs) would be more vigorous than their predecessors. This was because the latter were appointed from national parliaments to serve on a part-time basis in the European Parliament, whereas the majority of MEPs elected last June were full-timers, and not doubly burdened by holding a dual mandate in national parliaments as well. The expectations of greater activity on the part of directly elected MEPs was coupled with a realisation of the need to demonstrate both that the European Parliament had some influence in European Community decision-making and that its activities were not as irrelevant as many of its critics claimed. MEPs, therefore, faced the formidable tasks of securing media coverage of their activities, and demonstrating their capacity to act in the interests of the European Community's citizens in spite of the very limited nature of the European Parliament's powers. Although the way in which the European Parliament organises its business makes it more difficult and inappropriate for MEPs to secure daily press coverage of their work, within the first couple of months of assuming their seats, they were able to ensure that public awareness of European Community developments increased.

Initially, in the United Kingdom this was achieved by way of publicity given to the politicking and procedures relating to the election of the European Parliament's President (Simone Veil) and to the appointment of chairpersons to the European Parliament's standing committees. Thereafter, the European Parliament's duty to scrutinise and approve the European Community's 1980 budget provided MEPs with opportunities to flex their muscles and to do so in the name of European Community citizens' interests. MEPs' dissatisfaction with the draft budget (debated for fifteen hours in November 1979) resulted in their rejecting the whole budget in December 1979. This created a good deal of concern throughout the European Community's Nine Members States, not least because MEPs did not disguise the fact that their dissatisfaction related not just to projected expenditure on those sections of the budget over which the European Parliament has influence. These sections cover policies under 'non-obligatory' expenditure. Rather, MEPs made clear their discontent with the continuing increase in expenditure on the Common Agricultural Policy (CAP).

Moreover, they were determined that the European Community Council of Ministers should not be allowed to largely disregard their advice and wishes concerning European Community expenditure at a time of rising unemployment and inflation in most Member States. Given the fact that the Council of Ministers had chosen to pay little more than lip-service

to the European Parliament's opinion and amendments to the draft budget, MEPs had no alternative — if they were to maintain their credibility—than to apply the ultimate sanction of vetoing the 1980 budget. This act seemed all the more spectacular since it was the first time that the European Parliament had made use of this power. Before, it had desisted, and many had thought that chaos would ensue as a result of Parliament's action. In fact, the result was that expenditure in 1980 had to proceed monthly on the basis of 1979's estimates, until the new draft budget secured the European Parliament's approval. The European Community Commission which largely supported the European Parliament, and whose original budget had been amended by the Council of Ministers, duly presented a new draft budget in February 1980—only weeks before the European Community's Agriculture Ministers were due to meet to fix annual farm prices and, thereby, increase agricultural expenditure.

The question of the European Community's finances was further underlined by the United Kingdom Government's attempt to secure a reduction in the United Kingdom's contribution to the European Community budget, and by the fact that it was calculated that European Community expenditure would exceed revenue without curbs on the CAP, limited expenditure on policies regarded as more relevant to the European Community masses—such as regional policy and social policy—, or an agreement to increase revenue by raising the VAT ceiling from 0.74 per cent to the 1 per cent ceiling set by the 'Own Resources' decision of April 1970.

Raising the VAT ceiling was feasible but likely to be unpopular if all it meant was that the additional funds merely helped to finance the CAP at the expense of other policies. MEPs kept up their pressure over the budget, and held extra sessions in spring 1980 to examine the new draft budget. Relations with the Council of Ministers deteriorated as a result. Eventually, in July 1980, the European Parliament rejected a proposal by a number of Labour Party and Italian Radical MEPs to reject the Council of Ministers' 1980 draft budget again, and agreed to accept the amended draft budget.

Few MEPs were satisfied with the new draft budget as it had not made provision for substantial cuts (as many MEPs had demanded) in agricultural expenditure at a time of rising unemployment and a deepening recession. The budget made no more than token gestures to meeting MEPs' insistence that spending on the CAP, notably in sectors of unmanageable surpluses such as milk and butter, be curbed. Although MEPs had wanted the balance of the budget shifted towards social, regional and structural policies, the fact that agriculture still swallowed well over three-quarters of the European Community's funds, reduced the impact of the 30 per cent increase over the 1979 figures in social policy and regional policy allocations.

In 1979, the elected MEPs elected their officers and committees and set the scene for a new tone in relations between the European Parlia-

ment, Commission, and Council of Ministers in particular. They conscientiously set about ensuring that their voices were not only heard but their views taken into account. Whereas, from July 1973, the Commission gave the European Parliament an oral report of the action it had taken in response to MEPs' advice on proposed legislation, shortly before direct elections the Commission agreed to submit a written statement, thereby enabling MEPs to check action thoroughly and to see to what extent MEPs' requested amendments had been adopted.

In September 1979, MEPs discussed the controversial issue of European Community cooperation on defence and arms procurement with some insisting that the matter came under the European Community's industrial policy and others insisting that any European Community action would be tantamount to encroachment upon national sovereignty. Other issues raised concerned terrorism, energy, data processing and the individual, fishing, the European Monetary System, European airfares, famine, the steel crisis, and the establishment of a European judicial area.

Shortly after taking up their seats, MEPs began protesting at the expense incurred by their having to meet in Strasbourg, Luxembourg and Brussels. Working in three cities cost £6.5 million in 1978, some 11.6 per cent of the European Community's budget. By 1980, they argued that failing action by the Council of Ministers, which is empowered to fix the European Parliament's site, they would take a decision themselves. MEPs also took strong stands in welcoming the second Lomé Convention (signed on 31 October 1979) between the European Community and African, Caribbean and Pacific states, and in rejecting the 1980 draft budget and endorsing the need for a reduction in the United Kingdom's contributions to the European Community budget.

Following representations from the United Kingdom Government, the Commission had prepared a paper examining ways of altering the method of determining Member States' shares of the budget. Lively debates ensued in the European Parliament with some MEPs objecting to a 'new negotiation' by the United Kingdom, others rejecting any notion of a simple refund against British MEPs' call for a 'broad balance', and the majority agreeing that the financial balances were so acute as to require an immediate solution: thereby, giving Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher moral support at the Dublin summit. This issue, coupled with MEPs' demands in respect of amendments to the draft 1980 budget to the Council of Ministers to curtail agricultural spending and to reinstate increases in the social and regional sectors, stimulated a reappraisal of the CAP and bolstered those pressing for its reform. There can be little doubt that MEPs' support for a quick solution to the United Kingdom's request for a redress in her budget contributions provided moral support for the United Kingdom Government's claim.

In 1980, the European Parliament's committees' work, plenary debates and questions to the Commission and Council of Ministers were wide-ranging and reflected current preoccupations as well as the minutiae of proposed European Community legislation. They included, for example,

the question of seal slaughter, the Year of the Child, plutonium processing, a common electoral procedure for the 1984 elections, tachographs, the textile industry crisis, relations with OPEC, unemployment, and the vexed questions of the United Kingdom's contribution to the European Community budget, the Iranian hostages, sales of European Community butter to the Soviet bloc (first raised by MEPs in September 1979), the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan (postponing the Olympic Games until 1981 and siting them in Greece), the French defiance of the Court of Justice over its ban on sheepmeat imports, and a host of issues relating to environmental matters. Although some of these were outside the European Community's competence, MEPs were not deterred from urging European Community action on them.

MEPs confronted many of the most controversial topical issues. In January 1980, the European Parliament's Political Affairs Committee held an open session in Brussels at which the invasion of Afghanistan was raised. In February, the European Parliament supported motions condemning the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, calling for a boycott of the Moscow Olympics, and discontinuing butter sales to the Soviet Union as a way of protesting against its invasion of Afghanistan and its infringement of human rights.

MEPs certainly strived to demonstrate their political clout and to safeguard and promote the interests of the European Community's voters. The most dramatic example of their commitment to protect voters' interests came during the protracted debates over the 1980 budget and the question of increasing prices to farmers, or reducing them by one per cent as advocated by Mrs. Barbara Castle. Farming interests won the day against those of consumers following rowdy demonstrations in Strasbourg (one of the European Parliament's seats) by European Community farmers in March against the Commission's proposal (supported by many MEPs) to increase prices by no more than 2.4 per cent. Farmers tore down flags outside the Palais de l'Europe and burned the Union Jack. They calmed down only after an address by European Parliament President Veil. Inside, however, MEPs clashed over the Commission's price proposals with many condemning the lunacy of supporting higher prices for surplus commodities (e.g. 330,000 tonnes of beef, 2.6 million tonnes of sugar, and 15 million tonnes of milk). Unable to agree on a farm price increase, MEPs simply agreed to the principle of guaranteeing farmers' incomes, redressing market imbalances, and keeping increased European Community spending in line with the principle of budgetary reallocations.

MEPs also supported a number of motions, apart from those relating to redressing industrial decline and unemployment, aimed at improving the lot of citizens and fostering a sense of European Community identity among them.

In March 1980, Tom Spencer (United Kingdom/Conservative) produced a Foreign Office mock-up of a machine readable passport when speaking in support of a motion to introduce by the end of 1980 an European

Community passport designed to make people aware of their European identity and to help combat terrorism. After seven years of discussion, the Nine had only been able to agree that the passport should have 32 pages in a burgundy red cover.

A resolution gaining widespread support called upon the Council of Ministers to act as a matter of urgency to ensure that the Nine signed and ratified the United Nations Convention on discrimination against women as soon as possible because it could not come into force until ratified by at least twenty countries. MEPs also supported the idea of the European Community adopting a common line at the third United Nations Conference on the Law of the Sea in New York, and for the European Community to participate in its own right in agreements concluded.

It would be mistaken to think that MEPs have been united since their election. There have been numerous, often acrimonious, clashes between and within the party groups although most members of the major parties supported the budget's rejection. MEPs have been divided over procedural matters.

From the European Parliament's inaugural session, there have been clashes over points of procedure. Initially, MEPs who had not joined one of the European Parliament's official party groups and who, therefore, could not enjoy the same privileges as their colleagues tabled over 100 amendments to postpone business. The tactic led to them being granted some parliamentary privileges. Thereafter, MEPs began exploiting the device to permit debates on given issues as a matter of urgency as a means of getting items dear to their hearts onto the European Parliament's agenda at short notice. In March 1980, the French Communist leader Georges Marchais resorted to this ploy in an unsuccessful attempt to see a committee of enquiry into infringements of human rights in the Community set up. It was noted that since its election in June 1979, MEPs had tabled 89 motions concerning infringements of human rights —88 of which related to infringements outside the European Community. He called for the *Berufsverbot* and the British presence in Northern Ireland to be investigated.

By rejecting the budget in December 1979, MEPs had not only shown their mettle but established an important principle regarding the future role of the elected European Parliament in the European Community's institutional balance. They challenged the Council of Ministers for flagrantly disregarding their views over European Community spending and asserted their power in the one area—the budget—where they could disrupt business (even to their own financial discomfort since their expenses could not be reimbursed pending agreement on the 1980 budget). Indeed, the consequences of MEPs not confronting the Council of Ministers would have been disastrous for their pretensions to be the European Community's democratic watchdog and representative of European Community citizens. Yet, this claim is weakened as MEPs recognise by their lack of control over the appointment of Commissioners.

Consequently, in April MEPs adopted the so-called Rey Report arguing that the European Parliament's right to censure and dismiss the Commission should be backed by the right to be consulted on Commission policy and on the appointment of the new Commission before it took office. The Tindemans Report on European Union in 1975 had also noted the need for the European Parliament to endorse the Commissioners. Clearly, MEPs were anxious to hold both the Commission (responsible for initiating European Community policy) and the Council of Ministers (mostly solely responsible for passing it) accountable to the European Community's only directly-elected body. It also called upon the Commission to play a more political role in the European Community, for it to break with tradition and have women members, and for it, in effect, to help the European Parliament acquire greater influence in European Community decision-making by consulting MEPs on all preliminary draft decisions and proposals, and by not submitting the texts to the Council of Ministers until after (rather than before as is the case now) Parliament has been consulted and its approval obtained. MEPs also want the Commission to alter proposals, where the Council of Ministers has not yet acted upon them, in accordance with European Parliament views.

There can be little doubt that the elected European Parliament has got off to a promising start and has stimulated action to rectify budgetary and institutional imbalances. Only if MEPs make their presence and influence felt can much needed reforms of European Community policies ensue and the European Parliament be granted real legislative authority.

[Juliet Lodge is a Lecturer in Politics at the University of Hull. She was recently awarded a Research Fellowship by The Leverhulme Trust Fund to make a study of the relations between the European Parliament and the Parliament of the United Kingdom. She is the editor of *Terrorism: A Challenge to the State* to be published by Martin Robertson (Oxford) in November 1980.]

MRS. THATCHER'S THEORY OF HUMAN NATURE

by Peter Howells

SINCE it came to office in May 1979, Mrs. Thatcher's government has lost no time in distancing itself from the economic and social policies of its predecessors. Much pre-occupied with Britain's relatively poor industrial performance, seen in comparison with her EEC partners, the government has produced two budgets designed to deal with 'inadequacies on the supply side of the economy'. This is no mere form of words. Since 1945 successive administrations have absorbed the Keynesian orthodoxy, some more enthusiastically than others it is true, that the performance of the economy was best managed by close attention to demand. On this line of argument, since all producing units are anxious to earn revenue from sales, setting the total of consumer's, firms' and government demand equal to what producers can supply at maximum output should produce in the short-run full employment, as producers strive to meet that demand, and in the longer-run a steady expansion of productive capacity.

Thus it was, until the 1970's saw alarming rates of inflation, even when, as indicated by the numbers of registered unemployed, producers were apparently operating at something less than maximum possible output. Hence the dilemma of recent administrations: how to reconcile inflation and its implied excess of demand with the apparent increase of spare capacity? One answer, of course, is to deny that inflation is linked to the state of demand at all and, like Galbraith,[1] to place the blame upon the institutional framework within which price and wage bargains are struck. Not so, Mrs. Thatcher and her advisers. Their more radical answer is that demand is excessive in relation to what people are prepared to supply by their own efforts, being reluctant to work as hard as their European counterparts when in employment and becoming increasingly reluctant to accept employment at all on the terms currently offered. This is not the place to state the case against economic growth, and the maximisation of industrial production in particular, as desirable goals for a community densely packed on a small island, enjoying already high material standards of living. What is of more immediate interest is the measures taken to encourage an increase in work effort and the theory of human nature which underlies and supposedly justifies them.

All budget statements address a wider range of issues than personal taxation and the level of social security benefits. Nonetheless, in both his budgets to date, Sir Geoffrey Howe has gone out of his way to press the connection between both of these and incentives. Thus, explaining the 1979 package, the Treasury promised 'the substantial improvement in incentives is to be provided by a marked switch in emphasis from taxes on income to taxes on spending'. Income tax was reduced at all levels by raising thresholds, widening tax bands, cutting the maximum rate to 60 per cent and, of interest to most people, lowering the standard rate by

3p in the pound. Partly to pay for these remissions, VAT was raised to 15 per cent. The effect on the taxpayer, therefore, was a combination of increased take-home pay and a rise in the cost of living. On the Treasury's own calculations, a man earning £60 a week would on balance benefit by 77p; a man earning £150 a week would benefit by £1.96p. As proportions of initial income, these represent increases of 1.6 and 1.9 per cent respectively. More recently, in April of this year, the annual review of social security benefits acquired the additional objectives 'to strengthen work incentives, and to secure fairness as between the taxed and the untaxed'. The practice here involved increasing rates of unemployment, sickness, injury, maternity and invalidity benefit by five percentage points less than the rate of inflation and bringing unemployment and sickness benefit into taxable income. In the Treasury's words once again, 'these changes reflect the need to improve work incentives and eliminate discrimination against earned income.'

So much for the facts; by what theory are they sustained? The view that quite small changes in relative costs and rewards can produce significant revisions in the pattern of human action, turning a decision to buy, for example, into a decision not to buy, is perhaps the best known legacy of late-nineteenth century economic thought: the 'marginal revolution' of neoclassical economics.

Rational economic man was seen as a consistent utility maximiser. That is to say that he arranged decisions on the disposition of his limited resources, time or money, for example, in such a way that no alternative disposition could provide greater total utility. For practical decision making purposes this meant exchanging money for quantities of a good up to the point where the utility to be gained from an extra or *marginal* quantity of a good was just equal to the utility that could be obtained from any alternative use of that sum of money required to purchase the marginal unit. In other words, the 'value' of a good was equal to its marginal utility. Added to this was a further proposition, rooted apparently in commonsense but claiming support also from contemporary scientific experiments which purported to show that successive increments of a stimulus had diminishing effects as the total stimulus increased: the 'law' of diminishing marginal utility. According to this proposition, the utility to be gained from the acquisition of an extra quantity of a good would normally be less than that gained from earlier quantities and, conversely, successive sacrifices of a limited resource would become increasingly difficult to make as the total remaining diminished.

Combining the law of diminishing marginal utility with the model of rational economic man setting out consistently to arrange his activities in a satisfaction-maximising manner provided the logical basis for a number of interesting hypotheses of human behaviour. If a housewife were to purchase more apples, their price would have to fall; if a producer were to increase his output, the reward would have to rise. In short, revisions could be forced upon a wide range of human actions by marginal changes in their cost or reward. To deny this seemed to deny

man's hedonistic rationality and in late-Victorian society few were prepared for such a step.

One special feature of present Conservative man, however, is drawn from even deeper recesses of the past. This is the very restrictive view of rationality as pecuniary rationality. Just any sort of rationality will not do since, depending on the nature of employment offered and the existing length of the working day, it might be considered a rational response to a rise in the real wage rate to trade some of the extra potential income (and goods) for leisure. This is the case of the coalminer who, when asked why he only worked on four days a week, replied that he could not earn enough in three. For him, given the conditions and hours of work it seemed perfectly rational, if by that is meant consistent with the maximisation of satisfaction, to have taken some of any increase in real income in the form of increased leisure rather than goods. Without some special view of income's ability to provide satisfaction it is impossible to predict the outcome of a rise in the real wage rate as increased work effort or increased leisure. The special view is pure Adam Smith; as pure in fact as Friedman's views about the power of competitive forces to produce a welfare maximising distribution of resources in society. 'The liberal reward of labour, as it encourages the propagation, so it increases the industry of the common people.'[2] Smith believed, even, that when liberally paid by the piece workmen were apt to overwork themselves, citing the case of the London carpenter 'not supposed to last in his utmost vigour above eight years.' With income tied so closely to the level of critical subsistence it is not difficult to see why this should be so: a rise in the real wage meant more food.

This is a view of human nature whose potency has lost nothing with age. In 1968 Gary S. Becker of the University of Chicago published an explanation of criminal behaviour which he claimed could 'dispense with special theories of anomie, psychological inadequacies, or inheritance of special traits and simply extend the economist's usual analysis of choice.'[3] As the housewife buying apples, criminals are seen as rational and normally calculating people maximising their satisfactions within given constraints. The calculations involve estimating income from legitimate sources, given the effort or sacrifice involved in obtaining that income, and comparing it with an estimate of income from illegal activity, given the effort involved in obtaining that income where the effort or sacrifice in the latter case includes an allowance for the cost of the scheduled punishment in the event of apprehension, multiplied by the probability of being caught. As a course of action, the rational choice is that which promises the greatest net reward over sacrifice, or, to put it another way, the greatest satisfaction within the prevailing constraints.

Much can be accommodated within this view. The observed recidivism of convicted criminals is only to be expected given that a spell in prison is likely to increase the convict's knowledge of useful criminal skills and thereby increase the potential reward over effort from criminal activity. Equally, the high cost and low returns of reform and rehabilitation

schemes can be seen as the direct result of treating the criminal as 'irrational', 'inadequate', or otherwise abnormal when, according to the present line of argument, he is acting perfectly rationally according to his own calculations of the costs and opportunities available to him. If society's goal is to minimise the incidence of crime, the policy implications seem clear: since the criminal is weighing the costs and benefits of illegal over legitimate sources of income, a more effective response would be to increase the costs and/or reduce the rewards from criminal behaviour. In practice this has been taken to imply the need for more severe punishment combined with an increase in the effectiveness of the law enforcement agencies.

If its application to criminal activity seems remarkable, how much more so that in recent years this simple economic model of decision making has been used to explain behaviour in education, politics, bureaucracies, racial discrimination and even the marriage decision. As Burke said of different times, 'the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists and calculators, has succeeded.'

The charitable, perhaps natural, response to its advance is that as a theory of human behaviour the view of man as a rational hedonist must have proved successful. Certainly it has proved resilient. British courts, it is frequently argued, are over-burdened with cases of petty-theft, shop-lifting and other minor offences committed by 'amateur' criminals often with a steady source of legitimate income and frequently from comfortable, not to say privileged, backgrounds. These are people, it might be argued, who cannot realistically hope to gain more from crime than from a more enthusiastic pursuit of their legitimate activities. Indeed, when the costs of social stigma and possible loss of employment are included, criminal behaviour of this kind looks hopelessly 'uneconomic'. No matter to the theory's supporters. The economic analysis of human behaviour supposes only that people make rational calculations in the circumstances as they see them. It does not presume the calculations are always correct; it is possible to overestimate the returns and underestimate the costs.

Sociological investigations of deviance which draw attention to the recorded high rates of crime amongst particular social groups, suggesting as they do an explanation of behaviour located in the culture of the group, pose even less of a threat. If crime seems more prevalent among black teenagers in Brixton than it does among their white counterparts this is because rational calculation of costs and rewards of criminal behaviour results more frequently in a profitable answer amongst blacks than amongst whites. This does not make social factors irrelevant. Job discrimination against young blacks lowers the cost of crime by lowering income or chance of income from legitimate employment. Membership of a peer group in which certain forms of deviant behaviour are accepted reduces the stigma cost to zero and may also lower the cost of apprehension if group members provide alibis for one another.

Any theory which predicts that widespread changes in industrial effort will follow from minor adjustments in the reward for that effort and the

penalties of not making it, bears more than a passing resemblance to the style of reasoning we have just discussed. As we earlier saw, the criminal act depends upon the reward for the effort involved compared with the reward for an alternative disposition of effort, we begin with the worker contemplating his real wage; that is, his expected monetary reward expressed in terms of what it will buy. The law of diminishing marginal utility is then held to apply to leisure, or non-work, with the conclusion that if workers are to be induced to part with a quantity of this limited resource, over and above that which they have already surrendered to work, the reward or real wage will have to rise. We are to believe that for an increase in the real take-home wage of between 77p and £1.96p managers will find it worth striving for executive status, foremen to become managers, assembly-line workers to be more productive and, possibly, some of the unemployed to exchange part of their total leisure for the new, more desirable real wage.

But what of the supply of jobs, the demand for labour? There is no invidious discrimination in neoclassical economics. Just as workers will make extra effort only for a higher reward, so, the entrepreneur in the small firm, or, in theory at least, the board of directors on behalf of the shareholders, will incur the extra risk in expanding their operations only if the prospect of profit is suitably enhanced. Following 'the substantial improvement in incentives,' employers will be faced, if all goes according to plan, with a workforce striving to increase its output and a number of unemployed seeking also to share in the bumper harvest. What incentive is there to take advantage of this industry? Plainly none, in the absence of any reasonable expectation that extra output could be sold and that the sales would yield additions to profit. But for people to buy more of anything, the ever helpful law of diminishing marginal utility tells us, its price must fall and this brings us conveniently back to the origin of the increased incentives, the remission in income tax. The real wage has been increased by increasing the amount left after tax: so far, it has cost the employer nothing. But if some people are prepared to work harder for an extra 77p, it is only reasonable to suppose that some would be prepared to put in extra effort, not quite so much of course, for less than an additional 77p. While it may not be of much interest to the employer to know that since the tax cut more people wish to work and work harder at the rates he currently pays, it may be of some significance if more (not quite so many) still wish to work and work harder even if he reduces the rates of pay. After all, our theory predicts an increase in effort and output so long as there is *some* extra reward: there is nothing to revere in 77p. And if rates of pay are lowered, prices perhaps can be cut a little, extra output could still be profitably sold and more workers employed. All this for agreement on a sharing between employers and worker of 77p.

Having come this far, it is easy now to appreciate the logic of meagre increases in short-term social security benefits. Raising these benefits by five percentage points less than the current rate of inflation is only a clumsy way of saying that their real value has been reduced. The decision

facing the rational satisfaction-maximising unemployed is whether the given effort of doing a week's work is now just worth undertaking for the extra reward represented by a share in 77p, as an alternative to the paid leisure of unemployment, bearing in mind that the 'real wage' from the latter has now fallen.

There are a number of objections to all of this; not just as a way of controlling the nation's economic affairs by dealing with 'inadequacies on the supply side', although these objections will be made shortly. As a general way of theorising about human behaviour this simple model of rational hedonism was not immune from criticism when it first appeared and, its popular revival notwithstanding, it is not immune now. In its most extreme form the model of behaviour set out here treats man as an a-social being, responding without hesitation to the pecuniary stimuli of the market place. It is a poor defence to offer, as many economists do, that the model is taken to yield predictions only for a given set of tastes and preferences unless it can be concomitantly established that the relevant tastes and preferences are fixed for the period and place under discussion. If they are not, if society's view of the (non-monetary) desirability of certain occupations, pastimes or goods is changing at the same time as their pecuniary cost or reward varies, then only by quite arbitrary discrimination can we select changes in price as being of greater causal interest than anything else. And tastes and preferences do change. The tradition of son follow father in Britain's coalfields, for example, has not broken down through any obvious change in the pecuniary reward relative to locally available alternatives, even less, until this at least, to a lack of vacancies but through society's revaluation of the nobility of arduous physical labour.

There is no great originality in this objection. Even before 1914 Thorstein Veblen had begun to attack what was already being called the orthodox economics. His criticism was aimed at the apparent divorce of man from his social environment and the consequent failure to appreciate the powerful influence of 'instinctive drives' (curiosity and the instinct of workmanship are examples), customs, habits and institutions. Criminals who acted in a way that could be shown to have no objective chance of a positive return on their effort would be regarded by Veblen as submitting to the customs and habits of their immediate environment. He would not have been impressed, one suspects, with Becker's explanation that they 'miscalculated', while the alternative neoclassical defence that the calculations within the constraints as perceived by the actors showed positive results, would have been regarded as arguing as strongly for reform of the constraints, by increasing educational and employment opportunities perhaps, as for changes in real cost represented by punishment or probability of apprenhension.

Neither does it need Marx's vision of history and the dialectical process to appreciate that societies change and that the change is not confined to expansions in gross national product. It embraces economic and legal institutions, social forms and cultural standards and practices. In these

latter areas, in particular, modern Western society has developed its own change-promoting institutions. The speed of change of fashions in popular music, dress, cinema, cars and innumerable household gadgets is not unconnected with the ability of the advertising media to induce revaluations of what is desirable; in Galbraith's words, to 'synthesize demand.' The current popularity of low-carbohydrate beers is not the result of any price advantage (indeed, most carry a premium) but of their producers' success in persuading young drinkers of the sophistication and dietary advantage in their consumption.

This is not to argue that the price mechanism never allocates resources, only that its appearance sometimes hides reality and that an exaggerated view of its power is not a sound basis for major policy decisions. Our hypothetical housewife earlier choosing apples, may well have her decision made by the recent price advantage of French Golden Delicious, her family's tastes and preferences between types of apple being known, stable and slight. Equally, the central tendency in petrol prices in garages in the same geographical area may well represent a justified belief that motorists will discriminate violently against the first proprietor to charge the smallest premium. The decisions here are decisions between very similar goods. If in most respects they are the same, unwillingness to be swayed by price in the circumstances would be perverse. Working overtime and playing with one's children are not, by contrast, similar activities. If, under the old arrangements when incentives were limited, relaxing weekends with the family were to be preferred to devising ways of increasing sales to ensure promotion, it takes imagination to foresee this decision revised on the promise of a share in 77p, or even £1.96p. For the middle-aged worker who finds his skills suddenly redundant, where family pressure, loss of self-esteem and boredom have failed, reducing the real value of unemployment benefit, even supposing this lowers the desired real wage, looks less likely to induce employment than to increase the misery of being out of work. Compelling men to contemplate working for a lower real wage by eroding the value of unemployment benefit seems unlikely also to help young families in the depressed regions, heavily dependent on the support of close family and community ties and locked into these areas of high unemployment by public authority housing policies. Perhaps there is a level of real wage that will provide employment for the unskilled black school-leaver in Brixton; if so, it is a well kept official secret.

There has to be a decision for all of us about the allocation of our effort, leisure and income, these all being scarce commodities. From this it follows that there must be a point, expressable sometimes in pecuniary terms, at which plans seem worth revising. Who, then, is to say that at any particular time no one is in such a critical quandary that pennies will not be decisive? The search is on, however, not for examples of price discrimination in the shopping basket but for a remedy for the failures of the British economy. The government needs, it feels, to reverse the process of de-industrialisation, to encourage enterprise and esteem additions to manufacturing output and material wealth. On the government's

own admission, this is a path against which the community has had its face firmly set for the last thirty years yet it still proposes to buy the required revolution in values by marginal changes in price. Was Carlyle's science ever so dismal as this?

Notes:

1. J. K. Galbraith, *Economics and the Public Purpose*, Penguin Books, 1975, ch.19.
2. Adam Smith, *An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*, 1776, Bk.I ch.viii.
3. Gary S. Becker, 'Crime and Punishment: An Economic Approach', *Journal of Political Economy*, 1968.

All calculations and unattributed quotations are from *Treasury Economic Progress Reports*, Nos. 110, June 1979 and 120, April 1980, H.M.S.O.

[Dr. Peter Howells is Senior Lecturer in Economics at the North East London Polytechnic.]

The November issue of *Contemporary Review* includes *Current Attitudes in Society* by Lord Stewart of Fulham, *Portugal—the New Woman* by Frances Rust, *U-Thant—Man of Peace* by Buddhadasa Kirthisinghe and *Teleology and Democratic Theory* by W. J. Stankiewicz.

CHELTENHAM: A GENTLY SITED TOWN

by Bryan Little

THE accepted image of Cheltenham is simple. It is that of a purely spa-cum-residential town, with a special emphasis on the retirement, close to mineral waters reckoned to be helpful to peppery livers, of people who long served, as civilian officials or army officers, in various parts of India. But these residents are now, quite literally, dying out to inevitable extinction. The club which was their special haunt has recently been replaced by an office block, and the reality of Cheltenham's historic experience is in any case more complex, and apparent in the disposition of the town, than that of a place which has had no activity other than as a mildly saline spa.

Unlike some spas, or a seaside resort such as Bournemouth where there was, before 1800, but a single house within the area now covered by a town of well over 100,000 people, Cheltenham was a country town of some note before the early years of the eighteenth century when the properties of one of its mineral springs, close to the little river Chelt which gives the place its name, were somewhat accidentally discovered. It was a small country town, with about 1,000 people at the time as the Reformation and with some 1,500 two centuries later. It had featured, as a place of some consequence with the important economic asset of two water mills, in the Domesday survey. Its fine parish church, though mostly of the fourteenth century with a graceful spire and splendid windows of that period, charmingly set in its churchyard enclosure, has important late Norman work. In the Elizabethan period a grammar school, still flourishing on the edge of the town in striking modern buildings by well-known London architects, was founded to replace a school kept, before the Reformation, by a chantry priest. Such an endowed place of education automatically gave Cheltenham a status above that of the more rustic parishes around it.

Early Cheltenham was nearly all built along the road which ran down, more or less parallel to the Chelt, from the Cotswolds towards the Severn between Tewkesbury and Gloucester. As Leland, in the 1540s, said of it, Cheltenham was 'a long town having a market'. Its livelihood, then and till the eighteenth century, was that of a country town serving an agricultural countryside. Its main occupations, in 1608, were those of husbandman and labourer. But there were several tailors, glovers, and shoemakers and, significantly for the town's later prosperity, some maltsters. For Cheltenham's best known activity, agriculture-based as was clothmaking in other Gloucestershire towns, was long the making of malt, supplying breweries elsewhere or the numerous brewing concerns which arose in Cheltenham itself. Brewing existed side by side with the rise and peak prosperity of the spa, and has in fact outlasted it.

Cheltenham's spa career, mostly for summer visitors and much boosted by George III's visit in July and August of 1788, started early in the

eighteenth century, but at that time produced few buildings of much architectural note. Major expansion would normally have started soon after the king had been there, but transport problems, and the Napoleonic war, delayed substantial growth until after Napoleon's fall. The town's best, most characteristic architecture dates from the years between 1815 and about 1845; this included simple Regency facades and more sophisticated Greek Revival buildings. Cheltenham's character was also much affected by the fact that there were several spa areas, with the mineral water tapped at three points in addition to the 'original' well whose site is now within the grounds of the Ladies' College. One of these, at Pittville well north of the High Street, has the finest of the four Pump Rooms which once operated in Cheltenham. But the High Street, the road of Leland's 'long town', is still a central feature and a social chasm in present-day Cheltenham.

Cheltenham's earliest new expansion, out on the London road, was by way of terraces of lodging houses faced with Cotswold stone, simple in style but adorned with little porches and balconies of the wrought iron which soon became a special beauty of Cheltenham; the town's ornamental ironwork surpasses that in all other resort and residential towns laid out in this Regency period. But Cheltenham's urban growth soon took a different form. It appeared mostly up the gentle slopes to the South of the town centre, in the areas centred on the three separate spas of Montpellier, the Imperial spa near the famous Promenade and Pittville, well out of the North on the Evesham Road. Each of these had its own Pump Room and, within reasonable distance, its villas, squares, and stylish terraces not only for the accommodation of short-term visitors but for the permanent residence of those already mentioned, people whose working life had been spent in the military, marine, or civil service of the East India Company. J. B. Papworth is the best known of the architects connected with this development; his main sphere of action was the Montpellier estate, starting with the partial replacement of its modest Pump Room by the splendid domed and pilastered rotunda which is now, as a bank, one of Cheltenham's most characterful buildings. It dates from 1825; in another five years, and just a century and a half ago, it was surpassed by the scale and splendour of the Ionic colonnades and coffered dome of the Pittville Pump Room by the local architect John Forbes, a building of tremendous quality and the best of all England's Pump Rooms, but set in area which never became so fashionable, or socially accepted, as the districts South of the High Street.

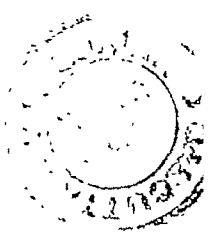
The growth of Cheltenham's large residential population, not notably wealthy but enjoying the standards and sharing the aspirations of the non-commercial middle class, led to the building of several churches, Grecian, Gothic, and in one instance strikingly neo-Norman, and Evangelical when they were Anglican, and to the provision of schools, first for residents' sons who could there be trained for the Universities or for such establishments as Woolwich, Sandhurst, or the East India Company's military college at Addiscombe, and later for girls for whom the instruction imparted by private governesses was no longer felt to be

adequate. The College and the Ladies' College, with Dean Close School coming later, and a revived Grammar School along with two teacher training colleges gave Cheltenham its gathering and continued reputation as a centre of education, so much so that when the town became a chartered borough *eruditio* went with *salubritas* as one of the words of its motto. The town's cultural character made it, in more recent years, a logical location for important Festivals of music and literature.

Yet Cheltenham's standing as a place of craftsmanship and industry was never quite eclipsed by its mainly non-commercial character. Brewing continued, and carriage building met far more than local needs. From early in Victoria's reign the firm of Boulton became nationally important for a vast output of ecclesiastical sculpture; the reredos in the College chapel, with its array of niches and statues in the manner of mediaeval Winchester and St. Alban's, is among their more spectacular works. And at least one Cheltenham firm did important aircraft work during the first World war.

But Cheltenham between the wars had little to foreshadow its present industrial growth. A few people still came to take the waters, but the town was massively residential and maintained its Indian flavour. When I first knew Cheltenham one could, it was said, eat the best curry in England at the Club, anyone styled General or Colonel had almost certainly served in India, many College day-boys had fathers whose careers had lain in the sub-Continent, and two of the dozen or so survivors of the siege of Lucknow were elderly ladies in the same Cheltenham residential hotel. It was the threat of the second World war which brought new industry. Dowty's, now nationally important as a diversified engineering firm and a mainstay of central Gloucestershire's economy, had started early enough to do much rearmament work before 1939, while the move to a site near Cheltenham of much of the production of Smith's clocks was a wary act of dispersal which gave the area a great new industrial unit. During and since the war industrial Cheltenham, mostly on light engineering, has swollen beyond recognition without altering the gentle and gracious appearance of the more central and historic parts of the town. Cheltenham's industry is unobtrusive from the areas, with their delightfully tree-lined streets, which still express the town's distinctive character. It is, however, money earned in these most recent aspects of Cheltenham's life which makes the tills jingle in the visually unattractive multiple stores now flourishing along the historic High Street of the town to which Leland came in Henry VIII's reign.

[Since he first came to Cheltenham over fifty years ago as a new boy at the College, Bryan Little has known, and increasingly appreciated the largely Grecian town. Two books on Cheltenham are among his many works on local history, topography and architecture.]



LOS CHICANOS

by Orlando Martinez

TODAY the United States is the fourth largest Spanish-speaking country in the world and Spanish-speaking Americans are the fastest growing minority in the Union; they have become a political force to be reckoned with.

Puerto Ricans, Cubans, and other Latin Americans and Mexican Americans are all lumped together with the catchall label of *Hispanics*, and the majority of these people, those who contribute the most significant increase to the Great Republic's population, are those descendants of the earliest newcomers into what is now the continental U.S.A., the Mexican Americans today known as *Chicanos*.

Though they have been the largest minority in the Southwest since the sixteenth century, they were in the past the least known, and the least vocal minority in the nation.

Perhaps it was that unlike the Blacks, who became a national minority following the Civil War, Mexican Americans remained, to a large extent, a regional minority. This is an important distinction, for the socio-economic problems of the Mexican Americans did not come to bear, over the years, on the nation's conscience.

Chicanos, however, are an indigenous people. They did not come to America. Their ancestors did not pass through Castle Garden on New York's Ellis Island. The Southwest of present day U.S.A. had been their habitat for centuries. Their ancestors had been the first non-Indians to clear the vast region, to cultivate the enormous fields and prairies, graze the great herds of cattle and scrape out of the bowels of the earth its precious metals.

Most Mexican Americans are descended from the union of Spanish conquistadors with Indian maidens long before the first Pilgrims set foot on the rock of Plymouth's harbour. Sanctity to the mating of Spaniards with American women was established at the very beginning of the sixteenth century, when Cardinal Francisco Ximenez de Cisneros, confessor to the Catholic Queen Isabella, issued an edict that all conquistadors who cohabited with the native Americans were to marry them.

But the lineage of all *Chicanos* did not begin solely with Spanish forefathers. Some are descended from Moors who had arrived in the New World with the Conquistador Hernán Cortés and who had gone north into New Spain's borderlands to escape the Holy Inquisition: others from those Sephardic Jews who escaped the *auto-da-fes* of that most severe, perhaps the most remembered Inquistador-General, Tomas de Torquemada. Still others owe their origin to Orientals who were taken from that distant paradise of Spain's Philippines. One Oriental who, as was customary, had adopted a Castilian name, became a founding father of *El Pueblo Senora Riena de Los Angeles de Porciuncula*, when it was established by Royal Charter in 1781. *Chicanos* are also descendants of black

slaves who escaped to freedom into the northern territories. One, Antonio Mesa, was yet another of the first founders of Los Angeles, California.

Over the centuries their Mexican American blood became thick, their non-American blood thin. Yet for generations the children and grandchildren of later arrivals into the States referred to all Mexican Americans as 'wet-backs', preferring to believe them all to be undocumented aliens who entered the nation illegally from Mexico.

This is no longer true, for at the present time between eighty and eighty-five per cent of the Mexican Americans are native-born. They are as natural to America's southwest as the yucca.

Chicano only came into common usage and acceptance during the student riots in the *barrios*, the Mexican neighbourhoods of MexAmerican cities, in the late sixties.

The origin of the name is uncertain, but it has been suggested that *Chicano* is a truncated form of *Mexicano*. Today, however, it is generally agreed *Chicano* does contain overtones of ethnic nationalism and activism.

When *Chicano* ancestors were born, all of the U.S.A's southwest belonged to Spain and then, as a result of Mexico's War of Independence that culminated in the American nation's victory in 1821, they became Mexican citizens. And one of the first acts the Congress in Mexico City enacted was that of abolishing slavery. This upset the Anglo-Americans in *Tejas*, as most were from the southern states and supported the institution of slavery. They refused to recognize Mexico's government, to recognize its authority or authorities and in 1836 declared their independence. After easily repulsing the troops sent north to quash the uprising, they established the Lone Star Republic, Mexican Americans became out-casts and slavery continued. But slave-owners were not satisfied. They wanted more lands in which they could extend slavery. As James Russel Lowell said, 'Bigger pens to cram with slaves.'

In 1846 United States citizens again went to war against Mexicans and again defeated them.

When the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was signed in 1848, more than half of Mexico's national territory, all of present-day MexAmerica—Texas, California, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, Utah and parts of Wyoming and Colorado—was surrendered to the much larger, better equipped U.S. forces. Thus, many Mexican Americans became aliens in their own ancestral lands. As a result, Mexican Americans were treated as interlopers and for well over a century suffered the worst forms of discrimination. *Chicanos* worked at the lowest paid jobs, on the railroads, in the mines, and in the orchards and fields of the Southwest.

However, at the present time it has been estimated that only five per cent of *Chicanos* work in agriculture. This is, to a large extent, due to the victories of Cesar Chavez in Southern California's fields, which resulted in agriculturists replacing workers with machines. Now, some fifty-five per cent of the *Chicanos* are blue-collar workers. The census, at present being undertaken, may well show that at least eighty-five per cent of all *Chicanos* now live in metropolitan areas.

Unfortunately most of these *Chicanos* are employed in occupations that are likely to be soon replaced by machines. They are not receiving training or being educated to cope with the industrial revolution which is being brought about by the application of micro-chip technology to automatic processes.

U.S. educationalists, sociologists, economists, editors, and politicians, await the results of the 1980 national census with trepidation. A little-known feature of the federal census and political re-apportionment is that illegal aliens count as much as citizens when the census is collated. And hundreds of thousands of Mexicans settle in MexAmerica each year.

Legislaturers in the Great Republic's southwest are aware of this peculiarity and are more than willing to include illegal aliens in the political representation, thus taking advantage of the numbers to bid for more congressional seats in the 1982 elections, and a larger number of presidential electors in 1984.

The presence and numbers of Mexican Americans must surely become an issue of paramount importance during the 1980's. It has been calculated that by the year 2000 one in three U.S. citizens will be of Mexican American descent.

Inhabitants in the southwestern states will increase their share of programmes that cost the Federal Government more than $50 billion a year; programmes ranging from school and housing aid to community improvement projects.

Consequently, it may be that just as the 1960's was the decade of the Blacks, the 1980's could well be the decade of the *Chicanos*. And it is certain that MexAmerican votes will count for more than those of other American votes.

THOMAS HARDY: THE HISTORIAN OF WESSEX

by J. M. Barrie

As announced in the September issue, during the coming months we shall be publishing comments by present-day contributors on quotations and extracts from articles which appeared in *Contemporary Review* before 1900. *Thomas Hardy: Historian of Wessex* by J. M. Barrie (July 1889, Volume 56) was one of five articles which Barrie contributed to the *Review* between 1888 and 1891. The two opening paragraphs have been deleted and some minor cuts made. Apart from these the article is as originally published. *Editor.*

NO living novelist keeps more in the background than Mr. Thomas Hardy, who is, therefore, a storyteller.

Life has impressed him in three ways. The provincial towns and villages, and heaths and woods of Wessex, which were the world of his youth, have taken hold of him, as the scenes and persons of her early days possessed George Eliot, and their influence is still so strong that when he escapes from it he is comparatively colourless. No reader of his Wessex tales would have him shake this influence off, for it is part of his greatness as a novelist, the part that may make the historian of Wessex a personage to posterity when it has lost the names of all his contemporaries in fiction save one. Mr. Hardy's fixed ideas about young women, whatever their rank and upbringing, are so original, adhered to with such tenacity from book to book, and so cunningly illustrated as to cry for comment. Lastly, he feels deeply the tragedy of humanity. Several of his stories, not necessarily the best, end like Shakespearian tragedies. The end may have been led up to with noise and bustle, but when it comes all is quiet enough. Passion has spent itself. Here is an open grave, but in a bird's-eye view of the world it is too small to be noticed. Elfride is in it, and the two men who loved her can only look in and turn away. What fires have burned in their breasts, what days of misery and delight she has given them, how jealous they have been of each other, and this is the end. Mr. Hardy's sad philosophy rings as true as his English yeomen or his picture of Egdon Heath, and he ignores the childish repugnance to 'unhappy endings,' like one who thinks that the art of storytelling may aim higher than to rest the brain of Darwins or Ruskins when they are tired of thinking. Fiction is not necessarily a substitute for marbles. In one sense Mr. Hardy may be said to have gone a stage beyond the tragic writers of the world's younger days, for he sees that in real life the comedy often has a tragic ending, and he has no higher ambition than to be true to life. Not Mr. Meredith himself has a firmer conception of the greatness and smallness of individual man. A few men and women are taken, and round their life of a moment Mr. Hardy weaves a strange tale, but he always has one eye on the mighty world in which they are such insignificant atoms. 'The more I see of life,' Yeobright says, 'the more do I perceive that there is nothing particularly great in its

greatest walks, and therefore nothing particularly small in mine of furze-cutting.' There is no cynicism in this, for Mr. Hardy always writes from his heart. It is only a philosophy come to him a little before its time, a grand philosophy of the future towards which the world is shaping.

This view of life is one of Mr. Hardy's links with posterity. The other is that he has written history, which cannot be rewritten into anything better. There are clever novelists in plenty to give us the sentimental aspect of country life, and others can show its crueller side. Some paint its sunsets, some never get beyond its pig-troughs or its ale-houses; many can be sarcastic about its dulness. But Mr. Hardy is the only man among them who can scour the village and miss nothing; he knows the common as Mr. Jefferies knew it; but he knows the inhabitants, as well as the common. Among English novelists of today he is the only realist to be considered, so far as life in country parts is concerned. The professional realists of these times, who wear a giant's robe and stumble in it, see only the seamy side of life, reproducing it with merciless detail, holding the mirror up to the unnatural instead of to nature, and photographing by the light of a policeman's lantern. The difference between them and the man whose name they borrow is that they only see the crack in the cup, while he sees the cup with the crack in it. There are novelists of society whose realism is as genuine as Mr. Hardy's, but they are not so fortunate in their subject. The face of society has changed but little since Thackeray reflected it, and his portraits swallow theirs. With country life it is different. The closing years of the nineteenth century see the end of many things in country parts, of the peasantry who never go beyond their own parish, of quaint manners and customs, of local modes of speech and ways of looking at existence. Railways and machinery of various sorts create new trades and professions, and kill old ones. The rustics of Warren's malthouse, who went to the Casterbridge fair with sheep-crooks in their hands and straw woven round their hats, are already to be seen tailor-made twice a year in Oxford Street. Thus, the shepherds and thatchers and farmers and villagers, who were, will soon be no more, and if their likeness is not taken now it will be lost for ever. Mr. Hardy has given much of his life to showing who these rustics were and how they lived, and his contemporaries have two reasons for believing his pictures true. One is that Billy Smallbury, Poorglass, Grandfather William, and the others are still to be met with, though their days are numbered. Posterity will not have them to measure the rustics of Mr. Hardy by, but it will have the other and lasting test. The truth lives on in literature, because it is felt to be true, and one knows that whoever reads of Dick Dewy in 1989 will feel as sure of him as we are of the Vicar of Wakefield. Frequently it is said good-naturedly of novelists that they provide material from which history can be written. One may venture to say that such good history as the courtship of Fancy Day will never be boiled down or written up into anything better. With Bathsheba's story and Henchard's, it will keep as it is, and not turn sour.

There must be many persons who find it difficult to realize that there is no town called Casterbridge in the map. Mr. Hardy has given England a town. Unfortunately, he has not limited himself to the country of which

Casterbridge is the centre. Rich as English literature is by his Wessex tales, it would have been richer had he not sometimes wandered abroad and astray for his chief characters. Never a careless writer, he has thrown away skill on books that have no value and little momentary interest. He is only on firm ground in the country, and not even then when he brings Society figures into it. Some writers have created great characters representative of a class with which they had little personal acquaintance, but Mr. Hardy has no such art. London society and London professional life must be known to him, at least superficially, but they are strange to the Wessex he has by heart, and in attempting to draw them he fails absolutely. Even a man of letters is not in his ken, for Elfride's lover, Knight, who is meant to be a very admirable man, is simply the most insufferable prig in fiction. *The Hand of Ethelberta* is a 'comedy in chapters,' hardly less doleful than most modern comedies in acts, and it is a disappointment of a double kind. It is not a comedy, and its London life is preposterous. *A Laodicean* and *Two on a Tower* are not comedies, but they may be classed among Society novels. They are both dull books: here and there, nasty as well, and the besom of oblivion will soon pass over them. The tranter's dance, Bob Loveday's escape from the pressgang, Henchard or Bathsheba Everdene in the market-place—any one of these scenes outweighs all Mr. Hardy's Society stories.

Silas Marner is a great novel, but when the wealth of rural life given us by Mr. Hardy is taken into account, it must be conceded that he has enriched the fiction which deals with heaths and villages much more than George Eliot. Mr. Jefferies, it is true, has done as much for the natural scenery, for the hedges and ditches, and wild and garden flowers, and woods and glades and commons, but he has not done more. Mr. Hardy's passionate love of Nature is sunk into him: he not only knows the land of Wessex with the life that grows out of it, he has not only seen it in every weather, but he has felt its moods; they have been communicated to him until he has shared Nature's joys and struggles, and become one of its poets. Only a poet could have put Egdon Heath so wonderfully into *The Return of the Native*, only a poet could have described the thunderstorm of *Far from the Madding Crowd*. Yet, being a true novelist, the scenery is with Mr. Hardy only a fine setting. Not the heath, but those who cross it, are his subjects. His first book. *Desperate Remedies*, is only a study in other people's methods. With *Under the Greenwood Tree*, which made way with the public as slowly as *Lorna Doone*, the Wessex series began, and perhaps since Goldsmith's death there has been no such idyll of country life. It is not Mr. Hardy's greatest book, but it is his most perfect; from the moment Dick Dewy appears, singing of 'daffodowndillies,' till he and Fancy, newly married, listen to the nightingale, the story glides on like a Wessex stream. It is Mr. Hardy's one novel in which there is nothing to jar. A tranter and his son, a schoolmistress, a gamekeeper, and a village choir are the simple company of whom an artist's magic make us one. Here, and in *Far from the Madding Crowd*, which first awakened the public to the new novelist, the rustics are at their best. They are never again quite so fresh and natural when they meet to drink cider. In the

following books one has now and again a suspicion that they are introduced as a puppetshow between the more serious acts. They took the public so well in the earlier stories that they must be offered again and again, as Mr. Sothern had to go on playing Dundreary. Characters at first, they become rather characteristics, only those eccentricities being given prominence that are calculated to raise the readiest laugh. There are times when they are only a funny chorus, playing somewhat obviously for applause. The most unlettered villager may have natural wit or humour, but 'rustics' are not usually amusing by intention, and in Mr. Hardy's earlier novels they are unconscious humorists, as where Fancy's stepmother will not have Dick Dewy eat his dinner with her second-best knives and forks lest people should think she has nothing better. Hundreds of touches equally true to life are to be found in the rustic pictures of the early novels, and there are even many in the later ones. But there is now a tendency to spoil the rustics by putting clever sayings into their mouths. 'Why should death deprive life of fourpence?' asks a toper, taking possession of the four penny pieces set apart for keeping down the eyelids of a dead woman. A drunken hag is on trial, and, on a constable's repeating certain remarks of hers, she argues, 'I was not capable enough to hear what I said, and what's said out of my hearing isn't evidence.' The same woman would see Henchard humiliated because 'I do like to see the trimming pulled off such Christmas candles.' A pretty wife is 'an uncommon picture for a man's best parlour,' a woman gets married 'by the grace of God and a ready young man.' Any one of these remarks will pass but we get them in sheaves. Rustics do not fling such smart things about promiscuously. Sometimes, too, the author goes to the other extreme, making his rustics hardly human in their ignorance. 'Oh, and what d'ye think I found out, Mrs. Yeobright? The parson wears a suit of clothes under his surplice! I could see his black sleeve when he held up his arm.' A clever City man could evolve rustics capable of providing this sort of amusement to other City men. It is not the realism that gives Mr. Hardy's rural figures a chance of living on.

English fiction is so much wealthier in heroines than in heroes that the ladies who have immortality will survive as widows. To create an attractive young man is the hardest thing in the trade: when he is meant to be a fine fellow he is nine times in ten a prig; at the best he has only the making in him of a nice lady. Scott admitted his failures here, and Pickwick is worth all Dickens's other heroes. Mr. Hardy's heroes, however, by whom is meant the men that fall in love with his Bathshebas and Anne Garlands, will accompany his young ladies into the next century, a fortunate arrangement, for these exasperating and adorable women are not for travelling alone. Somerset, Swithin, and the other men of the Society novels will be happily lost, but Gabriel Oak, Troy, Bob and John Loveday, Henchard (triumphing at last over the Scotsman, who speaks a fearsome tongue of his own) have still, one feels, a career before them. These are Mr. Hardy's greatest 'rustics,' for every one of them is country born and bred. The village or farm chorus is delightful, but its quaintness is comparatively only a knack the author has. Having the manners and ways of the most

homespun country folk at his finger ends, so to speak, he can play upon them as easily as Bathsheba thrummed her much-discussed piano, but it is another matter to catch a rustic young and make a man of him as Mr. Hardy does with Gabriel Oak. *Far from the Madding Crowd* is a great novel, and it gets some of its greatness from Gabriel and Troy. Oak is the hero whom novelists try to draw eternally, the good fellow with a head as well as a heart, and where nearly all are unsuccessful Mr. Hardy triumphs. John Ridd is the prominent yeoman of romance, Gabriel Oak of realistic fiction. A manlier Englishman was never drawn. Gabriel is the true growth of Wessex soil, and, with the brothers Loveday, forms one of a strong trio. John Loveday, the gallant soldier who bravely leaves his sweetheart, 'to blow his trumpet till silenced for ever upon one of the bloody battle-fields of Spain,' and the more fickle but not less gallant Bob, are part of England's greatness. Yet the chivalrous trumpet-major is not the soldier of whom Mr. Hardy's readers will think first. The trumpet blows to introduce gay, witty Sergeant Troy, whom Bathsheba marries because he says he must have her or another. The whole incident of Troy's wooing is incomparable. Grant that women are Bathshebas, and it is obvious that he is not to be resisted. The lady-farmer is not the only person whom he carries off her feet. His brilliant audacity casts a glamour over the readers as well, and they race after the sergeant, unable to reflect, captivated, until the knot is tied. Mr. Hardy does not introduce Troy to preach a moral. The moral is there, and an awful tragedy beats it into Bathsheba's heart, but such things are, such men are, and that is sufficient for the author, who is always an artist, here a supreme one. He does not draw a male flirt to show that the species are contemptible, but because there are male flirts; nor are the two terrible scenes, Fanny's death and Bathsheba opening the coffin, introduced to warn womenkind against the Troys. Bathsheba's mistake and its results are part of the tragedy of life which this author feels so keenly, so oppressively one might say. Never until Troy was shown at work had we learned from fiction how such a being may mesmerize a bewitching and clever woman into his arms. Many writers say their Troys do it, but Mr. Hardy shows it being done. There is the Devil's fascination in the wonderful scene in the hollow where Troy goes through his sword exercise, with Bathsheba for an audience:

> In an instant the atmosphere was transformed to Bathsheba's eyes. Beams of light, caught from the low sun's rays, above, around, in front of her, well-nigh shut out earth and heaven—all emitted in the marvellous evolutions of Troy's reflecting blade, which seemed everywhere at once, and yet nowhere specially. These circling gleams were accompanied by a keen rush that was almost a whistling—also springing from all sides of her at once. In short, she was enclosed in a firmament of light, and of sharp hisses, resembling a sky-full of meteors close at hand.

The ungenerous critics who are constantly bringing silly charges of plagiarism against Mr. Rider Haggard say that there is a similar scene in *Allan Quatermain*. Umslopogaas terrifies a cowardly Frenchman by whirling an axe around him much as Troy's sword encircles Bathsheba. But why compare the scenes, unless to point out that the one writer is an artist

while the other is not? Sergeant Troy, whatever may come of it, has fairly earned, one feels, the lock of hair of which his sword deprives Bathsheba. He has given fiction a great scene. The Zulu's joke, on the other hand, is merely vulgar and disgusting (because men calling themselves Englishmen look on and enjoy the victim's terror), and makes *Allan Quatermain* a book that I, for one, would not put into Mr. Lang's hands.

Novels have been divided according as they are popular with men or with women, though, indeed, only the favourites of the latter go into many editions. The lady who is at Mr. Mudie's counter daily may not skip everything except the love passages, but she prefers novels that are 'sentimental,' and has an aversion to complex characters. She is never sure how the Wessex persons, especially the heroines, will behave, and thus, though there is more lovemaking in the histories of Elfride and Eustacia than in the courtship of Mr. Besant's simple English girls, Mr. Hardy is disliked by lady readers, while the other novelist charms them. In an old library copy of *The Return of the Native,* I have been shown, in the handwriting of different ladies, 'What a horrid book!' 'Eustacia is a libel on noble womankind,' and (should this be mentioned?) 'Oh, how I *hate* Thomas Hardy!' For this the heroines are responsible. They are usually delightful, as Mr. Besant's are in a smaller way, but they are also riddles, which Mr. Besant's are not. Mr. Hardy seems by the time he began to write to have formed a theory about young women, which every one of his books, since he adopted a method of his own, has been largely devoted to illustrating. It is very subtle and elaborate, though in some cases it leaves not quite an essence of roses behind it, and it amounts to this, that on the subject of matrimony no woman knows her own mind. This is her birthright, whatever her degree, and she makes free use of it. Mr. Hardy's maidens, 'husband-high,' are persons who think marriage a terrible thing to contemplate, engagements not quite so fearful, and arrangements to get engaged presently comparatively safe. There never, however, were ladies more anxious to swim if it could be done without going into the water. They think they would like to marry, but are not sure when they arrive at the altar. They hesitate about becoming engaged lest they should then cease to love; they marry in secret, get engaged in secret, and even ask the gentleman whom they engage to get engaged to by-and-by to keep it to himself. They are seldom sure of their own love unless there is ground for believing that it is not returned, and the only tolerably safe thing to predict of them is, that first they will have two lovers and then marry a third. After marriage, we may suppose, they become more conventional, but until then they are for disturbing the peace of man. As Henchard, the grandest male figure in Mr. Hardy's novels, says: 'These cursed women—there's not an inch of straight grain in 'em!'

As a 'stylist' Mr. Hardy stands higher than any contemporary novelist. His writing has not always the air of distinction which sometimes catches one's breath when reading Mr. Stevenson, but it is clear, terse, without self-consciousness, and will henceforth, one may hope, be exclusively devoted to adorning the Wessex stories, of which the last, *The Woodlanders,* is a falling away, but the second last, *The Mayor of Casterbridge,*

in some ways the most dramatic and powerful. A further inducement to the author to continue this memorable series, is that when treating of Wessex life he is a humorist, and that his other novels have scarcely a glimmer of humour from beginning to end. This means that he is not a great humorist, and explains the fact that for pathos (as distinguished from tragic power) his stories are not remarkable. True humour and pathos can no more exist apart than we can have a penny-piece with only one side. Fanny crawling home to die is too awful for pathos. It is tragedy.

Robert Gittings writes:

When Barrie wrote this article about Hardy each man was at a decisive point in his career. Barrie, aged 29, had just collected in volume form the articles in which his native Kirriemuir appears as 'Thrums'. His first and famous novel, *The Little Minister*, was published two years later in 1891. Hardy, twenty years older, had produced eleven novels and one book of short stories, *Wessex Tales*. Although appreciated by a select public, he had not yet achieved an outstanding success, and the reception given to his books had always been a mixed one. Many Victorian readers had the suspicion that he was vaguely immoral, and Macmillans had received a protest about his latest book *The Woodlanders* (1887) couched in very definite terms.

> A story which can hinge on conjugal infidelity, can describe coarse flirtations, and can pronounce a married woman's avowed lover to be 'a good man who did good things', is certainly not fit to be printed in a high-toned periodical and to be put into the hands of pure-minded English girls.

In spite of such criticism, or perhaps because of it *The Woodlanders* remained Hardy's favourite among his own novels. Hardy, at the precise time of Barrie's article, was preparing his great attack on the sensibilities of the novel-reading public. In September 1889, a few weeks after Barrie's article, Hardy forwarded to the press a large portion of the novel which eventually became *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*. After instant rejection by three publishers, extensive rewriting, and some bowdlerisation, though no softening of the theme, *Tess* was published in 1891, within a few months of Barrie's *The Little Minister*. Barrie had a minor triumph: but *Tess* carried Hardy for the first time to fame and fortune.

Hardy was always abnormally sensitive to criticism, and he was understandably nervous all through the preparation of *Tess*. The generally friendly tone of Barrie's article must have pleased him; it may even have nerved him to send his manuscript for the first time to the publisher. While it was there, being read with horror, Hardy wrote a friendly note to Barrie, wishing to meet in London, but regretting he cannot do so because of *Tess*, referred to obliquely as 'some work which I have to get through being of a kind done best in the country.' The two met probably next summer, and, in spite of the difference in their ages, became firm friends for the rest of their lives.

Hardy's gratitude for a kindly notice at this time of crisis is patent. It blinded him to the fact that Barrie, in his article, touches jokingly on matters which generally annoyed him. One of these was Hardy's inability

to portray high society. *The Hand of Ethelberta* is roundly condemned—'its London life is preposterous'. When a later critic said much the same thing about the book, Hardy burst out

> Eveline 5th Countess of Portsmouth obtained an introduction to the author because this novel was the *only* one she had lately met with which 'showed society people as they really were.'

Then again, Hardy usually fought against suggestions that the charming and idyllic *Under the Greenwood Tree* was the norm by which his novels should be judged. He also usually tackled angrily those critics who felt, with Barrie, that his country folk were too articulate and that 'Rustics do not fling such smart things about promiscuously'.

There was plenty in the article, on its positive side, to please Hardy. Barrie's remark that Hardy was the only novelist 'who can scour the village and miss nothing', a tribute to Hardy's power of observation which he repeated again and again in later years, chimed with Hardy's own insistence that he was telling, as far as he could, the truth about rural life. Then again, Barrie praises Hardy for not being misled by the fashion for 'happy endings'. This, Hardy must have felt, supported him in his deliberately unhappy ending to *The Woodlanders*. Above all, Barrie perceived a tragic stature in both the story and the philosophy of Hardy's work, while Hardy had claimed that his 'Wessex' might display, rightly portrayed, the qualities of Shakespeare or the Greek dramatists. At all events, this article seems to have forged a friendship between the two men, which lasted till Hardy's death nearly forty years later. Barrie became a welcome guest in Dorset, and was even allowed to see the cottage where Hardy had been born, a privilege not given to many. Perhaps the simple and similar origins of the two men drew them together, quite apart from their admiration for each other's literary works.

[Dr. Robert Gittings, C.B.E., is the author of *Young Thomas Hardy* and *The Older Hardy* (now available in Penguin Paperbacks) and *The Second Mrs. Hardy*, with Jo Manton (Heinemann Educational Books, 1979).]

WERE THEY THE SAME AT HOME?

by Rosalind Wade

IT has been said that more books are written about D. H. Lawrence than any other author; if true, it was surprising to hear a comment at the 1980 Edinburgh Festival recently that his influence remains an 'undercurrent.' This could be due to the range and quantity of his writings, as well as the number of different places in which he lived and worked. It is very difficult to achieve an objective view of Lawrence and perhaps the solution is to make a concentrated study of one particular aspect at a time.

That at any rate seems to have been the intention of the Edinburgh Festival programme of readings at the St. Cecilia's Hall, selected by Roger Pringle, directed by John Tydeman and devoted almost entirely to the period following Lawrence's union with Frieda Weekley, in which Sheila Allen and Ian McKellen portray Lawrence and Frieda as starry-eyed, seldom stirred by the rougher kind of emotion. The impact of their first encounter in hum-drum Nottingham is conveyed with beautiful clarity in Sheila Allen's reading, largely in Frieda's own words. Lawrence wrote to a friend about Frieda Weekley with the enthusiasm of an infatuated youth, apparently without qualms as to the wisdom of depriving a future employer of his handsome, German-born wife. With surprising foresight, he seems to have recognised her importance to him as a bulwark against the hazards of a precarious future.

As for Frieda, she emerges as a more simplistic person, full of wonder at the beauty of birds and flowers. Yet in fact it was she who made the first overtures. Possibly she expected these to result in a casual affair, never contemplating an elopement, far less separation from her three young children. And although Lawrence rashly promised to 'have' the children, his offer was not based on any practical ability to support a growing family. Actually, he detested Frieda's two daughters and son, as is confirmed in Ian McKellen's wry, humorous reading of the relevant passage. Yet there was more to it than that. The abandoned off-spring were unlikely to be at their best with the interloper but, these natural tensions apart, Lawrence seems to have held a deep-rooted objection to the role of parenthood. As he wrote to the always tolerant Catherine Carswell:

> Having children is a clutching at the past, the back origins, for fulfilment *does not lie in the past.* You should be glad you have no children: they are a stumbling block now. There are plenty of children and no hope. If women can bring forth hope, they are mothers indeed. It is not in children the future lies. It is the truth, the new perceived hope, that makes Spring.

This woolly, negative kind of philosophising does not often intrude into the selected readings. Even so, the catastrophic effect on Frieda of being without the 'brood' (to quote her own words—'like a cat deprived of its kittens') is obvious. It was a recurring theme of bitterness and strife; yet in Sheila Allen's rendering of Frieda's own account, written many years later, Professor Weekley's famous ultimatum: 'Unless you

return, the children have no mother', seems no more significant than the cancellation of a tea-party.

Looking uncannily like early pictures and photographs of Lawrence, Ian McKellen displays his subject as modest and urbane, stoically resisting all attempts by the 'establishment' to discredit him. Nothing surfaces here of the near-paranoic displays of wrath over trifles, or the needless antagonising of loyal friends. Living with someone who is permanently at odds with the world is a souring experience, particularly if accompanied by bouts of physical violence. This ugly, darker side of the union remains unacknowledged in the smooth tenor of mutual tolerance as emphasised at St. Cecilia's Hall.

Perhaps it could be argued that but for World War I the relationship between Lawrence and Frieda might never have deteriorated so disastrously? In 1914, with the divorce accomplished, a brighter future could have been envisaged. Instead, as the war situation intensified, every aspect of prejudice and bureaucracy most disliked by Lawrence became ever more menacing.

Life on a pittance abroad had been one thing: cheap accommodation in war-time England was quite a different proposition. The £5 a year Cornish cottage could never have been as idyllic as it sounded, and was the scene of the Lawrences' expulsion from the county on a charge of spying. Some of the suspicion was almost due to Frieda's carelessness. Her own account of the episode reads like a light-hearted, though penitent admission. In fact the baseless, brutally conveyed accusation left an indelible mark on both of them; and even when, after the Armistice, they were free to leave the now hated British Isles for Italy, Australia, Mexico and Ceylon, the early optimism was never fully recaptured.

As so often happens, some quite trivial event prompted Lawrence's best work. An errand to the water-trough in sun-scorched Italy inspired 'Snake'. Ian McKellen's reading of the poem was one of the Festival's great moments.

Inevitably this duo performance, confined as it is to the period after 1912, fails to establish an effective bridge between the miner's son and 'man of letters' who, however reluctantly, became an associate of intellectuals and people who moved in what was then called 'Society'.

The Tarnished Phoenix neatly sidesteps any obligation to deal with the enigma of a man capable of producing plays, paintings, criticism, poems and novels, all within approximately two decades, handicapped for most of the time by ill-health and deplorable living conditions; later to be grouped by W. R. Leavis with a half dozen foremost British writers. By excluding all contradictory and controversial material, the readings at St. Cecilia's Hall fail to demonstrate this point. Yet in many ways the programme is worthwhile, if only because it isolates a side of Lawrence often overlooked. He was, as Norman Douglas wrote of him, 'a man of naturally blithe disposition, full of childlike curiosity'.

POEMS

THE WRITER'S HOUSE

Now in the winter of the Wiltshire hills
The snow is flat and all the stars are bright.
The writer's house is quiet while he kills
This vast damnation with his silent night.

The eyes of men and shops of spinning wheels
Are shut, and slowly, through the jar of space
He sees the Planet, Blue, and white, conceals
Behind such beauty, hell in heaven's face.

And so, by minute, more to make amends
With arch stupidity he might possess,
In hell he sees where heavenly conscience ends
In heaven where hell is learning how to bless.

SEBASTIAN BARKER.

LADBROKE GROVE

Rain. Parked vans, gutters
Swarming with leaves
Gleaming in Ladbroke Grove
Rain. Inside
Budgies beep, inside
Their cage, inside
The flat — which houses
Also, people — asleep
Innocently or not, till
Soon, self-alarmed, they
Clock in
To rage, routine, old age. Fleeting
Pleasures, much pain, the same
As elsewhere across London, in
Ladbroke Grove
Rain; but deep
down
inside
A few of those cages, rain
does not
stop
play —

MICHAEL HOROVITZ.

ART EXHIBITIONS AT THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

by James Campbell

IN the centre of the entrance hall in Edinburgh's new City Art Centre, a young North West Canadian Indian artist worked for three weeks during the 1980 Edinburgh Festival, assiduously, and extremely skilfully, chipping away at a log which was gradually being transformed into something which looked like a totem pole. I overheard him inform someone watching that the log would cost roughly $500, while a publicity hand-out told us that on the day after it had been removed from its Canadian storehouse the place burned down, destroying a number of identical logs. This latter detail added a hint of superstition and mystery to an otherwise sterile process—a sterile process which was none the less beautiful to witness and splendid in its results.

This example of art in action was a part of the exhibition entitled *The Legacy*, a display of native Canadian art, past and present. Its avowed aim was to 'provide an opportunity for both the general public and the native Indian people to become aware of the various tribal traditions of the past and their contemporary survival and re-discovery.' In simple terms, it exhibited tribal art from the last century, and also displayed modern re-enactments, or imitations, of that art.

The Legacy was originally shown at the British Columbia Provincial Museum in Victoria in 1971. The Edinburgh Festival version was an enlarged one. It quite likely succeeded in fulfilling its proposed aims. Where it quite likely did not succeed—and it could be argued that it was none of its business to try—was in answering the question, *When is a totem pole not a totem pole*? Surely, I would suggest, when it is disconnected from the ancient purposes which necessitated and conditioned its invention and utilisation. When this happens, something which once was part of a living culture becomes a relic. The young Canadian artists—Joe David, Gerry Marks, Dempsey Bob, are only three of many—have not, it seems clear, fully resolved the implications of that question. Much of their work, and that of their contemporaries and immediate forebears, is directly imitative. The exhibition dramatises them as brave custodians of a precious inheritance, struggling valiently to prevent a culture from becoming totally extinct. But on the evidence of *The Legacy* it appears that the method they have chosen for approaching their monumental task is not the best one for ensuring the continuance of the traditions. Old bodies have to be invested with new spirits if they are to be resurrected. What was most clear from the modern section of *The Legacy* was that the work is simply mimetic rather than reinvigorative.

In coastal Indian life, art served two main purposes. One was to render tangible the supernatural world. The mythic creatures which lived for centuries in the Indian mind were granted a place in the physical world by means of the totem pole, the decorated blanket or the chief's settee;

mythical ancestors were represented on masks. The other purpose of the symbols on the artifacts was to signal the owner's mythic origins. Each tribe—Haida, Kwakiutl, Coast Salish—had its unique symbols. Common denominators do exist, however, such as the use of a continuous, never-ending formline design which can be traced back to its origin; also the use of red cedar wood which is decay-resistant and tractable and therefore offers good basic material.

The exhibition, although it was relatively small by the standards we have become accustomed to, well displayed the individual characteristics of different tribes, even if it proved impossible to offer examples dating before the latter part of the nineteenth century. The art certainly existed in a sophisticated form before then:

> Many of the carvings are well-proportioned, and executed with a considerable degree of ingenuity. . . But then, this art is far from being in its infancy; a fondness for carving and sculpture was discovered by Captain Cook: iron implements were then also in use. . .

So wrote Captain Dixon, a sea otter trader, in 1789. Judged by his letters, Dixon seems like one of the few invaders who had it in themselves to be admiring—or even simply tolerant—of the indigenous art of tribes whose ultimate destruction they instigated. Others were less refined. One day in 1862 a traveller from San Francisco arrived in Fort Victoria. He was carrying smallpox, a disease then unknown to the natives. Within two years the disease had ravaged the area, killing two-thirds of the population. White traders are known to have stolen blankets from corpses —victims of the smallpox—and then sold them, complete with their fatal infection, to Indians. By the turn of the century Indians were being arrested, fined and even jailed for practising their ancient customs. All of this had the effect of damaging not only the morale and social fabric of the tribes, but also the myth and culture—dare we say, beyond repair?

The young Indian artists—some of whom were born in the 1950s—clearly do not think so, as *The Legacy* demonstrates. But their work, exquisitely beautiful although some of it is on the surface, appears to have no inner life, no mythic sub-conscious. Until a means has been discovered of adapting the ancient forms to the spirit of their own times, theirs will be a tragically doomed task. One does not protect an inheritance by putting it into cold storage.

A different kind of dissociation from primal inspiration affected the exhibition organised by the Scottish Arts Council and displayed at the Royal Scottish Academy. *Master Weavers—Tapestry from the Dovecot Studios,* 1912–1980, showed work done by weavers at the Dovecot Studios situated in Edinburgh. Here the source material was paintings by artists who are familiar to most people: Graham Sutherland, Eduardo Paolozzi, David Hockney, Harold Cohen, Robert Motherwell, etc.

A few of the tapestries were woven from designs specially submitted by artists. For example, those of Hans Tisdall. His works are rare among those in the collection in that they deploy the natural qualities of the material. Of Tisdall's work, Archie Brennan, master weaver at the Dovecot, writes:

> At the Dovecot we have for some years concerned ourselves with the textural aspect of weaving, using surface variations as something to juggle with along with colour and tone. We had collected a range of materials . . . dyed to our requirements, but I had always been guarding some undyed materials in this range with a view to weaving a white tapestry. The design had to be able to accept the range of texture and weaves, and when Hans Tisdall's *Man in the Moon* came along, I made one or two experimental fragments and went ahead. This meant replacing all the colour in the original design with an equivalent value in surface weave.

The result, in my opinion, was the most successful design in the entire exhibition. In *Man in the Moon,* the design grows out of the possibilities inherent in different wools, of varying techniques of weave and out of the textures of the fabrics employed, rather than being dependent on a pictorial content which would be far better off rendered in paint or chalk or pencil. It is difficult to term most of the other tapestries in the Dovecot collection anything other than 'reproductions', which is what they are. For example, there is a large *Spanish Elegy,* woven after a painting by Robert Motherwell. There is also a splendid design by Adolph Gottlieb, entitled *After Black Disc on Tan,* and there is more than one from David Hockney's *Blue Guitar* series. All of these, and many others, are reproductions which have been created with extreme skill and painstaking care (imagine, for example, attempting to reproduce the subtlties of an Ivon Hitchins canvas on the loom) but reproductions they are nevertheless. Most painters—and in particular modern American abstract expressionist painters—actually use their medium as a part of their subject. When that medium is replaced by another, in this case wool, then the raison d'être of the painting is undermined. I found myself continually looking at works in the Dovecot collection and experiencing momentary bursts of pleasure. But it took only one moment to realise that that pleasure derived not from what was immediately before my eyes, but from a memory which it had evoked. The rendering of Robert Motherwell's *Elegy* No. 116 into tapestry has contributed nothing, as far as I can see, to the original work.

In other cases, to be fair, the transition has succeeded in creating not only a new, but a separate work from the original painting. In Bernat Klein's original paintings the paint had been worked with a palette knife and one of the results was a very thick impasto. In the tapestry 'version', knitting, crotcheting, whipping, embroidery and many other techniques had to be used in order to give something of the original effect. In fact, Klein's paintings must have been untranslatable and the result is that what came off of the loom were original works.

Other works on display included several of Archie Brennan's own, and also some by Fiona Mathieson, artistic director at the Dovecot. These showed a very developed awareness of the extended possibilities of weaving, and it is surprising that over the years more emphasis has not been placed on works such as those by these two artists and by Tisdall and Klein.

Jack Bush (d. 1976) was a Canadian painter, though not an Indian one. Indeed, he painted in a style which is more immediately recognisable as American: large canvases, simple colours and simple forms. In this sort

of painting—of which Robert Motherwell is the greatest living practitioner —colour and form are the subject; representational dimension is nil. Success in the work depends on how well the painter realises the forms which are suggested by his initial experiments with shape and colour. Utilisation of space and tone, and the balance between the two, is everything. Works by such artists as Morris Louis, Helen Frankenthelar and Motherwell himself, can be breathtaking in their physical appearance, and also in the way in which such a splendid vision is achieved through minimal effects. These paintings may be best compared with a certain sort of poetry—haiku, for example—in which 'complexity' is not at issue, although profundity is. The emotional response must be instant, or not at all. Some of Jack Bush's work achieves this profundity; in some other paintings, however, he attempted a compromise between abstract and figurative, and here the emotion seemed more likely to disappear without trace down the hair's breadth crack between the two. His 'hard-edge' paintings are the least successful of all. Their brittle forms express no emotion (whether Bush intended that they should is impossible to say) and their colours and forms are boring and not exploratory. The Talbot Rice Centre gallery, named after the late Professor of Fine Art at Edinburgh University, has been in various sorts of difficulties recently. But it is to be congratulated on mounting this retrospective exhibition of the works of a painter who surely deserves greater recognition, even at this late stage.

Like the paintings which the Dovecot Studios rendered into tapestry for the RSA display, the works on show at the Fruit Market Gallery in *New New Mexico* would not have benefited from the change. Indeed, it is doubtful if anything could have improved the majority of them. Writing in the catalogue, the Director of the Santa Fe, New Mexico, Festival of the Arts, Jan Adlmann, states that the nine artists on display have in common only restlessness and the fact that none was born in New Mexico. All, however, live and work there and 'profess a strong response to the spirituality of New Mexico's limitless terrain. On this plateau, they seem to pursue art mainstream ideas each with his own interpretative slant. Expressly Southwestern icons often find a comfortable place in their work alongside more universal symbols and isms, however.'

I have to say that I did not recognise the more universal symbols and isms any more than I was struck comfortably by expressly Southwestern icons in this weak clutch of paintings. Most disappointing of all were two small works by Georgia O'Keefe. The paradoxical lucid vagueness of her desert landscapes and fleecy sky paintings was not in evidence in her *Two Jimson Weeds with Green Leaves and Blue Sky*. One must make what is perhaps the most damning remark of all: that it looked better in the catalogue than it did on the wall.

Elsewhere, Allan Graham's tortured abstractions, looking like a Francis Bacon in the middle of an epileptic fit, were the most interesting. 'Art is a gift to the viewer, a gift that must be earned over and over', Mr. Graham is quoted in the catalogue as saying. This is well-expressed. Graham's own

paintings, however, are in danger of taking the viewer's hard work for granted. His large canvases, with titles as diverse as *Embraceable You, Star Eyes* and *Untitled,* are dangerously repetitious. He uses specially prepared translucent Japanese papers, washed with grey and then torn and laid on canvas. This allows him to paint on a surface which contains wrinkles and fissures which add to the total impact of the work.

Paul Sarkisian's *Untitleds* (these labels would not be so depressing were the paintings themselves not as vacuous as their titles, or rather their untitles) at first appeared to be collages made up of envelopes, empty tobacco packets, sticky tape and so on. On closer inspection they turned out to be meticulously painted representations of envelopes, empty tobacco packets, sticky tape and so on. The catalogue describes this as 'Paul Sarkisian's particular contribution to the international revival of "realism".' How unfortunate that Mr. Sarkisian is yet unaware that reality is only discovered through constant probing of the mind and its illusions, and not by painting envelopes so perfectly that they look like nothing but envelopes.

[James Campbell is editor of the *New Edinburgh Review,* and a frequent contributor to many journals, including the *Times Literary Supplement* and the *New Statesman.*]

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Rosalind Wade

Time of Desecration. Alberto Moravia (Translated by Angus Davidson). Secker & Warburg. £6.50. *Maybe.* Lillian Hellman. Cape. £3.95. *Other People's Worlds.* William Trevor. The Bodley Head. £5.95. *Lamb.* Bernard MacLaverty. Cape. £4.95. *The Guilt and the Glory.* David Hanly. Arrow Books. £1.00.

For most readers of fiction, whether *avant garde* or frankly escapist, there has to be some kind of accepted norm, above or below which they are not prepared to venture. This consideration comes particularly to mind with *Time of Desecration.* A novel in many respects different from its predecessors, it may leave some members of Alberto Moravia's vast reading public doubtful and confused, not only for its extreme permissiveness—some parts of it read like extracts from a sex handbook—but because of a very curious narrative device. This takes the form of an unvaried dialogue between the narrator, 'I', presumably Moravia himself, and fifteen year old Desideria who unfolds the lengthy chronicle of her own sex initiation through page-long utterances of a remarkable sophistication. Add to that the intervention of a mysterious 'Voice', which alternately cajoles and commands the girl to commit outrageous acts as a prelude to 'revolution', and it will be seen that for both the reader and author there are problems of credibility and performance.

Desideria lives with her wealthy mother, Viola, in the most affluent district of Rome. Only—and this is the first of a series of psychological shocks—Viola is not her 'real' mother, having 'bought' the child from a local prostitute. Fortuitously, Desideria witnesses an orgy of perverted intercourse between Viola, her lover, and the governess. After that debasing spectacle, there are few surprises left for the unlucky girl, apart from her foster mother's persistent Lesbian advances. However, the scene is set for a progress of depravity and lust, and as the situation darkens the Voice becomes ever more intransigent. Desidera is instructed to expose and disrupt every aspect of the bourgeois mode of living and thinking by degrading all who enjoy wealth and power. Family photographs are defiled and thousands of lire notes destroyed. Sexual freedom of the casual or depraved kind is to be encouraged by Desideria, while zealously safeguarding her own virginity. This she contrives to do with the ingenuity of a tight-rope walker. Meanwhile, there are minor and major ramifications—the men on the periphery of Desideria's life, business affairs and the pulsating life of contrasts in the sprawling city. And overriding all these, the organisation of an outbreak of urban terrorism.

The climax to this shoddily conceived objective which, against all odds, rivets the reader's attention, is as squalid and ineffectual as guerrilla tactics usually turn out to be. In the course of it Desideria is seduced, yet her ultimate deflowering is something of an anti-climax, for she yields to a young revolutionary who has no particular liking for her and is infuriated at the discovery of her virginity.

An abortive shoot-out marks the end of the attempted coup, and provides a convincing analysis of a basically law-abiding girl willing to take part in violence. But of course, all is attributable to the Voice, and when in a frenzy

of disillusionment Desideria dismisses her grisly mentor, she has nothing more to confess to her narrator and as an alternative world issues are invoked. Rather sententiously, Desideria reminds her patient listener of Hiroshima and how, after the explosion, an imprint was left behind of a body totally destroyed by the blast. 'Finally,' she declares 'I shall no longer exist except in your writing, as an imprint, as a somebody.'

To anyone who has admired Lillian Hellman's books and plays over the years *Maybe* must come as a bitter disappointment. Not that there is anything intrinsically wrong in using the now popular novella form to delineate the complex and illusive personality of Sarah, a mysterious character who drops in and out of the narrator's life, leaving behind her only meagre clues. But Lillian Hellman's intrusion as an authentic commentator confuses rather than clarifies for, not surprisingly, she tends to be more interesting than her shadowy fictional creation. Her own love affairs (presumably true) are brittle and convincing by comparison with Sarah's half-hearted dallyings.

Sarah's excuse for anti-social behaviour is that she lives in the 'now', with no concern for yesterday or tomorrow. She is as likely to turn up in Rome as in America, leaving problems and disorder in her trail. With the telescoping of time her infant son, Som (son of many) is presented as an adult drug addict two thirds through the book. The intensity of emotion which erupts when Lillian Hellman encounters him is one of the novel's few strong moments. Sarah's untimely death has its poignant side and looks like being the end of the mini-saga, yet even that turns out to be faked—something to do with insurance, and it seems likely that she has only temporarily 'disappeared'. Lillian Hellman telegraphs and telephones Sarah's husband for firm news but he, like Sarah, seems to have disappeared off the face of the earth. Yet almost certainly, somehow, somewhere, Sarah is still pursuing her aimless existence and will turn up again to annoy Lillian Hellman or anyone else who happens to cross her path.

William Trevor is a writer with a very clear idea about his objective. He has a proved ability to deal with a variety of spheres and to convey the impression that he is thoroughly knowledgeable about all of them. The quiet opening of his new novel, *Other People's Worlds*, suggests that on this occasion he is not going to overstretch himself. The pretty Gloucestershire house and village near Cheltenham are typical of the heart of unspoiled England, and young-middle-aged Julia Ferndale appears to be a very ordinary person, widowed, with two grown-up daughters, content to have her mother's companionship and pin-money from freelance typing. But neither Julia nor the general situation is as innocuous as might be supposed. With astonishing alacrity she has set aside all memory of the once adored husband and agreed to marry young Francis Tyte, a TV actor so lean and handsome that people liken him to the young Leslie Howard. He has little work and less money, but Julia is ready to finance the honeymoon and sign away her jewels.

It is before the marriage has been solemnised that William Trevor leads the novel along an unexpected path. Francis Tyte is already married to a woman older than himself and has in addition a common-law wife, Doris, with a child—his—inaptly named Joy. Conventional, doting parents failed to prevent his early seduction by a homosexual lodger and the experience has left a lasting scar. As a protection against this and other unpalatable truths Francis Tyte has woven about himself a skein of fantasy and deception impossible for him or anyone else to unravel. It is with the uncovering of Tyte's secretly seamy way of life and Doris' alcoholic excesses that William Trevor's very individual methods of character investigation are seen at their best, so that

it comes almost as an anti-climax when he returns to the opening stance. For Francis Tyte and Julia Ferndale do marry—that is to say, they go through a ceremony in church and depart for the honeymoon in Italy where, rather inexplicably he chooses to inform her that the marriage is bigamous. Shaken by the resulting nerve-storms, they agree to part. Julia takes up life once again in Gloucestershire, a broken woman, and Francis settles in Germany with the expectation that she will provide him with a regular stipend. Will she? Apparently yes. Is it blackmail—or does she still love him? It seems that this must be the explanation. Will he remain abroad permanently? Possibly, for if he returns he will almost certainly face bigamy charges. A puzzling and somewhat inconclusive end to a lively, thought-provoking novel, illustrating how far apart people may be, mentally, even when living in close physical proximity.

In *Lamb,* also, there are unresolved situations. With brilliantly purposeful prose and observation, Bernard MacLaverty explores the dilemma of a young priest, Brother Sebastian (Michael Lamb in civilian life) who finds himself increasingly uneasy in his role of school-master at a reformatory-cum-boarding establishment in Northern Ireland. Moreover, Brother Sebastian has succumbed to the temptation which haunts all teachers and social workers—emotional involvement with a particular individual; in this case, Owen, the epileptic, maladjusted son of cruel, neglectful parents, who has slipped early into a career of wrong-doing. Lamb decides that Owen's only hope of salvation lies in removal from the school and the dour, repressive atttitude of the head administrator, and so sets out to elope with the boy to England, there to begin life afresh on a modest £800, drawn from a legacy.

Once in London the futility of the scheme is quickly revealed. Lamb is an inadequate and sentimental father figure, incapable of reconstructing the life-style of his bed-wetting, chain-smoking protégé. Educational sight-seeing soon takes second place to amusement arcades, and even the important daily dosage of anti-epileptic medicine becomes dangerously erratic. And of course, once appeals are being made over the radio for the absconding pair, the situation rapidly deteriorates. After a disastrous 'squat' in a homosexual nest, Lamb settles for a return to Ireland—not, as might have been anticipated, to obtain better conditions for Owen in a more sympathetic environment but to save him from 'the future' by killing him—and in a particularly callous and unpleasant manner. First, he substitutes aspirin for the epilepsy tablets and then entices the boy on to a lonely beach for a swim. Conveniently for the bizarre plan, immersion in the chilly water soon brings on a fit. Throughout the seizure, Lamb keeps the boy submerged. What is likely to happen after the premeditated crime is not made clear. Presumably, Lamb will be convicted of murder as well as abduction, with the worst possible moral inference placed on his actions. The final impression is one of incredulity that a man of God, even though 'lapsed', could so arrogantly disregard the limitless possibilities and advantages of simply being alive!

And finally, a very different picture of Ireland. David Hanly's new novel, *The Guilt and the Glory,* is a boisterous, often farcical account of the growing-pains experienced by a nation emerging rather too rapidly from the fetters of servitude. Basically, it is the story of a brief fact-finding tour of the Irish Republic undertaken by a team of American TV journalists. Irish writers and tourism officers accompany them. Inevitably, emotional tensions and scenes of heavy drinking predominate, but there is much more to this novel than sex and high living. With remarkable insight and balance David Hanly presents

the varied facets of a new and often unacceptable routine for both urban and city dwellers. Such a fearless, abrasive report of life in the twenty-six counties cannot have been welcome in all official quarters—yet it has the hallmark of truth.

Also Received:

The Walled Landscape. Caroline Bowder. Harvester. £6.95. A sensitive and unusual study of old age. At times *The Walled Landscape* moves slowly through a system of flashbacks, and the end is not entirely satisfactory; yet acute observation and consistently good writing make this a first novel not to be missed.

Dirty Tricks. Chapman Pincher. Sidgwick and Jackson. £5.95. Once again, in *Dirty Tricks,* Chapman Pincher draws on his vast experience as an investigative journalist on the *Daily Express* for a novel of exciting yet all too possible happenings in the world of espionage and power politics. The machinations and 'double think' of those who occupy high positions are Chapman Pincher's special sphere, and the final twist has all the desired elements of surprise.

The City Builder. George Konrad (Translated by Ivan Sanders). Sidgwick & Jackson. £5.95. *The City Builder* is a companion piece to the successful *The Case Worker,* in which once again the Hungarian writer, George Konrad, presents a revealing picture of life behind the 'Iron curtain'. Here are no spy or political dramas but the tough business of day to day survival, conveyed through brilliantly intuitive short scenes and thought sequences.

One Zero and the Night Controller. Michael Westlake. Routledge. £5.95. In a first novel of outstanding promise, Michael Westlake conveys his lively story through an original medium—the thoughts and problems of a night-duty taxi driver. His lonely occupation is enlivened by real life dramas and in particular that of Kathy, who has wantonly abandoned her middle-aged companion and herself gone missing. She is located, and her situation evokes some of Michael Westlake's best writing. Despite a highly professional understanding of the art of compression *One Zero and the Night Controller* is not without its *longeurs,* and takes some time to settle into an acceptable rhythm; yet once this is accomplished the result is a novel of quite exceptional style and pace.

NON-FICTION REVIEWS

PRISONERS OF CONSCIENCE

Prisoners of Conscience in the USSR: Their Treatment and Conditions. Amnesty International Report. £1.00.

This is a fast becoming a very well-worn theme. Indeed it is the third book I have reviewed upon it in recent months. But it *is* a topic of transcendent importance and the report *does* contain some information which is new, interesting and provocative.

The abuse of Soviety psychiatry as a political weapon, the defilement of the country's legal system, the details of the treatment meted out to dissidents in mental hospitals, the whole aura of ghoulishness, inhumanity and sheer

barbarism—all this has passed into recent history. It is not seriously denied and although this book deals with it in its later chapters it need not concern us here. The current corrective legislation—a valiant attempt by jurists to secure policy changes after the death of Stalin—has run into the expected reefs and shoals. Its theory and practice differ widely: Marxist-Leninist dogma is widely invoked to enforce it; at all stages the malignant hand of the KGB is in evidence.

The section dealing with the maintenance of prisoners makes a special impact. Hunger is a still prominent feature of colony and prison life; caloric intake is inadequate; under-fulfillment of work norms leads to reduced rations. Medical care is scanty and poor with inexperienced personnel as its arbiters. Non-Russian doctors cannot treat Soviet patients; prisoners' families are seldom permitted to send them food parcels, vitamins and drugs. Trying to see a medical person involves the prisoner in a bureaucratic maze of gargantuan complexity; if a doctor dares to make a report on the health of a patient it must go through the proper 'administrative channels'.

Corrective labour camps have as their leitmotif the 'reform' of the prisoner. This seems reasonable in theory but in practice what is attempted is a change of the prisoner's whole moral outlook and his relationship to his fellow men. Arbitrariness reigns supreme; often the institution is in no way corrective but merely punitive.

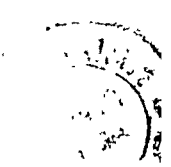
Marxist-Leninist dogma promulgates that work is a 'universal means of education of the people'. But again there is no logic or compassion. Those who do not work do not eat; the norm must at all costs be met; specially strict regimes demand of individuals remorseless toil, done under strict guard, affecting even invalids and cripples.

'Political education' goes hand in hand with work. Soviet 'legislation' must be explained; the history of the Communist party is repeated like some atavistic dirge. The 'official viewpoint' is law; conscience is a matter of no significance, the KGB being well trained to trample on that tender plant.

Along with work and politics vocational instruction forms the other leg of the tripod. High school education is supposed to be provided for those who have not previously attained the grade. But often the educational facilities provided are poor; there is a paucity of reading matter; complaints are frequently made that 'the intellect is starved'. On release from the camp the prisoner's job opportunity is bleak; he has in no way been rehabilitated; he is bitter and frustrated; the dissension in him is unlikely to have been expunged.

Within the prison administration in the Soviet Union as elsewhere there is a definite element of coercion between the administrative staff and the prisoners. The situation appears to vary greatly from one institution to another and in camps in which the KGB influence reaches its apogee the saga is especially bad. Prison security is always tight; at any time the prisoner can be subjected to a body search and his or her possessions carefully scrutinised. Books can be retained but any form of religious literature is banned. The finding of extra books, especially if not politically conformist, can lead to harassment, punishment and episodes of brutality.

The most severe corrective prison in the Soviet Union is in the ancient city of Vladimir. It is reserved for those guilty of 'grave crimes, for recidivists and especially for prisoners whose politics is non-conformist'. Over the years Vladimir has had many distinguished residents including such names as Yuri Federov and Vladimir Bukovsky. Here revanchism and intimidation reach their zenith; complaints are laughed out of court; the everlasting nightmare has finally arrived.



Amnesty International has done well to bring yet again to the public eye the truly horrendous conditions prevailing in Soviet labour camps. Stalin is not dead; in fact 1953 could never have happened and his paranoid personality could still be stalking the land. Krushchev tried and failed to destroy Stalin's legacy. Brezhnev and his acolytes have not even made an attempt. When the gerentology encompassing the current Soviet Politburo finally leaves the planet can we look for any change? One would be optimistic indeed in such an expectation.

JOHN A. LORAINE

MISSIONARY LEADER OF CONVICTION

Into All The World. F. W. Dillistone. Hodder and Stoughton. £8.25.

This is a biography of Canon Max Warren for twenty years general secretary of the Church Missionary Society and for ten years Sub-Dean of Westminster Abbey. Born into an Evangelical missionary minded world he lived, from 1904 to 1973, to see the word 'missionary' demoted and then resurrected. He served for a tragically short period himself among the Hausa people in Northern Nigeria, and then, from 1942 to 1963, directed the affairs of the largest missionary organisation of the Church of England.

With a thousand and more missionaries scattered across Africa, India and the Far East Max Warren set himself to write to them not as a headquarters official, but as an enquiring spirit, wondering whether all the Christian talk about 'the power of the Holy Spirit' was really true and effective in the modern world, or did it die with the death of St. Paul?

Every month Warren's *News Letter* went out from Salisbury Square, London and evoked a response from remote corners of the earth on politics, nationalism, education and race relations. They were read in embassies as well as churches, in traders offices as well as church vestries. They spoke in a new language about 'mission' rather than 'missions' and saw a new vocation for the 'missionary' in the creation of the new nations of the world. Warren was probably the best informed church leader in London, and was privately consulted both by Whitehall and Lambeth.

The heart of his missionary leadership was to think and act on what he called 'the voluntary principle'. He saw a vision of the Church Missionary Society with some 50,000 members dedicated to the support of the 'mission' across the world through the indigenous church. In looking towards the dawning of the 21st century he wrote:

> The voluntary association lies at the heart of church and state. Somewhere here is to be found the theological rationale for democracy as it has been developed in the West under the inspiration of the Gospel. I do not think that this is all fancy. There are not very many theological insights which have at once an appeal to my mind and to my heart. This is one of them. And for this one I am prepared to do battle anywhere and at any time.

Max Warren had his critics especially those church men who were doubtful of the 'voluntary principle' in a day when the independent church was beginning to take on its own shoulders the task of evangelism. He even carried his 'principle' into the polite and sacred environs of Westminster Abbey where he hoped that the Dean and Chapter could be more thorough evangelists. He longed to preach the faith to the crowds thronging the Abbey and longed especially for services which were more immediately relevant to the multitudes. He lies expectantly in the Abbey's South Cloister with the inscription of this book—'Into all the world'.

CECIL NORTHCOTT

A NEW VIEW OF THE 1930s

Class, Culture and Social Change : A New View of the 1930s. Edited by Frank Gloversmith. With a Foreword by Asa Briggs. Harvester Press (unpriced). 285 pages.

As Professor Asa Briggs explains in his enticing Foreword, this University of Sussex symposium combines 'social history, the sociology of art and literature, political and ideological debate, cultural theory and socio-cultural practice'. The Editor, Frank Gloversmith, is the University's Lecturer in English and American Studies. He is also a literary critic. He should apply his skill in that genre to his own prose style. One quotation is more than enough: 'This extrapolating from one activity of the sensibility, defined as hermetically autonomous, to the total, complex activity of consciousness itself—reified as a self-ordering entity—is central to the philosophical validation of the theory of cultural élites'. Such cacophony gives social studies a bad name and puts readers off.

Mr. Gloversmith's opening chapter on the defining of culture, with reference to J. C. Powys, Clive Bell, R. H. Tawney and T. S. Eliot, meets Bell's thesis that 'civilisation requires the existence of a leisured class' with Tawney's 'Clever men are impressed by their difference from their fellows; wise men are conscious of their resemblance to them'. For Eliot as for Bell, 'Equality is the poison to culture'. Yet he acknowledged a special debt to Tawney. This startles Mr. Gloversmith. But, as Valentine Cunningham perceives, the Caroline-Laudian High Anglican Royalist that was Eliot, could accept much of the analysis of the Protestant and Puritan ethic and work-ethic in *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism.* According to the anti-Whig interpretation of history, the Cavaliers drew sword against plutocracy; and Lecky records that the Tories were the party of the poor.

By the 1930s, however, the Conservatives had become a Whig-Tory coalition. Harold Macmillan was a Tory married into Whigs. John Lowerson's closing chapter on the struggle for access to moor and mountain recalls clashes between campers and ramblers, penetrated by Communists whose 'entryism', as we now call it, and also 'revolutionary culture' are themes for Alun Hawkins, and the gamekeepers of the Duke of Devonshire. Was there a stirring of folk memory in the resistance on the Labour Left to the present Duke's plan of a marina at Eastbourne, the town which receives honourable mention in these pages for saving Beachy Head from bungalow development?

In the 1930s intellectuals sallied forth from ivory towers to man the barricades. David Mellor shows the effect of the 1931 crisis on many artists. Valentine Cunningham cites the pamphlet, *Authors take sides on the Spanish War,* 'instigated apparently by Nancy Cunard'. The question 'Are you for or against Franco and Fascism?' was loaded. Some of the replies were strangely interpreted. This was the period of the Left Book Club and the British attempt, recalled by John Coombes, another jargoneer, to form a People's Front, stretching from Cripps almost to Churchill. This nauseated the revolutionary patriot George Orwell, the subject, with Auden, of another chapter by the Editor, but was seen by a future Poet Laureate, then a man of the Left, as the defence of 'the bad against the worse'. A powerful motive was the belief, reflected in the popular fiction analysed by Martin Ceadel, that general war, for which Spain was a rehearsal, would destroy civilisation.

Both world wars transformed the status of women—James Lewis's subject.

The remaining contributor, Stuart Laing, writes, *inter alia*, of Mass Observation and its originator. Tom Harrisson died soon after being interested by Lord Briggs in his University's Mass Observation Archive; and this book is suitably and gratefully dedicated to him.

JOHN BIGGS-DAVISON

A LIFE OF MONTY JAMES

Montague Rhodes James. Richard William Pfaff. Scolar Press. £15.

Ghost stories were to M. R. James as Sherlock Holmes was to Conan Doyle. And there is a shared irony in the fact that it is by those least-considered productions of their wide-ranging activities that both men are best remembered. Whereas Doyle is the subject of at least eleven biographies, Professor Pfaff's is the first full-scale biography of James. The book is long—461 pages—and scholarly, concentrating, quite properly, on James' academic achievements, which were indeed very considerable. A biblical scholar of the first rank, peculiarly fascinated by apocryphal apocalypses, James was a pioneer in related fields of paleography and bibliography, filling the interstices of his time with additional, and important, studies of such recondite subjects as ecclesiastical wall paintings and the iconography of stained-glass windows. It was James' ambition to rediscover, or rather to expose, the law stuff of medieval English thought, and clearly the depository of such material was the monastic library. His quest, therefore, led him to spend nearly forty years of his life cataloguing an immense number of medieval manuscripts lodged in the libraries at Cambridge, Eton, Lambeth Palace, and many other places, always endeavouring to trace the provenance of such manuscripts back to their (frequently) monastic source.

Professor Pfaff's book is therefore, and necessarily, very largely taken up with descriptions of James' activities as a cataloguer, and is, again necessarily, the record of a somewhat static life. Born in 1862, educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge, James' subsequent bachelor life polarised about those two institutions. At the age of twenty-seven he became Dean of King's. In 1905 he was elected Provost, and was Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge from 1913-1915. In 1918 he relinquished his twenty-nine-year university tenure and accepted the provostship of Eton, which position he occupied until his death in 1936.

Professor Pfaff does his honest best to disinter the 'pale scholar' from beneath the mountains of medieval documents. Monty James is glimpsed riding his bicycle—about the English countryside, visiting antiquarian sites, and through France, ticking off with a train-spotter's innocent enthusiasm 'cathedrals seen' from his carefully compiled list. He is shown absorbed in the adventures of Sherlock Holmes and, later, in the nonchalant investigations of Dorothy Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey, and chuckling his way through the pages of P. G. Wodehouse. He puffs his pipe over the *Daily Telegraph* crossword puzzle, which, surprisingly, frequently foxed him, and puts the finishing touches to a learned article on the 'New Sayings of Christ' for *Contemporary Review* (1897). Concerning the celebrated ghost stories and the circumstances of their inspiration and production, Professor Pfaff has comparatively little to say, but even so that little is interesting. On the other hand, James' academic pursuits are described in such detail as will bewilder the reader who is not immersed in the rather out-of-the-way subjects of James' specialization. The account of his early years is especially well presented, and the section of the book which deals with the manners and customs of the Eton of his schooldays is excellent.

Provost James read eight languages—and had a smattering of Hebrew and Syriac. He cared passionately about apocryphal literature, hagiography, and

Christian archaeology, although for so punctilious a scholar he was a curiously careless transcriber, in an utterly illegible hand, and an appallingly poor proof-reader. He was vaguely misogynistic, but a notoriously genial host to Cambridge freshers and small fry at Eton. His knowledge of recondite matters was remarkable, and if one wanted to know more about, for instance, the Crown of Thorns, the names of the soldiers at the foot of the cross, or if it was so that the murderers of Thomas à Becket 'lost their senses of smell and taste immediately after the deed', then one promptly wrote to Dr. James. It was only on the subject of himself that he was studiedly reticent, and despite all the industrious research which has gone into the making of a massive biography the secret life of Montague Rhodes James remains unbroached. You may whistle through it—but *he* will not come to you.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

THE LAST MEDICI

The Last Medici. Harold Acton. Macmillan. £9.95.

There are two elements to be considered in this re-publication of a text first conceived in 1932 when the author was 25. Firstly and most obviously, the text. Secondly the illustrations which distinguish this edition from earlier ones.

In his original Preface Harold Acton hopes to be forgiven if he has sacrificed 'much of the outer to the inner history which describes the individual and desires the unique. . . .' His reading was impressively wide but he is never quite at ease in selecting how much of the 'outer' is necessary in order to support the 'inner'. He tends to throw the reader into the midst of political or feudal claims, or genealogical tresses overburdened with battles and personages not previously alluded to. The opening of the first chapter would give the unprepared reader much to guess at until the rôle of Vittoria della Rovere is slowly established. And the Tuscan Succession . . . ! This lack of clarity is exacerbated by the perverse omission of any genealogical tables at all.

The text is informative but unbalanced. As intriguing a personage as Marguerite-Louise d'Orléans was, she does not warrant so much coverage, especially once she had withdrawn to Paris. Yet Harold Acton, in the 1958 introduction, says that to have introduced more 'hair-raising anecdotes' about Gian Gastone, or letters of Prince Ferdinand to famous painters and musicians, would have been mere 'frills and furbelows.' I would have thought such information more to the point than Marguerite-Louise's behaviour in the Parisian convent.

In spite of Harold Acton's claim to 'moral detachment' he yet implies judgements of a very conventional and narrow ethic. In dealing with the part played by Cecchino de' Castris, the lover of Prince Ferdinand, in the relationship between the latter and his father, he says: 'A treaty was thus entered into between the Grand Duke and the hereditary Prince with a eunuch as guarantee to its observance'. The implication being that eunuchs, because of their mutilation, must be less honourable and reliable than anyone else. The very characters who play the main rôles in his history would give the lie to this.

The style is affected and full of archaicisms—'tissue' for cloth, or *'lotos'*. He also uses *'pensieroso'* without italics or inverted commas where 'pensive' would do, and yet adopts an anglicised plural like 'festas'.

The illustrations are chosen to impress by their number rather than their pertinence. Six are devoted to the villa of Poggio a Caiano, eight to that at Pratolino, six to Anna Maria Luisa but none to Prince Ferdinand except as a

tiny child. None to Cardinal Francesco Maria. There is an admirable bust of Gian Gastone in the Uffizi but he is accorded only a medal and a scene in bed which do not delineate the full decadence of his Pekingese-dog face. Other illustrations, like those of the Villa *La Magia* or the Still Life with Cherries' of Bimbi are not even referred to in the text.

CYRIL FRADAN

MAGDA GOEBBELS

Magda Goebbels: A Biography. Hans-Otto Meissner. Translated from the German by G. W. Keeble. Sidgwick and Jackson. £8.95.

Magda Goebbels is known to most people as the wife of Hitler's Propaganda Minister, who in the last few hours of the Nazi Regime murdered herself and her six children. One might indeed wonder whether there is need to know much more about her. Yet her personality does give us some insight into the origins and course of Nazism. She was an essentially rootless creature. She spent part of her childhood in Belgium with her Jewish step-father; she abandoned Catholicism to marry a wealthy German industrialist and, eventually after this ended in divorce, she married Goebbels in 1931. Ultimately this proved an unhappy marriage because of his constant adulteries (one of his lesser vices.) Yet throughout all these adventures, the reader sees that underneath this essentially stupid woman there lay not evil but boredom, constant boredom. She had early followed the path so popular with her type in this century and abandoned any form of Christianity for the self-taught vagaries of Buddhism. This cult apparently offered her such spiritual consolation as she required and the author (though not the translator) thinks it played a large role in her suicide and her murder of her children.

The author has written some fifty books on travel and hunting and at times this account leaps over the frontiers of fact and the barriers of complicated matters with the facile style of some travel writers. This is his second book on Frau Goebbels; his earlier effort, *Partner to the Devil,* appeared under a pseudonym in 1951. It is good to be told that this second attempt is much more authenticated. We are also promised that the author will eventually write of 'my own extremely varied life.' For those unable to wait for this, various aspects of it can be found in the footnotes.

The best parts of the book are the reports of conversations which were given to the author of Magda's devoted sister-in-law. Here in these dialogues, embarrassing in their triviality, we are brought face to face with the sheer boredom of the Nazi luminaries. Here, for example, we have Hitler himself in October, 1942 when he notices Magda's silver fox fur. 'Tell me, dear lady,' says Hitler, 'do you realize that innocent animals are killed simply that you may wear this fur?' Magda replied, in a manner disrespectful both to the Führer and the Buddha, 'I don't find the fate of foxes excessively tragic.' To this Hitler rejoins: 'That's just what's wrong, that we no longer understand the tragedy of things. If only everybody realized that the destruction of only one life cannot be vindicated, so many things would be different and better.'

RICHARD MULLEN

THE VIGIL OF BOBBY

The Story of Greyfriars Bobby. The Ampersand: Edinburgh. £1.

Although Mr. Forbes Macgregor has assayed the righting of an oft-(wrong)-told legend of Victorian Edinburgh as the principal objective of his book—

particularly with the setting right of the younger generation in mind—the story which he has to tell and, indeed, tells with great accomplishment and deceptive simplicity in the most pleasing style, ranges far beyond the events immediately besetting his central character. That central character was a wee Skye terrier, Bobby, whose fourteen-year vigil beside the grave of his dead master in Edinburgh's historic Greyfriars Churchyard, has become synonymous with the word 'fidelity'. Mr. Macgregor's far-ranging and exemplary researches have laid bare a number of time-honoured inaccuracies in a beautiful legend. Most fundamental is his discovery that Bobby's master was not 'Auld Jock' the shepherd o' the Pentlands, but an Edinburgh police-constable named John Gray, and that Bobby was his official watch-dog, who patrolled the cattle market with him by night, guarding it from the depredations of sheep-stealers and suchlike lawbreakers. The bond between man and dog was exceptionally strong, and when, in February 1858, Gray died, aged forty-five, of tuberculosis, Bobby absolutely refused to leave his graveside. And there for the next fourteen years, until its own death in 1872, the faithful dog remained, becoming one of the most famous and beloved 'characters' of Victorian Edinburgh.

Mr. Macgregor's meticulous account of the many incidents surrounding the little dog's long and lonely vigil not only make it one of the most moving of true animal stories, but, enriched by the author's powerful re-creation of the curious vagaries of human life in the 'Auld Reekie' of the last century, the book acquires the added dimension of social history.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS

A House Divided (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £6.50.). 'The Lib-Lab Pact and the future of British politics, is the sub-title of this valuable book by the leader of the Liberal Party. Apart from some autobiographical preliminaries, David Steel concentrates upon a detailed account of the pact, based mainly upon a diary made during March 1977 to September 1978. The pact, of course, saved the minority Labour government from defeat and gave the Liberal Party more direct political authority than it had enjoyed since before the second world war. Mr. Steel has long been an advocate of consensus government outside the narrow limits of pure party dogma. 'The pact achieved its short-term objective of controlling inflation' bringing it down from nearly 20% to under 9%. It also gave the Liberals some minor but important legislative success. Mr. Steel points to a very important flaw in the scheme, due to the need for haste, namely 'the limited consultation in both parties'. Indeed the pact was viewed with suspicion in wide sections of both. In the Liberal Parliamentary Party, itself, it was opposed by Jo Grimond and Cyril Smith. At the General Election in 1979, the Liberals did remarkably well, losing only 2 seats. David Steel tells us that he never feared an election during the pact and would have welcomed one when it ended in September 1978. Nonetheless the party was able to dissociate itself from the Labour Party much more easily during six month gap. The need for electoral reform and proportional representation is inevitably at the heart of the argument for the party's future. The permanent value of this book is undoubtedly Mr. Steel's diary of events.

Clairvoyant Reality (Turnstone Press. £4.50. Paperback). An unusual approach to parapsychology by Mr. Lawrence LeShan, an experimental psychologist, who, finding that 'psychical research today is an unmitigated disaster area' with scarcely more than 25 full-time researchers in this field in the entire world, asks a new question. That is: 'What is the relationship between the sensitive and the rest of reality at the moment when paranormal information is being acquired?' He finds this a more fruitful area of enquiry than the old, barren one of: 'How does the sensitive do it?', and indicates correspondences between the way in which sensitives, mystics and physicists describe a way of looking at reality which he terms the Clairvoyant Reality, as opposed to the Sensory Reality. By this view, there is a central unity, indeed a Gestalt, to all things, time is not separated into past, present and futurity, evil is mere appearance, and there is a better way of gaining information than through the senses. The book, first published in 1974 as *The Medium, the Mystic and the Physicist,* is clearly argued until the last chapter, about which the author expresses some diffidence and which is heavily mystical and 'non-scientific'. He has drawn extensively throughout on mystical sources and finally joins them in, indeed, a cosmic oneness.

(R.W.-E.)

The Portable D. H. Lawrence (Penguin Books. £1.95). This anthology by Diana Trilling was first published in 1947. Since then it has gone through numerous reprints; and this new paperback is published in the Viking Portable Library. After Diana Trilling's general Introduction, the volume is divided into separate selections on Stories and Novelettes, excerpts from novels, namely *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*, Poems, Travel, Letters and Essays and Critical Writing. It is a collection of much interest and challenge.

Political Fictions (Routledge and Kegan Paul. £9.75). In *Political Fictions* Michael Wilding re-explores an accepted concept—that the creative writer and the novelist in particular exerts a very real influence on social and moral issues. He develops the theme mainly with regard to politics, devoting most of the seven sections to an examination of the work of Mark Twain and D. H. Lawrence, among others, assisted by illuminating quotations. These provide valuable new light on the authors involved as well as serving the overall theme. The Introduction is rather more than a mere Preface and underlines the important influence of historical and social novels on political thinking.

Portrait of the Severn (Hale. £5.75). Once again the naturalist and writer on country matters, J. H. B. Peel, has produced a regional study of outstanding interest. In *Portrait of the Severn,* with the aid of maps and photographs, he explores a wide area covering Chepstow to the Welsh mountains. John Masefield once said of J. H. B. Peel that he knew more than any other man living about the inner life of the countryside.

The Earth (Penguin Books. £1.95). A recent addition to the Penguin Classics series is a new translation of Zola's novel about French peasantry in the Second Empire. The translator, Douglas Parmee, has also contributed a useful Introduction. The volume should be widely welcomed.

ORBIS AND THE INTERNATIONAL POETRY SOCIETY

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For full details of membership of the I.P.S. and of subscriptions to Orbis, write to Robin Gregory, Youlgrave, Bakewell, Derbyshire. 25p will bring a specimen copy.

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ATTITUDES TO SOCIALISM

by Michael Stewart

WHEN the hero of Aristophanes' comedy, *The Birds*, founded the city of Cloud-Cuckoo-Land he was visited by every kind of religious, political and scientific adviser. 'What have you got there?' he asks one of them. 'Measuring rods for sharing out land.' 'D'you mean land for settlers in a new colony?' 'No, no—all land'. 'A good idea', says the city founder, 'very public spirited'. It is unlikely that Aristophanes himself favoured re-distribution of land, but he knew what would go down well with the audience. The social unrest caused by inequalities of wealth and ownership was a constant problem in ancient Greece, and serious writers advocated either re-distribution of land, or its common ownership as remedies.

These two ideas appear again much later in the Peasants Revolt in this country in 1381 (is anyone planning to celebrate the 600th anniversary next year?) Its best known leader, John Ball, said 'Nothing will go right in this realm of England till all things be held in common', but many of his supporters favoured the more moderate course of making land available, at a low controlled rent, to all who wanted it. Today, the constitutions of several East European countries declare that 'the land belongs to those who cultivate it', and this is interpreted, in proportions varying from one country to another, to mean some collective farms and some peasant proprietorship.

Underlying all these manifestations is the belief that gross inequalities of wealth are wrong: that everyone ought to have a decent chance: that everyone should do his share of the world's work (just as Adam delved and Eve span) and get a fair share of the wealth that was produced; and that an essential step to this goal was a fundamental change in the ownership of the means of production—of which, in early times, land was the largest and most obvious example. It is this belief which is the germ of what we now call Socialism. It is a belief which refuses to be confined to Cloud-Cuckoo-Land and searches, time after time, to embody itself in practical institutions. The armies of Macedon put an end to social change in ancient Greece, and the ruthless nobles surrounding Richard II disposed of the peasants. The social changes in Eastern Europe today are protected by the apparatus of one-party dictatorship and the armies of the Warsaw Pact, but the result has been so much tyranny and militarism that one wonders whether the social and economic changes were worth

making. This is not the first time it has been demonstrated in history that if just and necessary changes are not made wisely, humanely and in time, they will be made with blood and terror and lose their virtue in the process.

Between ancient or medieval times and our own day lies the huge and complex episode of the Industrial Revolution. Without changing the fundamental nature of Socialist belief, it profoundly altered the circumstances in which that belief must operate and greatly increased the number of people who were attracted to it. The growth in the total of wealth made the contrast between rich and poor more glaring, and at the same time suggested that the abolition of poverty was now a practicable possibility, and not a dream. The crude alternation of boom and slump made men critically aware of the gap between the efficiency of machines and the clumsiness in the organisation of society. To visualise a better way of managing human affairs was no longer the mark of a crank. Among the middle classes, what had been a vision for poets and prophets became a subject of study by historians, scientists and industrial managers. From the working classes there came no longer spasmodic and short-lived revolts but the powerful and unremitting pressure of well-organised trade unions. At the same time the task of realising Socialism was made more complex: ownership and management of the means of production would mean not only the ability to farm land but to deal with the problems of Industry and Commerce, Science and Inventions.

The development of Socialist thought in this period is inevitably connected with the name of Karl Marx. He, like Darwin and Keynes, is one of those few who have effected a permanent change in the way in which human beings think. A modern historian, economist, or politician may disagree with Marx profoundly, but cannot leave him out of account. Of all his doctrines, the one which has most successfully stood the test of time is that which depicts Capitalism as torn by its own contradictions and therefore destined to be superseded by Communism. He did, indeed, underestimate the recuperative power of Capitalism, which it demonstrated after both the first and second world wars. In consequence he became for a time out of fashion except in countries under Communist rule. Since 1970, however, as the difficulties of Capitalism have multiplied. Marxism has become increasingly fashionable, particularly in Universities in the West.

Capitalism showed enough vigour to survive in those countries where it was most highly developed. Its success in producing wealth enabled it to provide welfare services which alleviated the lot of the least fortunate, and to meet the growing demands of the trade unions. In Russia and China, where it had never been fully grown and was incompetently managed, it collapsed and Marx's disciples took over; and the Russian Communists later extended their rule and their doctrines to neighbouring countries. There was one of Marx's teachings which they had particularly taken to heart—the doctrine that a 'dictatorship of the proletariat' was an essential instrument for the establishment of Socialism or Communism. Scholars argue about the exact significance which Marx attached to this

phrase; what it has come to mean in practice is the one-party state—dictatorship not *of*, but *over* the proletariat, exercised by a supposedly infallible Party leadership, backed by military force. Marx had always over-simplified human nature, believing that the desire for economic gain, for oneself or one's class, dwarfed other characteristics; he had not considered that the sheer desire for power can become a ruling motive. This desire is found, to a greater or less degree, in all human beings: those who have absorbed the doctrines that by becoming part of a collective dictatorship they can solve all economic and social problems, become power addicts, holding on to power long after the purposes for which it was meant to be used have been forgotten.

In Marx's language Socialism was a state of society described by the phrase 'From each according to his ability; to each according to his work'. It was a prelude to Communism where the rule would be 'From each according to his ability; to each according to his needs'. These definitions are no longer of interest except to specialists in Marxist studies; they no longer coincide with the recognised use of words. In the West today, the word Communist describes someone who believes in the use of a party dictatorship to establish and maintain a particular economic and social order. A Socialist is one who maintains that the Socialist objectives—that is to say, a just and humane distribution of wealth and sufficient public ownership of the means of production to guarantee it—can, and must be achieved by democratic processes.

Belief in democratic Socialism was encouraged in Western Europe by the toughness of democratic institutions themselves. The erosion of Western democracy in the 1930s was triumphantly countered by the defeat of Hitler in 1945. In the legislatures which emerged after the war, Socialist and kindred elements were strong, while Western Communist Parties found themselves increasingly embarrassed and dismayed by the plainly tyrannical and aggressive behaviour of the Soviet Union. In Britain, where the voting system usually gives one party or another a clear majority, Clem Attlee was able to form a democratic Socialist government, although in many continental countries Socialists found themselves sometimes in and sometimes out of coalition governments and consequently obliged to give more attention to securing reforms in the direction they wanted than to considering a fundamental transformation of society. Today we may notice the following groupings of the Left in Western Europe.

1 Orthodox Communists, professing a Marxist faith and sympathetic to the Soviet Union; (of these the French Communist Party is a notable example).

2 Communists with a difference, as in Italy, who still use the Communist name and profess Marxism, but in practice have moved towards the Socialist position both in home and foreign affairs.

3 Socialists, who combine belief in democracy in the political field, with Socialism in the economic and social fields. They maintain that these two beliefs are necessarily complementary: without democracy you cannot achieve the just and comradely society which Socialists want, and without

Socialism you do not get full democracy, because the inequalities of wealth and power which result from Capitalism distort the working of democratic institutions. The outstanding example of this group is the British Labour Party.

4 Social-Democrats. This is the actual name of the chief party of the left in Federal Republic of Germany, but the term is also used to describe those in other West European countries, who are inclined towards Socialism but do not lay great emphasis on public ownership of the means of production, preferring to modify Capitalism by particular measures of state ownership and control where the case for this is strongest and most obvious, and to extend welfare services, pensions, and education to a greater degree that is welcome to the parties on the right in politics.

Among these groups the first, the Orthodox Communist group, stands by itself; its repeated efforts to justify the behaviour of the Soviet Union have alienated it from the rest. The other groups tend to overlap. The British Labour Party, for example, belongs in the main to the third group, being Socialist in inspiration: but among its supporters there are some who resemble the second or 'Euro-Communist' group, and more who might properly be described as social-democrat. It would be wrong to under-estimate, throughout Western Europe, the influence of social-democrat thought and practice. Capitalism in those countries today is a very different animal from what it was at the beginning of this century. The development of social security; the provision for the sick, unemployed and disabled; the expansion of educational opportunity: the increased bargaining power of trade unions, not only over wages but over conditions of work, redundancy pay, and the right to be consulted by employers; all these have made life for working people strikingly different from what it was two generations ago. It should also be noticed that although public ownership of the means of production has not progressed as far as Socialists would wish, the power of the State to control private industry and require it to conform to social objectives—such as town planning, balanced location of industry as between different regions of a country—has greatly increased.

Britain under Clem Attlee's leadership was the pioneer in this development; and it looks as if Britain under Mrs. Thatcher's leadership may be the first to tread the road back to a less restricted and more aggressive form of Capitalism. The intention of the Attlee Government was Socialist —to make such changes in the ownership of the means of production, and in the distribution of wealth as would produce a new kind of society. This is clear both from its actions and from what Clem Attlee wrote in his book *The Labour Party in Perspective*. By the time it left office it had made considerable progress in the distributive side of Socialism, but had run into difficulties over public ownership. The nationalised industries were never as inefficient as a hostile press made out; indeed, had they been left in private hands the result would probably have been disastrous They gave, however, the impression of being stodgy, monolithic, remote; too little attention had been paid to proper schemes of promotion, a salary structure that would encourage the managers, or sufficient contact

with workers or consumers. Nor had thought been given to means of public ownership other than nationalisation; and the nationalisation of land, which could have been the most immediately remunerative to the nation, had not been attempted. The governments of Harold Wilson and Jim Callaghan began to remedy these deficiencies but were hampered all the time by world recessions and balance of payments difficulties which posed an extremely awkward question 'What does a government with Socialist intentions do when, for reasons largely beyond its control, the total growth of wealth is disappointing?' The Labour governments' answer was to seek agreement with the trade unions on an incomes policy. Some kind of incomes policy is indeed an essential part of Socialism; you cannot have a planned economy or secure a just distribution of wealth if powerful groups claim the right to take as much as their industrial muscle will get for them. There were, however, many trade union leaders—and still more rank-and-file trade unionists—who insisted on free collective bargaining, unhampered by incomes policy. They believed not so much in Socialism as in what Bernard Shaw had called, much earlier, 'trade union capitalism'. The results of this hostility were the Labour defeats of 1970 and 1979. Today's paradox is that it is, usually, the more professedly left wing unions who agree with Mrs. Thatcher in rejecting incomes policy and the more moderate who agree with the Labour leadership accepting it.

Successive Labour Governments, therefore, though Socialist in intention, had produced a record of achievement which could best be described as social-democratic; and this occurred because neither the Labour Party nor the Trade Unions had given sufficient thought to the problems involved in building Socialism. The electorate had liked Labour's social reforms but, increasingly, doubted whether the nation could afford them unless the problem of incomes policy were solved. Today the electorate dislikes the effects of Mrs. Thatcher's policies but hopes—though with decreasing confidence—that the theory on which they are based will prove to be sound. The voters seem to have a choice between a party whose head is not screwed on tight enough and a party whose head is indeed screwed on tight, but back to front, looking for an unattainable past of *laissez-faire* capitalism.

In this situation, what becomes of the Labour Party and its Socialist heritage? Some of its members would like it to reconcile itself to a social-democratic role as a party of moderate reform. Yet even if this could be made acceptable to the rest of the membership, the economic problems facing Britain would hardly permit it to succeed. We have to tackle a great problem of industrial mobility; as new inventions increase productivity per worker in some occupations, those who are no longer needed must have the opportunity to learn new skills. We have to decide what reliance to place in the future on oil, coal, nuclear power and other sources of energy. Somehow, the volume of investment has got to be increased and directed into the most promising channels. How are we to deal with these and other difficulties?. Possibly, if we cut taxes (and of necessity cut social services likewise) sufficiently, we shall stimulate enterprising individuals to find the answers for us; but the evidence of the

twenties, the thirties and the fifties does not encourage us to believe this. Alternatively, we can set about creating a national plan, with sufficient public ownership to make it effective, and this would be a Socialist rather than a social-democratic solution.

But if the Labour Party is to play this part, it must sloganise less and think more; in opposition, it has the opportunity to do so. In particular, it must look afresh at the structure of nationalised industries; it must consider how the National Enterprise Board could have been used to promote and direct investment and secure the reality of public ownership without bureaucracy; it must accept the need for mobility of labour and work out how this can be achieved without the Thatcherite inhumanity of telling people to migrate without providing houses or jobs to which they can go. It must take seriously the project—to which the conference of the T.U.C. recently agreed—of framing a workable incomes policy.

A genuinely Socialist party must reject not only social-democratic policies but those other policies, advocated on the left, which would make it semi-Communist. It is certainly the duty of Socialists to work for peace, agreed disarmament, and the establishment of the international rule of law; but Labour has for some time been under pressure to adopt unilateral disarmament and other foreign and defence policies which could only work to the advantage of the Soviet Union. This line, apart from the grave damage it would do to Labour's electoral chances, would serve the cause, not of Socialism, but of Communism in its harshest and most aggressive form.

One thing remains. The task of building a just society is now far more complicated than it appeared to the men of the ancient world or the middle ages. If men and women are to undertake it they need not only workable policies but a living faith. Socialists must not only devise policies, but present afresh the image of a community in which work and wealth are justly shared and in which citizens can, in consequence, live in comradeship. This was the teaching of R. H. Tawney, sixty years ago. Today, still entangled in the 'acquisitive society' which Tawney condemned, we suffer not only from these ills which economists can partially explain, but from a deep *malaise* which arises because the human desire for justice and fellowship is unsatisfied: it is the purpose of Socialism to meet that need.

[Lord Stewart of Fulham (Michael Stewart) was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs (1965-66), for Education and Science (1964-65), for Economic Affairs (1966-67) and for Foreign and Commonwealth Affairs (1968-70). He has served as a member of the European Parliament. Publications include: *The Forty Hour Week, Bias and Education in Democracy,* and the *British Approach to Politics.* His autobiography, *Life with Labour,* will be published in December 1980 (Sidgwick and Jackson).]

U THANT—MAN OF PEACE

by Buddhadasa P. Kirthisinghe

U THANT, known as a saintly Burmese diplomat with a rare combination of deep religiosity and international vision, stepped down from the post of Secretary-General of the United Nations in 1971, to be succeeded by Dr. Kurt Waldheim, and four years later, on November 25, 1974, died in New York City. His lifetime coincided with one of the most tumultuous and transformative periods in world history. He participated in the processes of the pre-war Burmese independence movement, World War II, the post-war nation-building for an independent Burma, and a peace-keeping leadership during the Cold War. Throughout his ten years in office, U Thant untiringly devoted his life to the cause of world peace and the well-being of mankind. He was respected not only for his political and moral integrity and courage to face vital issues, but also for his depth of good will as exemplary of Buddhist religion. As a Buddhist he symbolised the Buddha's conception of compassion (*Karuna*) and loving kindness (*Metta*).

U Thant was born at Pantanaw, Burma, on January 22nd 1909, and educated at the national high school in Pantanaw and the University College of Rangoon. During his college years in the 1930s, he associated with U Nu, two years senior, who later became the first prime minister of independent Burma, and with whom he devoted himself to nation-building. By Burmese custom, neither man had a first name, while 'U' is a title roughly equal to 'Mr.' or 'Uncle' given as a mark of respect. In their student life, U Thant and U Nu became leaders of nationalist agitation for the termination of British rule. After graduation both men became high school teachers, training themselves to become top administrators. U Thant demonstrated his friendship when U Nu was imprisoned for political activities by helping to care for his family. Throughout the turbulent period of World War II, during which the British withdrew from Burma after the invasion of the Japanese army in 1942, the two young nationalists organised a contingent government under the Japanese overlord, and later on, when the British returned, skilfully negotiated national independence. In January 1948, Burma re-established independence after six decades—since King Thebau was deposed in 1886—and U Nu became the first prime minister of the new republic. U Thant was appointed first as Press Director and later as Minister of Information. He became Secretary for Projects in 1953, and in 1955 held the additional post of Executive Secretary of the National Economic and Social Board. In 1957, he became Burma's chief representative at the United Nations. He attended the first and second Prime Ministers' Conferences in Sri Lanka, the Bandung Conference of Afro-Asian leaders in Indonesia in 1955, and the Belgrade Conference of non-aligned nations in 1961. It is evident that through his own experiences U Thant cultivated his insight into the nature of post-war global nationalist movements, and his diplomatic skill, crucial to his success as Secretary-General of the United

Nations.

U Thant's appointment to this office was not due to an historical accident. When Dag Hammarskjold died in the unfortunate plane crash in Africa, it soon became apparent that he was the only acceptable successor. Considering the fact that Burma, which U Thant represented, was at that time only a young developing nation with meagre influence in international communities, it would have been exclusively U Thant's personal qualities of integrity and impartiality that enabled him to reach the topmost office of a world organisation. The problems which confronted him were threefold: (1) danger of the cold-war confrontation by rival super-powers, which might lead to destruction of the world: (2) danger of tensions between developed and underdeveloped nations, especially in racial and economic conflicts; and (3) danger of alienation, caused by narrow nationalism, from the goal of world peace and the ideals of the United Nations.

There were many disheartening experiences. He frequently reminded his fellow men:

> Waves of change in Asia-Africa have been stirred by nationalism and not by Communism. No great power should become the policemen of this area of the world where more than half mankind lives. The great powers should support legitimate aspirations of these underdeveloped nations rather than support the status quo and reactionaries.

In short, U Thant's frustration was due to the fact that the function of the United Nations was hampered by its charter defects and because of rivalry between the great powers, some of whom often flout the will of mankind and ignore the U.N., whenever their selfish interests are involved. The U.N. has no effective way to remedy this situation. Indeed, U Thant once trenchantly expressed his frustration, referring to his position as a 'tremendous responsibility' devoid of the authority of sanction.

Despite many obstacles, however, U Thant demonstrated his ability to deal coolly and quietly with crises especially over, (1) equitable extension of U.N. membership and (2) activation of various U.N. agencies. When the United Nations was founded in 1945 it had 51 members, all of which were industrialised and potentially rich nations. When U Thant took office in 1961, there were fewer than 100 members, but when he left the office in 1971, the total U.N. membership had risen to 130, the majority of which, however, were young, underdeveloped and poor nations. U Thant used to take particular pride in the fact that under his leadership the 15 specialised agencies became chief dispensers of technical assistance. It is a fact that when speaking of the failures of the United Nations, people tend to forget the unselfish efforts of UNICEF, UNESCO, WHO, etc. U Thant believed that narrow nationalism was one of the prime obstacles to world peace, and he often chastised members of the United Nations for jealously guarding their sovereign rights to the detriment of the common good of the international community. 'It is not the Charter of the United Nations that has failed the international community,' he said once, 'it is the international community that has failed to live up

to its responsibilities under the Charter.'

The United Nations has no sovereign status over national states. It has become a debating society, sometimes manipulated by powerful countries, at others by blocks of underdeveloped nations, such as Arab or Islamic states, and non-aligned communities of the third world. This is a dangerous situation, when man is living in the shadow of the all-destructive Hydrogen Bomb, and was of deep concern to U Thant.

He often stated that world leaders, to have an honoured place in human history, must appear as men of peace and not as mere victors in war. This has been amply proven in the past, when the Buddhist Emperor Asoka gave up warfare after victory and was the only monarch in history to do so. H. G. Wells writes of him in his *Outline of History*:

> Amidst the tens of thousands of names of monarchs that crowd the columns of history, their majesties and graciousnesses and serenities and Royal Highnesses and the like, the name of Asoka shines, and shines almost alone—a star. From Volga to Japan his name is still honoured. China, Tibet and even India, though it has left his doctrine, preserve the traditions of his greatness. More living men cherish his memory today than ever heard the names of Constantine or Charlemagne.

And the Buddha said, 2518 years ago, that:

> No man is noble by birth
> No man is ignoble by birth
> Man is only noble by his own action
> Man is only ignoble by his own action.

Therefore, the racial conflict in South Africa where apartheid is practised is a threat to world peace, in that it denies to the native black African the basic human rights.

The United Nations has always demanded equal justice for all humanity. As Secretary-General, U Thant actively applied two policies. On the one hand, he supported the Organisation of African Unity (OAU) to promote the co-operation of the peoples and leaders of the constituent nations towards solution of their problems in South Africa. On the other hand, he pressed the U.N. Decolonisation Committee to search for ways of eliminating the last vestiges of colonial rule. He was confident that the committee could make a constructive contribution to the application of an effective solution. Recent developments in South Africa certainly attest that U Thant's directives are gradually becoming effective.

U Thant and the United Nations were also concerned with the growing economic gap between the industrialised and developing nations. When there is poverty in one area of the world and opulence in the other, tension is bound to arise. He was fully aware of a necessity of a globally administered system of economy. As prices of manufactured goods become dearer, and those of agricultural commodities fall, rich countries get richer and poor lands become poorer. At all U.N. economic conferences U Thant emphatically demanded a world-wide synchronised economy aimed to alleviate distress in the emerging 'third world.' (1) trade relations with the rich lands, (2) prices for primary goods, (3) economic aid without strings attached. Currently, mounting problems regarding oil resources and globally rising inflation, and a phenomenal increase in population, confirm that U Thant's foresight will eventually have to be

acknowledged, as witness the recent setting up of the Brandt commission.

Throughout his tenure of office, U Thant persistently called attention to the inadequacy of the U.N. peace-keeping role. He appointed a Special Committee to study the subject. U Thant believed that the United Nations must be given a mandate to establish peace-keeping machinery. He said that 'A home for Jews should be assured *but*, should this be at the expense of the ousted Arabs?' 'Narrow nationalism is one of the prime obstacles to world peace,' and 'the problem of the Middle East is not simply a matter of narrow Jewish or Arab nationalism, because *the sovereignty of the individual is greater than the sovereignty of a state.*'

Perhaps, the most rewarding event for U Thant was the admission of the Peoples' Republic of China to the United Nations, which took place a month before he retired from office. He warmly welcomed this historic step, which was long overdue, as China represents one fourth of mankind. Without her participation many problems that beset the United Nations and the greater part of Asia—e.g. Korea, Indo-China and Bangladesh,—could not be resolved. As Burma's ambassador to the United Nations, he had worked assiduously to get the Peking regime admitted to the world organisation.

Today the superpowers no longer command immovable blocks as they did a few years ago. The 'cold war' issues between them are replaced by matters of common interest: energy resources, population explosion, pollution, international drug traffic and universal education.

As Secretary-General U Thant had earned a reputation for frankness, occasionally regarded as tactless; but observers who have followed him closely believe that his remarks were calculated to jolt his listeners. He was blunt, but never impolite, in contrast to Mr. Hammarskjold, who was often brusque and even rude to journalists or subordinates.

Although little is known about U Thant's upbringing as a Buddhist, except the fact that, according to the Burmese custom, he lived in a monastery for a short period during adolescence, while in office he devoted some time daily to meditation.

On May 21, 1962, six months after his succession to the post of Secretary-General, he suffered a personal tragedy. His only son, Tin Maung, 21 years old, was killed in an accident in Rangoon, where he was about to enrol at the university.

While modern man has been haunted by the problem of a separation between politics and religion, for U Thant there does not seem to have existed any conflict between the two. As a Buddhist, he recognised that the way of establishing peace on earth is not through force and compulsion, but through making man's heart the fountain of compassion. Thus he recognised the need for man to study and practise the ways leading to the extinction of hate, greed and delusion. The Buddhist law (*Dhamma*) shows the way to destroy evil.

According to the *Samyutta Nikaya*, politics should be advanced 'without killing, without hurting, without conquering, without making sad, only by complying with the law (*Dharma*)'. When Ajatasattu, the son of

Bimbisara and patricidal King of Magadha, wished to attack the Vejjis, his neighbouring state, and sounded out the opinion of the Buddha through his minister Vassan Kara, he admonished him not to wage war (*Maha-parinirvana Sutta*).

In his farewell speech from the United Nations, U Thant stated:

> The United Nations in the annals of mankind is the most inclusive international body. Notwithstanding the multitude of unsolved problems the World Organisation is surely overcoming its obstacles to serve mankind better. . . What divides mankind? Greed, hatred, racism, inherited prejudices and so on. The United Nations is a forum to overcome these maladies of fellow man and mankind as a whole.

In the Buddha's words, if there is to be a victory, all sides have to be victorious. This is still true today, if only we can solve all human problems, bringing peace and plenty to mankind.

Albert Einstein, with the foresight characteristic of a genius, had this to say at the dawn of the Nuclear Age: 'The unleashed power of the atom has changed everything except our ways of thinking.' Thus, we are drifting towards a catastrophe beyond comparison. We shall require a new manner of thinking if mankind is to survive, says Professor Charles Osgood, of Great Britain.

A visit to the United Nations Security Council meetings would indicate that man has not changed from his primitive times! He lives today with greatly increased fear, hate and greed.

As Secretary-General of the United Nations, U Thant yearned for peace on earth and worked tirelessly to change the attitudes of mankind; but, as a Buddhist, he was fully aware of the difficulties that confronted him in this search for peace.

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[Dr. Buddhadasa P. Kirthisinghe is General Secretary for the Society for Asian Affairs.]

LORDS OF MISRULE

by John Elsom

SOONER or later, most Irish articles (and this one will be no exception) get dishevelled by history. It is as if you were walking along the hills above Belfast, with an argument neatly in hand, on a fine day when all seems soluble; and then this argument sees a thicket of contentious memories looming up ahead, and starts to fidget. You can feel it doing so. It loses all sense of proportion: its steps quicken, its palm grows clammy, and the more you try to calm it down, the worse the symptoms grow, until suddenly this rational construct breaks away altogether, and dives into a gorse bush marked 'What happened to Parnell' (or the like); and after a lapse, emerges the other side quite unrecognisable. Its hair spikes out in tufts, its clothes are torn and there is a thin trickle of blood oozing from recent scratches. But what appals you most is what has happened to the eyes—now wild and categoric—and its mouth, a lopsided grin; and you realise that, at best, reason is over for today. From somewhere, from nowhere, the mists descend; and you are left to grope your way back, as best you can, to point one, where you wait for the next occasion, the next time for discussion, the next friendly stroll which, who knows, may turn out better?

I have been reading a clutch of *Contemporary Review* articles written nearly a century ago about Ireland, at that critical time between 1886 and 1893, between Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill, which split the Liberal Party, and his second, passed by the Commons but defeated by the Lords, which marked the effective end of the Grand Old Man's ministry. For most of this period, however, the Tories under Lord Salisbury were in power, with A. J. Balfour at the Irish Office, determined to preserve law and order, and with the new Criminal Law Amendment Act (Ireland) of 1887 to assist him.

To describe the outline of these seven years in Anglo-Irish history would require a book, rather than an article, of its own. But to assess the events (and the articles) in Anglo-Irish terms would be to ignore the wider dimensions, a myopia which few of the *Contemporary Review* contributors of the period, from Gladstone himself to Sir Charles Duffy and Tim Healy, would have shared. As important as the Irish background itself, is the background to that background; and the gain from reading this illuminating series is a fresh appreciation of the Victorian *zeitgheist*. Ireland was considered to be the Achilles heel of the Empire; but it was also the country where (if a political solution could be found) the transformation of the Empire could begin, from a mother country with colonies and dominions to an international, democratic union of states. The best political minds in the country were trained upon Ireland, whether they had Irish interests or not, because what, at root, they were seeking was some new way of administering an empire which would not lead eventually to anarchy.

But why, after so many years, were the problems of the Empire, which

had for the most part been accumulated randomly and governed with mixed fortunes from Whitehall, of particular importance then, in the 1880s? The answer lies in their growing economic strength, in the improved communications and the comparative ease of travel. In 1856, Sir Henry Bessemer had casually announced to the British Association a method for producing cheap steel; and from then on refinements and new uses for this wondrous alloy were discovered, it seems, almost daily —steel (instead of iron) rails, steel ships, steel engines, steel cables, and eventually, such by-products as refrigeration in the ships. In 1882, London housewives could for the first time buy butter from Australia, bacon from Canada or fruit from the West Indies. By 1887, to take a different example, the first 100,000 nautical miles of cable had been laid. Instead of having colonies which could be used as dumping grounds for younger sons and convicts, which could exist in benign neglect for years with a governor and a military detachment in charge, Britain found herself at the hub of a flourishing international market, whose peace and stability were of prime importance to maintain, and whose parts interacted with the whole, so that trouble in the Sudan spelt danger for both Melbourne and London.

The statesmen of the time were thus looking for some political coherence which would ensure stability among this unwieldy collection of dominions and colonies; and they were generally divided between those who sought a federal solution—with an Imperial Parliament representative of all parts of the Empire, but with each country more or less self-governing; and those who sought a commonwealth of completely independent states, who might be linked by tradition, family ties or common trading interests, but by no formal political structure whatsoever. I am, of course, simplifying. There were also those who believed in maintaining the old Empire at all costs, ruled by force, if necessary, from London, who would assert that the English were a master race with a divine right to rule; and there were also those who wanted above all to destroy the Empire, who regarded *pax Britannica* as a vicious fraud and the market system as a capitalistic con-game. They constituted the far right and the far left for the period; and were thus not likely to be invited to contribute to *Contemporary Review,* whose attachments were to a liberal centre.

Thus, the various factions in the *Contemporary Review* debate about Ireland—the Gladstonian Liberals, the Nationalists, the Unionists, the radicals and the academics—were all in different ways conscious of the imperial dimension. They were proposing solutions for Ireland which could be adapted for other countries too, and which drew parallels from foreign federations with problems. Perhaps the Empire was a fatal distraction, but it did endow the contributors with a certain width of vision, and depth, which allowed them to move from Antrim to the Antipodes with an easy assurance that both were to be considered.

An example of this imperial vision would be that of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, an Irish Nationalist MP, who published three substantial articles in 1886/1887, including a retort to Gladstone's Home Rule proposals,

*A Fair Constitution for Ireland** (September, 1887, *Contemporary Review*, Vol. 52, p. 301-332). Duffy (1816-1903) was not like Parnell, animated by a hostility towards Britain; he had lived in Australia, taken part in colonial governments appointing government officers and his range of constitutional examples extends from Canada to Spain, the Austro-Hungarian Empire to the U.S.A. Nor was his retort to Gladstone couched in anything but the friendliest terms. Had not Gladstone himself invited constitutional suggestions while framing the Home Rule Bill, No. 1? Nor was Duffy opposed to maintaining strong, and indeed constitutional, links with Britain. He even believed that the Constitution Statute might start with these words:

> That the Sovereign or Regent *de facto* of England shall be Sovereign or Regent of Ireland.

What such a statement might practically mean, however, rested with unforeseeable circumstances. Duffy, had tried to anticipate them.

> If the British Empire, (he wrote), is to be held together, there must be a federal union, in which taxation and representation will go together. A Parliament of the Empire, in which the popular chamber consisted of a convenient number of members—not much exceeding 200—allotted to the mother country and the colonies in strict proportion to populations and resources, and an Upper House of life peers selected on the same principle, would be a truly Imperial Parliament.

To such a Parliament, his newly united, dominion-status Ireland would send members as of right; and for an Irish Nationalist to put forward such a proposal is in itself worth noting. The Nationalists were not all anti-Empire; and indeed Duffy was grasping the nettle which was stinging Gladstone, Joseph Chamberlain and many other politicians of all parties. In the event of Home Rule, should the Irish government have representatives in the Imperial Parliament? Joseph Chamberlain, the Liberal who opposed Gladstone on Home Rule and led the Unionist faction, believed that they should, in that under any scheme of Home Rule, the Imperial Parliament was expected to retain certain rights, notably over defence, customs and excise, and coinage. Without representation in the Imperial Parliament, the new Irish government would find itself at a considerable disadvantage, a dependency in all but name, and subjected to limited taxation without representation. Gladstone was prepared to discuss the issue; but as R. W. Dale pointed out in June 1887 (*Contemporary Review*, Volume 51), his remarks were distinctly equivocal. The Liberal Unionists were therefore purporting to stand up for Irish rights. Several ironies emerge from this exchange—a Nationalist who wanted to strengthen the Empire and a Unionist who sought to protect Irish rights.

Gladstone had every political reason to be evasive although, in his second Home Rule Bill, 80 Irish members were retained for Westminster, after an amendment to the First Draft which suggested that they should only be retained on certain occasions and for certain purposes. In his *Contemporary Review* article, 'Further Notes and Queries on the Irish Demand', (March 1888), Gladstone keeps away from this topic, preferring to attack Lord Salisbury and the Unionists. His political motives derived from the fact that in the 1885 General Election the Irish Nationalists held

the balance of power: the final result was 335 Liberals, 249 Tories (of whom 18 came from Ireland) and 86 Nationalists. In that parliament, Parnell should have held the whip hand, forming a pact with Gladstone until such time as the Home Rule Bill had been placed on the Statute Book. Gladstone may even have dreamed of a time when with the support of the Irish Nationalists, the Liberals would have had an unchallengeable lead in the House of Commons.

He dared not argue too forcibly for the retention of Irish members after Home Rule, lest his enemies outside and within the Liberal Party accused him, with reason, of chicanery; as they were always prone to do. But at the same time, he dared not risk alienating the moderate Home Rulers by appearing to deny reasonable rights to the Irish electorate. And so he left the question open. It proved a continual bone of contention, with Dale among many who demanded to know whether Gladstone's intentions were to retain Irish members in Westminster or not. Chamberlain insisted that they should, and that consequently the powers of the Irish parliament should be downgraded to that of a Central Council, with powers delegated to it by Westminster, but with no authority to act in its own right. Thus, the Liberal Party was split between the Gladstonian Liberals and the Liberal Unionists who joined with the Tories; and the old Liberal Party was in pieces.

More, however, was at stake than the fate of the Liberals; for it is easy to forget that Ireland, as well as being a model for a proposed imperial/federal union, was also a kind of test case for democracy. The Franchise Bill of 1884 had been intended to extend the vote to agricultural workers, as the Reform Bill of 1867 had given it to the new industrial workers. In practical terms, this meant there were 2 million new voters on the register, twice as many additions as in the original Reform Bill. The constituencies had not been redrawn to everyone's satisfaction; and there were many anomalies, among them that the Irish were over-represented at Westminster. J. A. R. Marriott in *Modern England* calculated that two Irish votes were equivalent to three English ones; but in his 'Home Rule in Ireland' (*Contemporary Review*, November 1880) Alfred Frisby conducted a more detailed analysis based on the pre-Franchise Bill Elections of 1874 and 1880, in which he concluded that:

> In 1874, instead of there having been 54 Home Rule members, there should have been only 41; or if represented proportionally to the Liberals and Conservatives of the United Kingdom, only 20 (and) in 1880, instead of being 64 Home Rule members, there should be only 45; or, if proportionally represented as in the last case, only 22. In both the present and the late Parliament, Home Rule voters have been excessively over-represented. If an explanation be sought of the latter fact, it may be found in the superior management and organisation of the Home Rule party, and in the deficient power of our present system of representation to act fairly.

The Franchise Bill raised the number of Home Rulers to 86, together with 18 other non-Home Rule Tory Irish MPs. Ireland returned 104 MPs to the House of Commons, held the balance of power and wielded an influence quite out of proportion to the size of its population or any other index, such as wealth or economic power. While the Parnellites complained about the undue influence of the English in Irish affairs, there were many

Englishmen of all party persuasions who argued that, on the contrary, the Irish had a stranglehold on the British parliamentary system; and that Gladstone was their creature. Gladstone in their view should have reformed the electoral system before even contemplating such a measure as Home Rule; because with the Irish bias in parliament, how could the matter be debated properly?

Duffy, the enlightened Nationalist, was fully aware of such arguments; and he interpreted them in a typically civilised way. He believed that the flaw in the 'first past the post' electoral system was that it gave potentially totalitarian power to a bare majority, that it favoured regional concentrations of voters (such as the Nationalists) against much higher numbers of voters who were spread around the country and that it prevented a proper representation of views in parliament. In his *Fair Constitution,* he therefore proposed a system of proportional representation for Ireland, with multi-member constituencies. Indeed, he surmised that Irish government could succeed in no other way, for there were too many entrenched minority fears. His Constitution is particularly designed to protect the rights of minorities, while enabling majority opinion to be expressed. He recognised that Ulster protestants were frightened that, with Home Rule, they would be swamped by a Catholic majority who would seek to take revenge for centuries of misrule. Unionism in Ulster, in his opinion, was based upon fear rather than loyalty to the crown; and he sought to placate the Unionists on both these counts—by keeping the ties to the crown and by devising a constitution in which minority rights were scrupulously observed. He proposed two Chambers, of which the Commons would be elected by his proportional representation system while the Upper House would consist of nominated Life Peers, representing different shades of religious, commercial and land interests, whose purpose was to act as a check on the elected government. Like the House of Lords in Britain, it would not be able ultimately to block the will of the elected government, but it would check rash or bigoted government by guarding the constitution (which guaranteed, among other things, freedom of speech and worship) and by being able to refer back contentious legislation to the Commons.

The protection of minorities was crucial not only to Duffy but to all Liberal Unionists, who believed that, under Chamberlain's federal solution, the appointment of magistrates should stay in the hands of Westminster. That meant, of course, that to all intents and purposes, the law would be administered from London, and all the backing of the law, such as the police force. Hence, the Unionists, like the Tories, sought an amelioration of intolerance through the presence of a common law which operated throughout the British Isles. They were prepared to make almost every concession to the Nationalists short of Home Rule—to remedy past wrongs, to speed through the processes whereby tenant farmers in Ireland could obtain their lands from absentee English owners, to remove the instabilities of government caused by vacillating British policies and to stabilise the economy of Ireland, which had so suffered from centuries of neglect that even though the memories of the

potato famines were fading, the population in Ireland was still dwindling from emigration and other factors, unlike almost any other part of Europe where it was on the increase. Among the many fears of the Unionists concerning Home Rule, the economic issue was of considerable, perhaps crucial, importance. The Nationalists and the Unionists produced conflicting sets of statistics, to prove either (a) that Ireland was capable of self-sufficiency, or (b) that it was not. J. G. Colclough in *Contemporary Review* (June, 1893) derided Ulster's claim to be the industrial heartland of Ireland; to which Thomas Sinclair in July trenchantly replied.

On balance, Sinclair seems to win that particular exchange, if only because he was able to prove that Colclough had absurdly underestimated the importance of trade from Belfast. On the wider question of Irish self-sufficiency, however, opinions were balanced. There was no doubt on either side that Ireland was industrially backward, in comparison with Britain: Belfast linen was the exception to the rule. But was this backwardness caused by Irish dependence on Britain, which, the Nationalists argued, would be solved by Home Rule; or by plain lack of investment, which, as the Unionists claimed, would decline still further after Home Rule. Ireland had no steel industry: to develop its trade, it required the benefits of the imperial ties.

On these, as on other issues, the contributors to *Contemporary Review* seemed much more rational and high-minded than our knowledge of history would lead us to believe or indeed than the mixture of brutality and farce which has characterised Irish history over the past 100 years would cause us to suspect. On all sides, there was a determination that the Irish grievances should be put to rights, once and for all time; that bigotry had no place in a civilised society and that Unionists and Nationalists alike had many ends in common, however different their means. Typically, nobody sniped at Parnell for his relationship with Kitty O'Shea or attacked the Pope for red bedsocks. The famous forgery by Richard Pigott of a Parnell letter (published in the *Times* in April, 1887) in which Parnell was smeared with condoning violence, was treated with contempt as a vicious distraction. R. W. Dale remarks, as a Unionist more in sorrow than in anger, that:

> The charges brought by the *Times* against Mr. Parnell and his lieutenants, and the Crimes Bill of the Government, have renewed the heat and passion of last Autumn; and the political temperature for many weeks past has not been favourable to the calm consideration of the differences which have split the Liberal party, or to any serious attempt at the solution of an intricate political problem.

It was Dale's intention to reconcile these differences, without abandoning what seemed to him the crucial features of the Unionist position; and although he was not to know that the Parnell letter was a forgery, he disdained to make political capital out of it.

Duffy, Dale, Gladstone and the other contributors to *Contemporary Review* shared, for the most part, a Victorian optimism and a belief that sweetness and light should be spread wherever possible. Outbursts of bigotry, although they appeared, were rare; and calmly answered. From

our perspective, however, they were Pentheuses, desperately trying to keep the forces of Dionysus at bay. Their sensible arguments with which they strolled not lazily but with rational circumspection, were always itching for cruel freedom of the gorse bush. Irrationality, the unseen lurking presence, pounced whenever circumstances or a slackening of attention permitted. The moderate Home Rulers were aghast when, having finally got their bill on the statute books in 1914, the war intervened, leading to delays and eventually to the Easter Rising. Many Unionists were appalled by the rise of Carson and the eventual partition of Ireland. None could have contemplated in the 1880s and 1890s the continuing violence, still less the utter failure to rise to the challenges of successive hours, on all levels, economic, constitutional and political.

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* Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's article, *A Fair Constitution for Ireland*, was published as a pamphlet in 1887 and later re-issued in a second edition.

The December issue of *Contemporary Review* includes *Iran: Further Perspectives* by Peter Avery, *Unemployment in the* 1930s *and Now* by Stephen Constantine, *French Presidential Prospects*, 1981 by Byron Criddle and David Bell and *The Maltese Theatre Connection* by Adrian Rendle.

PORTUGAL—THE NEW WOMAN?

by Frances Rust

'*MACHO*' '*Machismo*'—No coincidence, perhaps, that these words denoting male dominance and female submission have crept into our language from the Spanish and Portuguese, since, traditionally, the role of women in Latin countries has been far from robust.

Portugal, during its long years of dictatorship from 1926-1974, was certainly no exception. Under the repressive regime of those years women played very little part in the social, political and cultural life of the country, had the highest rate of illiteracy in Europe, were entitled to practically nothing in the way of state social and medical assistance and had few legal rights. But what of the 'new woman'? The woman of post-revolutionary Portugal, Portugal since 25th April 1974, the April of the Red Carnations?

Since '25 April' (no-one mentions the year 1974 any more) the situation of the Portuguese woman has radically changed. She now has rights as a citizen, as a worker and as a mother and these changes in her economic, social and political situation are written into the new Constitution of the Republic and embodied in the Civil Law. Moreover, Portugal recently had her first woman Prime Minister, Maria de Lourdes Pintasilgo. Apart from this striking example of a woman Prime Minister, however, theory and practice rarely coincide and it would be a very great over-simplification to suppose that the struggle for women's liberation and equality has been waged and won in Portugal.

This point was well-put to me by Isaura Vieira, the General Secretary of M.D.M. (*Movimento Democratico das Mulheres*)—Portugal's national 'women's movement'. Not only are the attitudes inculcated (in both men and women) by nearly 50 years of right-wing dictatorship difficult to eradicate, but successive governments—in particular the present right-wing 'democratic alliance' A.D.—, drag their feet when it comes to translating the revolutionary changes into practice.

I talked to Isaura and her soft-spoken assistant in the Lisbon M.D.M. central office, high up in a tall building in the Avenida Duque de Loulé. We talked in a cool, spacious room, the back window looking out over a vista of terra-cotta rooftops, and I heard from her how the movement had come together from an amalgamation of other progressive movements in 1968, operated semi-clandestinely from then until '25 April', after which it 'took off' gaining greatly in membership and influence. It now has upwards of 5,000 members—women of *all* political parties, Isaura stressed, and a great many belonging to no party.

The aim of the M.D.M. is to 'make April 25 come true': that is, to ensure that, so far as women are concerned, the revolutionary changes are put into practice instead of simply appearing in the statute book. The examples Isaura spoke of have a familiar ring! The new constitution gives working women identical rights to those of men but the mere promulgation of a law is not enough to eliminate prejudice and practices

based on years of discrimination, particularly in the areas of salaries and 'laying-off' in times of recession. Similarly, the constitution since 1974 gives women equal access with men to education and professional training, but the reality is that only 0.1% of the female working population were members of the professions in 1977. A similar gap between theory and practice exists in the area of contraception, in Portugal still coyly termed 'family planning'. One of the rights legally won by the April revolution was the right to advice on contraception, openly and without payment in State clinics, but a recent Survey carried out by the 'Comissao da Condicao Feminina' has reported that the number of these clinics is very limited and that only about 26% of the population even know of their existence.

With regard to abortion the M.D.M. makes the point that this is a terrible reality in Portugal, that an estimated 180,000 abortions take place every year, with about 2,000 women dying as a result. (Their researches show that the majority of women who have abortions are married and already have more than three children, and that the main reasons are economic.) Here, it is not a question of making a reality of enlightened legislation since the law on abortion in Portugal remains unjust and repressive: 2-8 years imprisonment for a woman who has an abortion or for whoever assists her: and a 5 year prohibition on further employment for a doctor or other professional person who carries it out. These repressive laws are, in practice, largely inoperative since—in the changed climate of opinion—very few cases are ever brought to court.

For example, although an estimated 180,000 abortions take place every year, only three people appeared in court on charges relating to abortion for the year 1976. The problem is that the repressive legislation exists, hence abortion is clandestine, carried out by women themselves or by 'back-street' practitioners with all the attendant misery, danger and death. The M.D.M. is not demanding 'abortion on demand'. They urge that abortion should be a last resort and not a substitute for 'family planning', and are pressing for a revocation of the existing law and the setting up of centres where women can seek skilled advice openly on all aspects of the problem, coupled with a much wider dissemination of contraceptive knowledge.

These tangible objectives, together with pressure for crèches and nursery schools, are familiar targets in every women's movement in every part of the world, but of equal importance in Portugal is the aim of *'esclarecimento'* or enlightenment—the aim of awakening Portuguese women to social, political and economic realities and to the part they, as women, can play in the life of their country.

Here, the M.D.M.'s *tour de force* is their monthly glossy magazine called simply *mulheres* (women). On the face of it, an attractive inexpensive woman's magazine no different from many others in shop or bookstall. But a surprise awaits the woman who has, by chance, picked it up to while away an idle hour. No articles here on how to get and hold your man, or hints on eye-shadow. Instead, well-researched but brightly-written articles on issues important to women—in the home, at work, and

in the community. Some are very serious in tone: '1979—Year of Struggle for Women in Portugal,' with details of causes fought for, or a continuing series on physical violence, with interviews and letters. Others are much lighter: 'Men who Work in the Home' with photographs of men actually ironing and cooking for the family. One article was headed with a pair of silk-clad legs wearing fashionable stiletto-heeled shoes, but this was no display of women as 'sexual objects', nor a pandering to female narcissism. It was a serious article with comments by a French orthopediatrician on the hazards to health for the stiletto-heel wearer and advice to women on shoes for themselves and their children. *Mulheres* additionally always contains a few 'straight' articles on cooking, sewing and fashion without which few Portuguese women would buy it. But once 'caught' it is difficult to imagine any woman who will not read it from cover to cover. The tone is never pedantic nor hectoring and it is political only by implication. This masterpiece of psychology and professional journalism is edited, one is not surprised to discover, by one of the famous 'three Marias', who sprang to prominence in 1974.

Of course, only a small fraction of Portuguese women ever see *Mulheres* and many couldn't in any case read it, since illiteracy among women is still distressingly high. Similarly, only a fraction of Portuguese women are members of M.D.M. or have ever heard of it. So what of the vast majority —the 'unorganised'? One 'single parent'—a mother with an 8 year old child—whom I met in Lisbon had no doubts on the matter. 'Women in Portugal don't *need* to fight for independence: *they've got it*', she told me, but admitted that she was thinking more of Lisbon than elsewhere—and added that men still '*mandam*' (give the orders).

In general, there are signs that women are playing an active part in their communities to an extent extremely rare before 1974. Albernoa is a small village in the Alentejo, a few kilometres from Beja, very backward, with many illiterates, without running water or drainage, with children playing amongst the manure heaps. But the women of Albernoa have decided to take some action. Their objectives are the eventual creation of a children's park and the provision of an ambulance and bus shelter.

Clearly, the road towards social justice and fulfilment will be long and hard for Portuguese women (and for men, too, for that matter) but there is no doubt that in the new climate of today attitudes and self-concepts are changing. There is equally no doubt that the M.D.M. is helping to create conditions where it will be normal for women to play a role, not only in the family but also in society.

[Dr. Frances Rust is a Lecturer at Thames Polytechnic, with special interest in Portugal and Brazil.]

THE GREEN MOVEMENT IN BRITAIN AND GERMANY

by Tim Beaumont (Lord Beaumont of Whitley)

THE recent failure of the Green Party in the German elections should not lead observers to underrate the potential power of ecological political ideas. Although the German 'Greens' are for various reasons the best-known of the national green movements in Europe, they display characteristics which make it very misleading to draw conclusions from their performance which would be valid for Europe as a whole.

But first a note on how I define Ecology in its political sense. In its scientific sense it refers to the study of habitats. In its political sense it refers to the belief that political decisions should be made within an ecological perspective, that is to say taking into account the effect the decision will have on the housekeeping of the planet as a whole.

Now, Mr. Micawber was not a good housekeeper although he understood the principles. Income one pound, expenditure one pound and sixpence leads to bankruptcy in the long run, whether for individuals, for nations (as we are now seeing) or for planets and a belief that 'something will turn up' is no more justified because it is disguised as a 'profound belief in man as a problem-solving animal'.

So much is commonsense and it cannot be too strongly emphasised that a political party is ecological if its policy is framed with a view to good housekeeping on the national and planetary level, no matter whether it is socialist, conservative or liberal. It is a measure of how far the industrial revolution has moved us away from commonsense that there are few politicians and virtually no political parties in Western Europe which could claim the *'Good Housekeeping* Seal of Approval'.

So the political success of the ecological movement in Europe is emphatically not to be judged by the success of its ecological parties: a situation where an ecological party was alternating in power with a specifically non-ecological party would be a nightmare. The task of Green Parties is to frighten, nudge or lure other parties into an ecological stance.

That is true of all ecological parties and in this respect alone the German Green Parties have an advantage over the British. Because of our stupid electoral system it is unlikely that the Ecology Party can pose a political threat to anyone. At the last election it was part of the Ecology Party's declared strategy to show its potential by demonstrating the effect it could have on marginal Liberal/Conservative seats. It happened largely by chance to have one of its most attractive candidates in North Cornwall, a local farmer, an Old Etonian, a sitting County Councillor. He received one of the lowest Ecology Party votes in the country, not just because John Pardoe made vaguely Green noises (although he did) but because the voters saw the marginal position between the two major parties as more important.

In Germany, on the other hand, an only slightly higher percentage vote gains the Greens seats in *Land* Parliaments although again in Federal Elections they are squeezed. This ability to hold the balance of power in a *Land* Parliament or at any rate the balance of power in the electorate has some persuasive power when the other parties are forming their policies.

In Britain on the other hand the lack of the ability to frighten the other parties is balanced by the greater power to persuade them. This is based on two factors. First, the general ecological case is not yet swamped by the anti-nuclear case. Secondly the argument about growth economics is widely seen to have been settled by events.

The British Ecology Party formed itself and grew to its present size between two waves of activity in the nuclear energy field. The first wave took place back in the days when 'Atoms for peace, not war' was a respectable slogan for left-wing radicals and resulted in our present nuclear power stations such as they are; the second is still to come. In the meantime the Ecology Party has built itself up an image which, although unfairly concentrated on sandals and wholemeal bread, is at least not purely anti-nuclear.

In Germany on the other hand the formation of the Greens has occurred (in so far as it has occurred) at the height of an anti-nuclear campaign. As a result the extreme Left has not only climbed aboard the bandwagon but is busy trying to keep it from any serious commitment to ecological policies. There is an irreconcilable argument between Greens and Reds going on within what is seen to be a Green movement but is in fact, as a result, merely an anti-nuclear one.

The second factor differentiating the position in the two countries in favour of the Green movement in England is the economic one.

In Germany virtually no one, including the Greens, believes that economic growth has come to an end. To be a Green there you must believe that economic growth is a bad thing on which mankind must voluntarily turn its back.

How much more difficult a task recruitment is as a result than in Britain where a very large number of people would agree that economic growth over the next ten years is unlikely and are therefore prepared to listen to those who say that the end of quantitative growth is no disaster if it can be replaced by qualitative growth.

It is for this reason that the Liberal Party is over half-way into the ecological camp, having passed a resolution at its 1979 Assembly recognising that 'economic growth, as conventionally measured is neither attainable nor desirable'. It is for this reason that the Socialist Energy and Resources Association (SERA), whose roots go back through the Luddites (who may become subjects of the biggest job of rehabilitation ever) to Winstanley's Diggers, number a sizeable group of MPs.

Ecology is not a separate political creed. Rather it is a philosophy, a new paradigm within which Tories, Socialists and Liberals still have their distinctive place and their distinctive creeds. And it is a new paradigm which is gaining ground.

THE CHEMISTRY OF BLACKPOOL 1980

by Tam Dalyell, MP

WHEN, early in September, I was asked by the Editor of *Contemporary Review* to contribute an article on the Labour Party Conference, no one could have forecast the peculiarly ongoing situation which has resulted from the events at Blackpool. Nor, indeed, did I foresee the nature of some of the storms. Often, when storm clouds seem to gather over the Labour Conference, by some alchemy the expected cloud-burst does not happen. Conversely, when the political sky looks relatively blue in advance of Conference, some fearful claps of thunder occur. But Blackpool 1980 was unique, even for those of us who started coming to Conference as young delegates before the 1959 General Election.

Indeed, the public might have been more sympathetic to the fracas aspect of Blackpool, had the fracas centred on the unilateralism versus multilateralism debate of the Thursday morning, which is recognised by all as one of the great cataclysmic arguments of our time. It was ironic indeed that the Defence debate was dwarfed by arguments over the domestic affairs of the Party.

On the other hand, I have a very different opinion from those who wring their hands and say that the Labour Party Conference was engulfed in petty, sordid little issues, or a naked struggle for power within the party. In a curious way, Conference may have got its priority right. After all, there is little that the Labour Party Conference (as opposed to CND marchers and others), can actually do about Defence policy for the next three years of Conservative Government. There was a great deal that could be done here and now about the way in which the Labour Party is run, and on the delicate issue of the extent to which the Labour Party can try to ensure that its expressed wishes are heeded by a Labour Government in Office.

For comment on the actual substance of the resolutions on the internal reforms of the Party, the focus would be wrong in this article. Either, we are too close to events, or what I write may well have been overtaken by fast-moving events by the time what I have written appears in print. However, what the Editor and I do deem to be useful are some immediate reflections on the actual chemistry of Blackpool 1980. Dick Crossman, whose Parliamentary Private Secretary I was, used to say that if one does not put on paper what actually happened by the week-end after it happened, events blur into a middle-distance perspective which is different from the perspective one has before the sweat has been washed away.

And 'sweat' is a good point at which to begin! No one watching television in their own living room could reasonably be expected to imagine the heat and glare of the Empress Ballroom. If television arc lights, constantly switched on for six hours a day, do not have the effect of alcohol I believe at least that they lead people by a different sort of intoxication

to put things in a way which they do not quite mean. Orators who have suffered from a growing headache over a three day period, reinforced by necessary late-night social courtesies, are neither at their most balanced nor their most emollient.

Nor do the speaking arrangements at a huge conference, with at least 1,500 highly articulate people entitled to speak, lend themselves to emollience. With, at most, four minutes at the rostrum, you could be back on the floor before you had arrived at your first serious point. So, to be effective at all at a Conference of this size, you have to make staccato contributions. And staccato contributions are usually extreme.

Moreover, you could be extremely nervous. Nervous speakers are more strident than the thoughts that they might really wish to express. I am bound to add that at Blackpool it was not only the young delegates who were apprehensive. Some of the long-standing Members of Parliament, sitting around me in the MPs' paddock, were twitching with anxiety before they were called or, more frequently, before they failed to catch the Chairman's eye. The truth is that speaking to national conferences of the Labour Party is very awesome. A trifling error or a clumsy phrase can ruin a speech. It is partly this matter of luck and chance which daunts those who think nothing of facing a packed House of Commons.

It is also very easy indeed to be put off one's stride by the cacophony of sound which prompted that masterly Chairman, Lena Jeger, to threaten to throw certain photographers over the parapet. Why *do* photographers have to take the one millionth picture of Denis Healey or Tony Benn? The relationship between the use of film and the pictures eventually printed must be a scandalous waste of resources.

It could be asked, why don't delegates take notes to the rostrum, and read out their contributions prepared in advance? Some do precisely this, but a speech that is simply read out is a signal for an uncontrollable buzz of conversation in the hall. Labour Party delegates tend to be very irreverent people, which was perhaps why Colonel Michael Mates, Conservative MP for Petersfield, who attended the Labour Conference to work on a film for Southern Television, was so wide-eyed about the proceedings, which apparently bore little resemblance to Conservative Party Conferences. There is one other point to be made about the environmental, physical factors which created the cauldron atmosphere of Blackpool. The Empress Ballroom in the Winter Gardens is something of a theatre. Like the old Conference Hall at Scarborough, it has evocative memories for Labour Party delegates, and it is possible to stir emotions in a relatively confined, if ample, space. It is interesting to ponder whether, if the 1980 Conference of the Labour Party had taken place in the clinical new surroundings of the recently finished Conference Centre at Brighton, events would have been quite the same. The limitless open spaces of Brighton can cast a cryogenic shroud over the most passionate argument. Of course, it would be absurd to suggest or pretend that the troubles of Blackpool were simply environmental and physical, and nor do I do so. I make no apology, however, for having dwelt on them at some length, as far too often they are not taken into account at all.

By the end of the week, I was beginning to think that Mrs. Thatcher and her Ministers had escaped from criticism comparatively lightly, compared to the debris, and sometimes venom, which was heaped on the head of the Parliamentary Labour Party—though I hasten to add that outside the Conference Hall I myself received nothing but kindness and good cheer from individual delegates.

It seems to me useful to give some candid consideration as to why coals are being heaped on the head of the Parliamentary Party. First, there is a natural adversary situation. In the 1950s, it was that terrible trio of the TUC, the late Arthur Deakin of the Transport Workers, the late Sir Tom (Lord) Williamson of the General and Municipal Workers, and Sir Will Lawther of the National Union of Mineworkers, who is fondly remembered by many Labour stalwarts yet, for having told a left-wing delegate to Conference to 'shut your gob', and who evoked the fury of the Floor. Then it was the turn of Hugh Gaitskell; then Ministers in successive Wilson Governments who earned the (muted) antagonism of Conference. But 1980 was different. We had a situation where very often the views of the majority of the Constituency Delegates co-incided with those of the spokesmen for the National Executive Committee of the Party. It was not unnatural therefore that the age-long frustrations of Constituency Delegates should be directed towards the Parliamentary Labour Party, as the 'neo-villains of the piece.'

Now, I am not disposed to go into a Chinese-style confessional and say that the Parliamentary Labour Party has made all sorts of mistakes, and that Labour Ministers betrayed their pledges. On the contrary, I happen to believe that the last Labour Government, (other than for the Devolution aberration), did a worthwhile job in abnormally difficult circumstances, and that the overwhelming majority of Labour Members of Parliament sweat their guts out, trying to do their best. (If we have a collective fault, it is that we get landed with all sorts of individual welfare cases which take up an enormous amount of time, and therefore tend not to have the time and energy to think about the wider policy problems which are rightly our business.)

Having said this, there is another side of the coin. When Jim Callaghan asked plaintively at Blackpool, 'Don't you trust us?' the answer could be a polite but firm 'No, why should we trust you?' So, I feel obliged to offer a partial explanation for the undoubted anti-House of Commons feeling, which was more prevalent at Blackpool than I have sensed it in twenty-two Annual Labour Conferences.

If one can pin-point the genesis of the anti-House of Commons feeling, it must go back to 1967 and 1968, when Harold Wilson wanted to get rid of certain Ministers, and out of the kindness of his heart and human decency, decided to find worthwhile jobs for well-loved colleagues of many years. So he appointed George Wigg to the Horse-Race Betting Levy Board, Herbert Bowden as Lord Aylestone to the Independent Television Authority, and Tom Fraser to be Chairman of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electricity Board. There was a respectable case for each appointment, and indeed there are Labour people who are for ever complaining

that Labour Governments appoint Tories to key posts. But constituents do not like gratuitous by-elections. And the by-election results at Dudley, Leicester, and Hamilton were catastrophic. If their Member of Parliament dies, that's one thing; if he goes off to what is seen, rightly or wrongly, as a 'cushy number', that is another thing altogether and accounts partly for the appalling by-election results. The resentment at such appointments was reinforced many times over the years; by decisions to send Ted Short to Cable and Wireless as Lord Glenomara, Roy Jenkins, and more particularly David Marquand, to the EEC, with subsequent disaster at Stechford and an electoral fiasco from the Labour Party's point of view at Ashfield, a 20,000 plus majority being swept away. All this creates, among the Party activists, if not among the heavy press, an accumulative sense of distrust.

Worse still, the flames have been fanned by a series of defections, of which that of Reg Prentice has been the most dramatic. When Reg Prentice or Dick Taverne or Christopher Mayhew embark on criticism of the present Labour Party, they should perhaps have the humility to reflect that their reactions have, in part, been responsible for much of the so-called extremism: Nor is it right to say that this is simply a matter of dissent. Dissenters, (like me over Devolution), have had a great deal of understanding from their parties, provided that they regularly were in their constituencies, holding surgeries, and participating in their General Management Committee Meetings.

It is usually personalities and not policies which lead to the bitterest conflicts inside political parties. And this is especially true where money is concerned. It was evident that there was a deep feeling in these difficult times that not only had a number of individuals used the Party for their own purposes and advancement, but that MPs in general were rather well-paid. The fact that most MPs find their financial personal problems as pressing as those of most other people in work in current conditions is not generally accepted by delegates. During the debate on Europe, I was left with the uneasy feeling that much of the sheer naked antagonism to the Community flowed from the past and more recent centre-party activities of Roy Jenkins than from a very real impatience with the technicalities of the Common Agricultural Policy. Other EEC Commissioners, such as Guido Brunner, were for ever hastening off to their Party Conferences, and as an unreconstructed pro-EEC man, I wish to Heaven Roy Jenkins had done the same. Had he found time to appear regularly at Labour Party Conferences, and held fringe meetings, which are now central and not peripheral to the political process in the Labour Party, I suspect that some, though not all, of the hostility to the EEC would have been avoided.

Inextricably enmeshed with these gut reactions, is the belief that in general Labour Governments have not delivered the goods for which Conference asked. Now, as I see it, the real charge against politicians in general is not that we have been unduly bad in Government, but that we have allowed expectations of what we were able to do to become unduly inflated before elections. One particular point which applies to Labour

Party Conferences requires a brief explanation of technicalities. A notice goes out in the Spring to all Constituency Labour Parties and Trade Unions to the effect that they are invited to submit resolutions for the annual conference of the Party in the first week of October. Some Trades Unions then send out requests for resolution suggestions to their branches: others do not. Equally, all General Management Committees of Constituency Labour Parties are supposed to send out invitations to wards and branch parties; some executives don't bother. By June, all resolutions are submitted, one per constituency, and the harvest of resolutions is circulated in an agenda. Resolutions are then subject to amendment; again, each constituency being supposed to go back to the constituent branches. Amendments have to be received by August, for the printers' deadline. All this is very cumbersome but in fairness, the actual agenda does give an indication as to what is stirring the Labour Party in the country. During September, an increasing number of constituency delegates are mandated by their Party meetings as to how they should vote on major issues.

However, much of the trouble arises because it is far from clear in what form a proposition on a delicate issue will eventually come before the Party Conference. The critical importance of the Saturday before the opening of the Labour Party Conference is not generally appreciated, even among political scientists. It is from 2pm to 5pm that relays of delegates get together with other delegates whose constituencies have submitted resolutions on similar topics. Racing against the clock, with the aid of a harassed Chairman who is a Member of the National Executive Committee of the Party, this assortment of delegates, who often have never previously met one another, try to cobble together a composite resolution covering all the various points contained in the resolutions of constituencies who have chosen that particular topic. Understandably, what comes out at the end of this churning process is often the dog's breakfast of a resolution, possibly containing all sorts of internal, mutually-contradictory requirements from a future Labour Government. More often still, several resolutions are passed which contradict one another. A prime example of this is that whereas the Blackpool 1980 Conference rightly or wrongly voted overwhelmingly to remain in NATO, it also passed resolutions which, if carried out to the letter, would make continued NATO membership almost meaningless. I suspect that successive Labour Cabinets have not been unduly dismayed by this inbuilt confusion. After all, if resolutions passed by Conference are muddled, it gives them some scope for flexibility, picking and choosing what suits them in the way of policy, when the time arrives to make governmental decisions. But the confusion also means that delegates feel let-down because Conference decisions seem to be discarded, somewhat casually. If we are really to take Conference decisions seriously, a great deal more thought is going to have to be given to the clarity of resolutions put before Conference.

Let me conclude with an example. The Energy Resolution, Composite 38, put before the Blackpool Conference on the Monday, called for conservation measures for energy, and a development of combined heat and power schemes for towns near power stations—causes in which I and

many others passionately believe. But, in the same all-purpose, composite motion were points that made me speak in favour of the defeat of the Resolution. How could some of us accept the statement that 'nuclear power is unsafe', when there has been arguably one accident relating to nuclear dangers in the history of the AEA; that 'nuclear power is uneconomic' when the old magnox stations are producing the cheapest electricity in Britain; or that 'nuclear power is a threat to trade union rights', when the AEA is fully trade union organised? Yet in the four million plus votes which defeated the resolution, there were many enthusiastic believers in energy conservation. The upshot of the voting is that the purist could say that the Labour Party is against energy conservation, which in reality is simply preposterous.

The truth is that if a Government is to be tied down to Conference resolutions, a pre-condition is that the hard-working standing orders committee, with legal assistance, is going to have to work for a full month, Saturdays, Sundays, and overtime, to draft non-mutually contradictory resolutions. Even then, the process could be wildly impractical and overtaken by events. Maybe Conference resolutions by their very nature can be no more than general guidelines and must be accepted as such!

[Tam Dalyell, Member of Parliament for West Lothian since 1962, is Chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party Foreign and Commonwealth Affairs Group.]

POEMS

A BOISTEROUS BACK END

The trees have shed their summers
And left them jostling on pavements
Or wherever, till frenzied equinoctials
Have whisked them out of sight.

Branches have been stripped
Clean as a whistle
And we are battered by demented winds
That will soon back or veer
To find and drive
Sheets of unfeeling snow.

Besides the problems
Packed into another year of age
Winter has its own eldritch ones:
The fivefold howl may not be far away.

But we have only one small dog
And she will never bark at me;
So, my dear household ones, relax.

ENIGMA FOR THE DAY

Every morning I see
From a window of our bedroom
The fronds of a rowan tree
Waving and nodding in the wind
Or hanging limply if the day is still;
And if it should be turbulent
The waving of the fronds
Seems to take on a kind of frenzy
As if they despaired of getting the message across
Or even of finding a message to put across.

A. J. McGEOCH

'THE NINETIES': END OR BEGINNING?

by Richard Whittington-Egan

THE Celtic Revivalists were yet another coterie of that Protean time to give the lie to the homomorphic concept of the nineties.

It was Matthew Arnold who, inspired by Renan's 'Essay on the Poetry of the Celtic Peoples' in his *Essais de Morale et de Critique*, 1859, and reacting against his father's anti-Celticism and mid-Victorian Teutomania *à la* Carlyle and Kingsley, Freeman, Green, Stubbs and Froude, was responsible for the suggestion that there was discernible in English literature a Celtic spirit quite different from the Teutonic norm. In his 1865-66 series of lectures, *On the Study of Celtic Literature*, published in 1867, he constructed a campaigning argument which sought to establish a certain vein of high idealism and rich imaginative glow as the peculiar contribution of the Celt.

Arnold was, as usual, sincere and persuasive, but the whole business of the 'Literary Celt' is based on dubious ground. It does not make ethnological sense. All the peoples of Great Britain are of mixed blood, and the laws of heredity decree that the qualities which all display, in life and in literature, are derived from that mixture. Any attempt to isolate this element as indigenous Celtic and that as imported Teutonic is bound to be so subjective and unverifiably speculative as to be practically meaningless. Is not the apocalyptic vision of the Saxon Blake the equal of that of any Celt? And if, as averred, mysticism be the mark of the Celt, how is it that the Teutonic poetry of Germany is superior in ethereal qualities to the poetry of France? Nevertheless, Arnold stimulated a new Celtic awareness, and in so doing applied a spur to the flank of nationalistic pride.

It is the use of the portmanteau term 'Celtic', with its racial lumping together of four culturally distinct entities, which has been at the root of much misunderstanding. Applied in a literary, as opposed to an ethnic, context, it properly refers to the entirely separate national literatures of Ireland, Scotland, Wales and the Isle of Man, and their characteristics, and long before the days of Yeats and the Hibernian recrudescence there had been periodic 'Celtic revivals' of interest or vitality in all of these national literatures.

James Macpherson's *Ossian* had sent the voice of the Scottish Celt echoing throughout Europe; Lady Charlotte Guest's translation of the (incorrectly titled) *Mabinogion* had proclaimed the Welsh Celt abroad; the works of Thomas Moore, George Darley and James Clarence Mangan had celebrated the Irish Celt across the water; and, on a much more modest scale, the island laureateship of Thomas Edward Brown had established the insular credentials of the Manx Celt.

The Celtic Revival of the nineties centred mainly upon Ireland and the touchstone figure of William Butler Yeats. It involved others—George Russell ('A.E.'), Lionel Johnson and certain aspects of George Moore—but it was Yeats who gave its strongest impetus to a national movement

which had grown sluggish. His motivation was twofold. He saw in Irish myth and legend, faery and occult to his taste, personal advantage for the development of his poetry (and the pleasing of Maude Gonne), and he was also moved by a powerful nationalistic pride. It was his publication of *The Wanderings of Oisin*, in 1889, that really kindled the necessary spark to set the Celtic twilight ablaze with a new fire which, stoked by the efforts of Dr. Douglas Hyde, W. K. Magee ('John Eglinton') and Lady Gregory, flared into the Irish Literary Society, which eventually brought the Irish National Theatre into being.

The *fin-de-siècle* revival of the Scottish branch, as it were, of the spreading tree of Celticism, was represented by William Sharp and his *alter ego*, Fiona Macleod, and the *Evergreen* group surrounding Professor Patrick Geddes in Edinburgh.

The position of Yeats and Johnson as both Rhymers *and* Celtic Revivalists emphasises the interpenetrative nature of movements, the fallacy of labels, and the misrule of clock and calendar.

Apart from the coteries already discussed, there were a number of poetic 'loners' whose work is equally a part of the nineties tradition. Francis Thompson and Gerard Manley Hopkins, for example, who, despite a possible bracketing as 'Catholic Rhapsodists', represent the mining of totally diverse poetic veins.

Hopkins, although he remained largely unpublished until 1918, may fairly be counted a nineties poet, for his friend, Robert Bridges, permitted the inclusion of a small selection of his poems in Miles' *The Poets and Poetry of the Century*, in 1893, four years after Hopkins' early death. 'Had he received the attention that was his due,' writes F. R. Leavis in *New Bearings in English Poetry*, 'the history of English poetry from the nineties onward would have been very different.'

Thompson, a lesser poet, was more fortunate. Widely read and acclaimed, his fugitive person snatched from dereliction and cosseted by the Meynells, he ploughed a lasting individual furrow of richly metaphorical poems. He was like no one—unless it was Crashaw—but himself.

Two other nonconforming spirits of the age were John Davidson and A. E. Housman.

Davidson, a Realist, made the 'Voyage without'—and ended up out on a limb. At one time a fringe associate of the Rhymers' Club, he complained that its members were lacking in 'blood and guts'. Certainly Davidson lacked neither. Influenced by Carlyle, the Spasmodics, Schopenhauer, Herbert Spencer, Ibsen and Nietzsche, whose work was at that time appearing in English translation, he became a philosophic propagandist. Didactic, more concerned with content than with form, he was primarily interested in the exploration and communication of ideas, and his poetry has been described as celebrating the beauty of the will. Having rejected orthodox Christianity, he took up the stance of a proclamatory atheist, whose work was heavily, and destructively, weighted with the burden of preachment. He wrote good nature poetry and some extremely effective townscape verse, which was an admitted influence on T. S. Eliot, but much of his poetry is doctrinaire, dated by mouthings of

the issues of the day, deficient in real depth and marred by the solemn discovery of the obvious. Davidsonian irony sought to affirm the essential unity of the apparently diverse, and it is in this intuition of 'cosmic irony' that it is possible to find the resolution of the seeming incongruity of Davidson's poetic style and statements. There is an undeniable resemblance between the poetry of Davidson and that of the most robust of the Counter-Decadents, Henley, with its rich musicality and synaesthetic imagery, but it is Davidson's philosophic tendency which firmly separates him from both the lyrical New Aesthetes and the patriotic Counter-Decadents.

Davidson's atmospheric lyric poems of the nineties, his eclogues and his ballads, remain essentially minor. If any claim is to be made for him as approaching near-major status, it must be based upon the later work of his materialist phase, a highly distinctive blank verse into which he incorporated the discoveries of science. For Davidson, science became poetically what myth and mysticism became for Yeats. He combined his ironic vision with scientific materialism and, in the end, came to see himself as a poet-prophet who would change the mood of the world with his dynamic, monistic philosophy. Obsessed with his role as evangel of a new cosmology and social order, he combated failure by developing a defensive megalomania. With lack of success, under the pressures of poverty and poor health, believing that the world was against him, he killed himself.

Alfred Edward Housman, whose small volume of verse, *A Shropshire Lad,* was published in 1896, had been appointed Professor of Latin at University College, London, in 1892, and his poems were written as a side-line to his academic career. Although he met Gosse and Hardy, he did not generally mix in the literary life of the nineties. He despised Henley and was himself dismissed, at a personal level, by Beerbohm as 'like an absconding cashier.' Housman recognised three 'fortunate influences'—Shakespeare's songs, Scott's *Border Ballads,* and the romantic irony of Heine. His poetry, narrow in range, deep in pessimism, of laconic brevity and crystal clarity, echoes the metres and cadences of ballad, hymn, and simple Latin lyric, but the diction and method, the lilt and epigram, are entirely his own. His theme, like Hardy's in spirit, although quite different in the way in which it is handled, is that of life's ironies clothed in bucolic attire.

Firm and steady amid all the flux and fume of coteries and individualists, stood the old main-liner, William Watson, principal of the eclectic School of Imitation. His proud models were Milton, Wordsworth and Arnold, and, brandishing elegy, ode, sonnet and philosophic poem, stately and rhetorical, he followed, safe and tame, in their classical footsteps. Established as a critical elegist with *Wordsworth's Grave* (1890), and confirmed in his position by the success of *Lachrymae Musarum* (1892), a threnody on the death of Tennyson, Watson insisted that the poet should be an integral part of the social and intellectual life of his day. Neither dramatist nor true lyrist, he sedulously penned paeons on public persons and affairs, carved exquisitely-graven cameos, displayed a notable mastery of *rime couée,* and wrote austere, concise, fastidious verse of high surface

polish, marred by occasional yieldings to a love of polysyllabic sonorities and betrayed often by a fatal prosaism. His dodo presence emitted the last gasp of the Great Tradition as the nineties poets hurried to bury it. It was a curious position for a man who had started out in poetic life as a rhapsodist and who had 'fired a pistol at an empty Royal carriage to draw attention to his own genius, and spent much time travelling about England carrying a carpet bag filled with constantly replenished French letters.' At one period almost as widely read as Tennyson, and a contender for the vacant laureateship, Sir William Watson's stature has diminished in the eye of time to that of an anachronistic footnote.

Reviewing the total spectrum of the nineties from the vantage point of nearly a hundred years later, it seems clearly impossible to equate any one mood or mode with the whole period. There was interplay, interaction and absorption enough between the various 'isms' at the time, and the edges of many of them have blurred and others merged, a synthesis which may surely be recognised in the fusion of Aestheticism and Naturalism in Symbolism.

The New Aesthetes have pressed their claim of sovereignty upon posterity by reason of the sheer drama they contrived, or was contrived for them, making their lives the veritable stuff of myth, so that the 'Tragic Generation' have come to dominate the landscape of their time in terms of an attaching kind of folklore, which collectively overweights their individual achievements. The justification for the paramounting of the 'Decadent' coterie is its evolution of the related theories of Impressionist criticism and the autonomy of art, and its adoption of French Symbolism, with its consequent seminal role in the development of the new twentieth-century poetry, accouched by Pound and Eliot.

It was the downfall of Wilde which was to prove fatally prejudicial to the New Aesthetes: quite unfairly, too, for Wilde was not of their number. No matter, they were all brushed with the same tar. Retrospectively, the imprisonment of Oscar may perhaps be seen as the supreme essay of the Victorian middle class into Symbolism; a symbolic act of revenge upon the Aesthetic art that *had* dared to speak its name. Coincident with the transmogrification of Wilde's Arcady into Reading Gaol, there appeared, as if to ratify the sentence of the court of public opinion, Max Nordau's *Degeneration*.

Nordau, a German sociologist, had published his *Entartung* in 1893, but, with exquisite timing, the English translation of this German Doomsday book came off the presses in 1895. A cranky Philippic, it condemned practically every significant modern movement in music, art and literature as symptomatic of a prevalent mental and physical degeneracy. The Pre-Raphaelites, the Parnassians, the Diabolists, the Decadents, the Aesthetes, the Nietzscheans; Symbolism, Tolstoyism, Ibsenism, Wagnerism, Zolan Realism; Victor Hugo, Ruskin, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, William Morris, Maeterlinck, even asparagus-innocent Kate Greenaway, all came in for fierce berating from the pseudo-scientific tongue of the priggish and ponderous Hun. The very phrase *fin de siècle* seemed to unleash a frenzy of some primitive superstition within him

concerning 'certain traditional beliefs in the evil destiny of the closure of centuries.' He warned: 'All suns and all stars are gradually waning, and mankind with all its institutions and creations is perishing in the midst of a dying world.'

In the wake of the Wilde trial, the Teutonic jeremiad found a sympathetic readership, which, knowing even less than its author, accepted his farraginous nonsense as divine revelation, a heaven-sent confirmation of the rightness of all their worst supposings.

Professor Saintsbury's restrained observation that too much of Nordau's book was 'a silly . . . exaggeration not at all ill exemplifying the very weaknesses he discusses,' failed to breach the obtuse barrier of wilful deafness. It was left to George Bernard Shaw to blast it, which he did in a lengthy review, 'A Degenerate's View of Nordau', in the American Anarchist paper, *Liberty*. The article was subsequently republished in book form as *The Sanity of Art*. 'This theory of his,' wrote Shaw, 'is, at bottom, nothing but the familiar delusion of the used-up man that the world is going to the dogs.'

But it was too late to salve the discredited New Aesthetes, and at the end of the day, almost as if in effectuation of Nordau's vaticination of doom, too many perished tragically within too pitifully short a compass. Crackanthorpe drowned himself for love in the Seine at twenty-five, in 1896. Beardsley's wavering flame burnt itself out, extinguished by tuberculosis, in Menton in 1898. He was twenty-five. Dowson succumbed to drink and tuberculosis in 1900, aged thirty-two. Wilde came to a pathetic end in Paris in 1900, aged forty-six. Johnson, at the early age of thirty-five, tumbled to his death in a Fleet Street tavern, in 1902. Harland died of tuberculosis, aged forty-four, in 1905. Thompson was another tuberculosis victim, dying, aged forty-six, in 1907. Davidson cast himself into the Cornish sea, aged fifty-one, in 1909.

Arthur Symons went mad in 1908. He recovered sufficiently to be released from confinement in 1910, although it was said of him that, like Sherlock Holmes after his plunge over the Reichenbach Falls, he was never quite the same again. He died, aged seventy-nine, in 1945.

Richard Le Gallienne made a half-compact with reality, and survived, a literary ghost, until the age of eighty-one in 1947.

Ernest Rhys, Theodore Wratislaw and Victor Plarr, adapting to external reality, betook themselves into the safety of conventional employment. Rhys found a position with a publisher—and fathered the Everyman series. He was eighty-six when he died in 1946. Wratislaw vanished into the Estate Duty Office in Somerset House, and died aged sixty-two in 1933. Plarr became librarian at the Royal College of Surgeons, dying in 1929, aged sixty-five.

Only one of that brave band of the nineties, Yeats, 'came through' artistically, having had the courage and intellectual integrity to pursue the 'Voyage within' to its ultimate logical harbour. He died, full of honours, aged seventy-three in 1939.

For all their febrile vigour and individual panache, the achievement of the poets of the nineties fell lamentably short both of their aspirations

and of the needs of the particular moment. There was no new Tennyson or Browning in their ranks to accomplish the necessary redirection of poetry. What should have been an age of poetical innovation sputtered out in a blind-alley of creative impotence. Perhaps the best that can be said of the nineties is that it was an interim experimental period, an age of transition only in the limited sense that it provided some inspirational touchstones for the succeeding generation of major twentieth-century poets.

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[Richard Whittington-Egan is now writing the first critical biography of Stephen Phillips, author of *Paolo and Francesca.* The biography, to be published in 1981 by the Eighteen Nineties Society, will include some part of the material contained in these articles.]

SUBJECT-MATTER

by Cyril Fradan

Du gleichst dem Geist den du begreiffst. (You are what you can understand.) —Goethe. *'Faust' Ii.*

We are creatures of prejudice; we neither can nor ought to eradicate it; we must only regulate it by reason; which kind of regulation is indeed little more than obliging the lesser, the local and temporary prejudices to give way to those which are more durable and lasting.

Joshua Reynolds. 7th Discourse.

BECAUSE the term 'subject-matter' is also used by writers most people would associate it with the idea of the narrative and descriptive or, in the terminology of the painter, figurative. This is not necessarily so. Even a simple straight line, or a blank canvas, innocent of even this seemingly minimal adornment may, by theorising and sophistry, become significant subject-matter in its own right. Latterly the 'concept' of 'subject-matter' had become 'subject-matter' without the need to materially create an artefact.

If we leave cosmology and theology aside we can assume that all mankind, on no matter what intellectual level, seeks to find meaning in the utterances and artefacts of his fellows. Significance and importance gain by wide public acceptance—if only in the market-place. It would have been useless for God to give a vision of the Cross to someone other than Constantine, who could understand its significance and conquer in its sign. The mystique now innate in the Cross (acknowledged even here by the use of a capital letter) is not universal, but artefacts, whether symbolic, figurative, abstract or any combination of these, do have the tendency to acquire a cabalistic mystique of their own, whence the fear of idolatry amongst Jews, Christians and Mohammedans.

The more 'abstract' the symbol the more closely must its significance be defined in order to make it legible. This is most certainly true for sounds, the raw material of language. Certain cadences and manners of saying words may make a generalised impression of their meaning clear even to one who has no understanding of the language. The moment that that series of noises which represents 'English' or 'French' becomes recognisable as words with meanings then the whole process of understanding and definition, from the scientific to the poetic, begins. How confusing it would be for a German to hear the English 'mine', 'dine', 'nine' and take them for *'mein', 'dein', 'nein'*! Or take the following sequence of letters: mandaretopinonlame. It can be differentiated into 'Man dare to pin on lamé', or in Italian, *Mandare topi non lame* (Send mice, not blades). The sounds become intelligible when the linguistic convention is made clear.

I might just mention here the possibility of graphics or calligraphy being appreciated for their purely aesthetic quality, especially when the language so expressed is totally foreign to the reader and may actually

be saying something grossly offensive.

This perplexity is even greater when sound is used in its most abstract and potentially most moving form: music. The responses which the same piece can evoke in different and serious listeners can be almost comically diverse. Tolstoy and Ernst Fischer are not very different in their political ideals. Here are their thoughts on the last movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony:

> But though this poem (of Schiller's) is sung at the end of the symphony, the music does not accord with the thought expressed in the verses; for the music is exclusive and does not unite all men, but only unites the few, dividing them off from the rest of mankind. (Tolstoy 1898).
>
> . . . in the 9th Symphony the joy that bursts out in the choral movement is not *any* joy, not joy in abstracto, but a joy born of immense contradictions, despite and in defiance of dejection and despair, given infinitely conscious form: and a joy moreover that presupposes the urban masses . . . it is the new, urban loneliness which came into being together with the masses of the modern bourgeois-capitalist age and found its first musical expression in Beethoven. (Ernst Fischer. *The Necessity of Art* 1954).

Now, this same movement has acquired a real political veneer as the anthem of the Common Market!

At least there was a text to which critics could turn in order to test Beethoven's intentions. How much more difficult to assess the value of the completely abstract, be it musical or graphic.

Within the limitations of a very short article let us consider the significance of 'subject-matter' as it passes from the studio of the artist and comes under the pressures of society.

All artefacts are externalisations and interpretations of an idea conceived by the artist and so made evident to others. The artist and his public are both subject to the influences of recent and distant past and the preconceptions expressed in the quotations following the title of this article. The artefact, once made public, is open to judgement by the State, the Church, Commerce, critics, historians and those who know what they like. In deciding upon the form his work will take the artist will either pander to these forces or run the risk of offending them—and being punished for doing so, (Contrary to the megalomania of revolutionary pictorial artists it is usually the writers who influence socio-political events and so win the martyr's crown.)

Where does he seek his ideas? Are they to be based upon visual experience of the external world or does he renounce any such reference and seek only what lies pristine within him—if such virgin visions exist? If the former he may produce kitsch, if the latter, he risks producing so arcane a language that it communicates to no-one, or at least not without the interpretive intervention of critics and analysts whose word can never be considered less than the artefact and sometimes becomes more significant.

The artist can be made the tool of the powers that be. He may be content with his function, as were the scribes and illuminators of the Catholic Church, or the ingenious designers of advertisements for present-day commerce or politics.

Perhaps he could be modest and God-fearing like Cennino Cennini (b. 1370) and say to other artists: 'Your life should always be arranged just as if you were studying theology, or philosophy, or other theories, that is to say, eating and drinking moderately . . . saving and sparing your hand, preserving it from such strains as heaving stones, crowbars, and many other things which are bad for and weary the hand. There is another cause which, if you indulge it, can make your hand so unsteady that it will waver more, and flutter far more than the leaves do in the wind, and this is indulging too much in the company of women.'

He might be arrogant as Gerhard van het Reve in this extract from *De Taal de Liefde*, 1972:

> *Ik ben een vruchtbaar, scheppend kunstenaar, en een werklijke kunstenaar heeft order, rust en continuiteit nodig, en geen revoluutsie. Er is geen kunst dan burgelijke kunst, trouwens. Alleen de bourgeoisie heeft op dit gebied van de kunst iets voortgebracht. Het zogenaamde proletariaat is slechts in staat om de menigte to vormen die publieke eksekuutsies met welvallen gadeslaat.*
>
> (I am a fruitful, creative artist and I therefore need peace and continuity and not revolution. Anyway there is no other art than bourgeois art. Only the Bourgeoisie has produced anything in the sphere of art. The so-called proletariat is only capable of forming the crowds that observe and approve of public executions.)

He might be ecstatic like Gabriele d'Annunzio in his novel *Il Piacere*, 1889:

> *L'Arte! l'arte!—Ecco l'amante fidele, sempre giovine, immortale, ecco la fonte della gioia pura, vietata alle moltitudini, concessa agli eletti; ecco il prezioso alimento che fa l'uomo simile a un dio.'*
>
> (Art! Art! There is the faithful lover, ever young, immortal, there is the source of pure joy, forbidden to the multitudes, conceded to the elect; behold the precious pabulum which makes man resemble the gods.)

Or he might be balanced as in this couplet from *Torquato Tasso* by Goethe:

> *Es bildet ein Talent in der Stille,*
> *Sich ein Charakter in dem Strom der Welt.*
>
> (Character is formed in the tumult of the world, talent in the stillness.)

Whatever his personal approach the artist is going to come under the exigencies and pressures of his society—even if this means that he never shares his work with anyone. Figurative art is especially liable to exploitation for all kinds of religious, political and commercial purposes. Both the literate and the illiterate can be beguiled by images—a fact established as early as the Ten Commandments. Autocrats are therefore wont to try to control images and introduce concepts of morality—especially that of the creative person—into art. We need only look to the controversy over pornography to see this illustrated.

Let me give you a few examples of the intervention of Church or State in art.

The deliberations of the Council of Trent (1545-63), called to combat the effects of the Protestant Reformation, covered the whole field of man's

duty to the Church. This necessarily included the arts. The result was an attempt to remove all freedom of the exercise of individual judgement on the part of the artist who was to submit his ideas for vetting by the ecclesiastical authorities. Strict orthodoxy, free of everything secular or pagan (the delight of the Renaissance) or of lasciviousness, was to be the norm. Michelangelo himself, the protégé of earlier Popes, came to be called an 'inventor of filthiness' and Daniele da Volterra was commissioned to paint drapes over the pudenda of the nudes in the 'Last Judgement'. 1564 saw the introduction of the *Index Expurgatorius.*

Francis IV, Duke of Modena, addressed the Congress of Lublyana in 1821 saying:

> The creation of equality before the law for all, the excessive sharing of wealth; freedom of the press; opening careers to all; the excessive consideration accorded to scientists and men of letters; the increase in the number of schools, the freedom for all to read and write: behold! these are the evil seeds from which revolutions grow!

E pur si muove.

In *What is Art?* published in full in England in 1898 by Tolstoy because its anti-clerical nature had created problems for him in Russia, he states:

> The Spiritual Censorship is one of the most ignorant, venal, stupid and despotic institutions in Russia. Books which disagree in any way with the State religion of Russia, if they once fall into its hands, are almost always totally suppressed and burnt. . . To protest in Russia is impossible; no newspaper would publish such a protest.

From which statement it is an easy progress to modern totalitarian states—indeed Russia itself. Both Hitler and Mussolini forbade abstract art and used figurative for propaganda purposes. For Marxist-Leninists art is the expression of specific classes and therefore of the class struggle. It can also be used as a weapon in the struggle. It should not be necessary to point out how many questions are begged by dogmatists of all persuasions, nor how individuals have had their physical or spiritual liberty impaired or removed by those convinced that they are acting in the public good or the name of God.

Figurative art has more obvious applications than abstract in this struggle, but it has actually been postulated that the flowering of abstract-expressionist art in the USA was actually fostered by the CIA because it was neutral and kept artists out of controversial political issues. (Eva Cockroft. *Art Forum;* June 1974.) On the other hand, the Socialist countries fear the same phenomenon because of its implicit celebration of the uniqueness of each individual. It is therefore forcibly suppressed.

Sometimes artists have been aggressors to their own kind—always within repressive and collective concepts of society and especially in protection of market privileges. Trade guilds, Academies and, nowadays, Unions have been the line of development. Their exclusivity makes for a powerful weapon of economic coercion. By the 18th century the French Academy had become so closed a shop that only the sons of members succeeded in gaining admission—irrespective of talent! At least the power of the

academy was not national insofar as non-members could still sell their work outside the confines of the major cities, but they could not be appointed to court positions, the real source of honour and reward. This is only different in detail from the pressures which the artists' unions in totalitarian states today can bring to bear on dissidents.

The Duke of Modena, quoted above, for all his intolerance, was enouncing a tendency that was already perceptible in his day and which has grown in strength throughout the nations now known as the Western Democracies but which include Japan. By his day the organic development of art, one tendril after another from Greek roots through Italian soil, was withering. The Renaissance had derided Gothic as barbaric but it was about to be revived as Doric already had been. From the revival of styles and archaic longings also arose the fragmentation of aesthetic values arising from the 'Bohemian' artists of the 19th century. More and more private languages needing ever more verbose apologetics have become the *sine qua non* of the art world. This certainly keeps the world of art-publishing in a buoyant and prosperous state and maintains many idiosyncratic, dogmatic writers in comfort. The disappearance of narrative (historical or religious), of the natural world and the *genre* scenes from fashionable avant-garde painting, means that the artist's ivory tower can only be visited in the company of a Cicerone who may himself be making a rare sortie from his own tower.

The importance of each phenomenon has to be separately presented by those who market the product. If they heeded Sir Joshua they would be more modest in the claims they make in favour of the artists under review. Is it not amazing that, in a society in which psychoanalytical theories play so large a part in the therapy or manipulation of individuals and groups, that greater psychoanalysis, History in general, is so often ignored? Thus pastiche and imitation can often come to be hailed as original movements and minor talents raised to genius. Who now remembers the Dutch painter Ten Holt whom John Berger hailed as an equal to Picasso some 15 years ago?

What can we expect to draw from the pretentious penury of the apologetics on Conceptualists and Minimalists? Here is an extract about the Conceptualist Walter de Maria:

> . . . I should like to refer to the work of Walter de Maria, who, already in the 60's occupied himself with 'invisible' drawings, that is, delicate, scarcely visible drawings (on the threshold of visibility), and who suggested an immaterial, invisible earth sculpture for the 1972 Olympic Games in Munich, which was rejected because of the artistic incompetence of the Organising Committee. This was to have been a shaft 120m deep with a diameter of 3m which was intended to lead from the peak of the 60m high hill, composed of rubbish from the bombed-out post-World-War-Two Munich, to 60m deep in the solid earth beneath, thus connecting and reconciling (unfortunate) history with nature. The shaft was to have been closed at the top with a bronze disc, thus remaining permanently invisible. The consciousness of the existence of the shaft and its invisibility would have been important and effective—which must be clearly distinguished from a non-existent shaft that is invisible only for this reason.

Even if one were to take this doggerel seriously it would be essential to

keep in mind that the 'invisible' work of art would earn millions by virtue of notoriety, press-coverage and the sale of documentary material.

What of the Minimalists who make, or commission the making of, artefacts which would be well within the scope of many an industrial apprentice in the early stages of training? Generations of artisans, who have been appreciative of the skills of their own specialist work, have appreciated the simple beauty of a well-planed piece of wood, a well-laid brick wall or a well-joined metal object. What pretension to believe that such objects are being presented for admiration for the first time. Do not imagine that the Minimalist is happy with anything but Maximalist rewards for these simple objects and the simpler concept they imply. What bricklayer could hope for the reward of £4,000-5,000, said to have been paid by the Tate Gallery for Carl André's 120 bricks? And these were not even the original bricks in which the heap had been executed. A B.B.C. critic at the time said that the measure of a good work of art is the amount of criticism it arouses, i.e. the amount of publicity it provokes. Would this also make the Massacre of the Innocents good? It has had publicity and raised discussion for 2,000 years.

Clearly, subject-matter is not nearly as important as many would have us believe. If the pornography which is confiscated by the police can then be applied to the treatment of people with sexually disturbed psyches we are in a sphere of relativity with any image. The peril in the image is that of the authoritarian, who being disturbed by what another thinks or does, condemns it as sinful and to be avoided, not only for himself but for as many of his fellows as he can impose upon to accept his judgement. If the Iranians are at present engaged in destroying fine architectural monuments and buildings which have been preserved for many hundreds of years we can despair at their vandalism, but they see them only as symbols of past oppression.

The owner of a very *avant-garde* gallery in Amsterdam once told me very solemnly that after visiting an exhibition of Jim Dine drawings, most of which represented toothbrushes, she now had a totally new attitude towards them. If this is her grain of sand in which to see the universe I cannot deny her the joy.

Did I hear someone say that Beauty is in the eye of the beholder?

TELEOLOGY AND DEMOCRATIC THEORY

by W. J. Stankiewicz

DETERMINISTIC patterns of thought have become the rule in science. No matter what their particular field, most scientists today would be prepared to give a general history of cosmogony beginning with a tremendous fireball a few billion years ago and ending with the state of the earth in our time. The initial part of the argument is convincing: it proceeds from hydrogen atoms to a world cooling to a temperature that can sustain life and maintain on its surface pools of a primordial amino acid and nucleotide soup able to form the basis of 'life'. However, it is easy to overlook the fact that matters become decidedly vague the moment we move from chemistry and physics to biology and the social sciences. We are then likely to be told that these are young sciences, which—because of the nature of the material—deal with more complex phenomena than the older sciences and have exceptional methodological problems. Could this not be the explanation of the backwardness of the social sciences? If we agree that life evolved from non-life and man from lower organisms, why should the methodology of the physical sciences not continue to apply? At what point in a continuous chain of cause-effect (or energy-matter) transformations can we introduce some other principle, and if so, what justification can we offer for doing so?

The first argument for considering a different approach is that science itself asserts that with the evolution of life a new kind of matter came into being with characteristics that separate it from non-life. We admit this when we accept the dictum (relevant to these circumstances) that higher life comes only from life. 'Life' appears to be a prolonged chemical reaction which is capable of sustaining itself by incorporating matter and energy from the environment and continuing the process by 'reproduction'. Even on the simplest level, living matter is different from non-living; it absorbs energy and matter, but instead of re-transmitting them in a changed form on changing itself, it converts them into 'self' and things like itself, discarding the rest as dross.

Although at present we have only a limited understanding of the processes involved, we have no reason to suppose that this is not just a sustained chemical process which scientists will one day be able to reproduce in a laboratory by using only non-living matter. Life, while not yet understood, is not a complete mystery.

This interpretation of life has important consequences. Cause-effect or energy-matter relations can explain the origin of life, but—once we recognise that the characteristic of life is that it acts as if it were independent of the sequence of events which brought it into being—it would seem that *we cannot continue to study it as if it were non-life.* The difference between living and non-living matter is too great. The life process even on the level of one-celled animals is such that it originates

sequences of events and in this sense is independent of prior sequences of cause and effect.

On a higher level of biological organisation it has long been recognised that what we call 'perception' is not merely a record of the energy-matter interrelations existing outside and inside biological organisms. What most higher organisms perceive, is not necessarily there—and this need not be the result of imperfections of their receptor mechanisms. A living organism can interpret a stimulus in terms of a *concept*—for example, that silhouette is a mouse—and to act as if the whole set of stimuli had operated: the cat investigates the silhouette.

Now, it may or may not have been a mouse, and it is the 'may not' part which is essential to our understanding of teleology. If the mouse is there, a convinced determinist can argue that the whole sequence of events fits into an established cause-effect pattern. But if the mouse is not there, we know that the cat's behaviour, while purposeful, is not 'caused' in any non-teleological sense, for that kind of cause is not present when there is no mouse. One can argue, of course, that we are looking at a stimulus-response type of behaviour, which is a psychologist's and biologist's way of talking about 'cause'. One can argue that either through instinct or experience cats respond to vague movement (for example a moving leaf) and begin to investigate. We know cats do this, but if we use it as a basis of interpretation, we have replaced a supposed chain of cause-effect with *chance* and have drawn conclusions contrary to empirical evidence: cats do not always leap at moving leaves. Rather it would seem that it is the cat—a living organism—which determines what happens. What matters is its perception of the situation which must needs rest on a concept. This direction evolved by life processes has a clear biological advantage so long as we suppose that the cat—or any other living organism—is independent of any supposed chain of cause-effect.

Let us take a different example in which the stimulus for ensuing behaviour comes from within—a hungry wolf. The biological entity is made aware that the energy supply must be replenished. This part is certainly understandable in terms of energy-matter, even though the processes involved are not known. The concept of 'rabbit' or 'food' or whatever we want to call the inner impulse that 'causes' the wolf to ignore—not even test the edible possibilities of—rocks and trees can also be understood in terms of 'cause-effect'. 'Experience' and possibly that mysterious inherited experience which we call instinct can be used to relate the wolf's behaviour to the world of cause-effect. Thus from the first conjectured fire-ball which set off our universe, the chain of matter-energy interchanges would lead inevitably through the evolving solar system to evolving life and to one small incident of a particular fragment of the whole: a particular wolf chasing a particular rabbit as the result of an immediate need to replenish its energy supply. But if the rabbit is not there, what then? The particular 'cause' of the behaviour does not in fact exist, and as such cannot be fitted into the traditional pattern, for cause-effect, matter-energy exchanges make sense only when causes 'exist'.

Suppose we argue that the rabbit which the wolf did not 'find' does in a sense 'exist', as the wolf's concept, and that its behaviour is perfectly understandable in terms of that concept. Although this might seem a commonsense explanation, many biologists would not accept it; to give it is to move squarely into the teleological camp: if a wolf can look for a rabbit, a man can search for the truth, etc.

Principles and normative concepts—the stuff of teleology—have been derided because they do not fit the truth and reality accepted by a science which has rejected teleology—quite justifiably—as inappropriate to the investigation of physical matter. Normative concepts do not have the characteristics of the kind of truth acceptable in the physical sciences. There is no fallacy in the argument so far. What is wrong is to suppose that if a concept is not a testable description or tautology, then it is in some way 'false' and consequently, if there is evidence of men acting as if norms were binding, to conclude that they are in fact acting out some kind of conditioned response (cause-effect) which means that we are not really seeing normative behaviour. Such arguments resemble the paradoxes of Zeno of Elea which baffled philosophers until recent times.

We feel the same with arguments which attempt to establish us as part of a limitless chain of cause-effect which we cannot escape because there is no room for teleological principles and hence no room for 'will'. We have an intuitive sense of 'free will' and empirical evidence that norms do in fact operate as they are supposed to. Thus even though many investigators define man as aggressive and even murderous by nature, statistics show that murderers constitute only a minute proportion of society. The principle or norm 'thou shalt not kill' is apparently very strong. Yet according to the non-teleological theory, it should have no effect at all, for we cannot be moved by what does not really exist and if it did, could not be called true. It is this line of reasoning that has stifled the social sciences. Beliefs, norms and principles are excluded from consideration at the very beginning of analysis. Social scientists have become historical, social, Freudian or biological determinists.

Is teleology worth consideration and is the particular way of discussing it adopted by Charles Taylor in *The Explanation of Behaviour* (1964) and Andrew Woodfield in *Teleology* (1976) appropriate?[1] The answer to the second question is supplied by Taylor himself:

> But before we proceed any further, there is an important question which must be raised, even if we cannot answer it very satisfactorily. Our outline of the features of explanation by purpose has been drawn from the concepts we use to talk about our own and others' behaviour in everyday speech... But is there any sense in entertaining the hypothesis that this is the basis of the distinction between animate and inanimate nature in general?[2]

Up to this point, most of his readers not committed to linguistic philosophy had probably been wondering when he was going to raise the issue, for if he could not answer it 'satisfactorily' he would be wasting both his own time and theirs. Unless one is absolutely certain of the validity of one's methodology and can prove that it is 'satisfactory' there is no point in applying it. Scholastic philosophy collapsed when it became

apparent that the scholastics were manipulating words within the framework of faith and that if there were any truths outside the framework, the methodology was not satisfactory. One might suppose that philosophers, of all people, ought to have heeded the lesson of history.

Let us try, as Woodfield does, to translate two identical—if *purpose* makes sense—situations into causal terms that will still enable us to see the resemblance.

The first situation—familiar to us all—occurs after a sum of money disappears from an office: a policeman questions the employees, charges one, a trial is held and the man goes to jail. In the second—remote from our experience but known to occur—smallpox breaks out in a remote African village, a witchdoctor performs ceremonies over a chicken, a member of the tribe is declared to be a sorcerer and is burnt.

Empirical observation cannot reveal any similarity between the two sequences of events and no theory of causation could link them. The initial conditions and subsequent events are too different. But despite the fact that our culture would find the African response to disease unrealistic and the African might regard our method of detecting and dealing with theft inefficient, one is bound to see the sequences as identical once the *purpose* is explained. Both situations are examples of crime and punishment, the African one resting on the assumption that disease is the work of an evil person—the sorcerer—whose identity can be discovered through the ceremony and whose punishment must follow tradition. Each culture makes quite different assumptions about the relationship between crime and disease, the acquisition of evidence and the treatment of the guilty. The point is that in terms of purposeful behaviour the two situations are not merely analogous or similar, but *identical*. (Causal theory is of course forced to deny this.)

An extreme example was chosen deliberately to show that it is this kind of understanding that enables the political theorist to say for instance that both Canada and the U.S.A. are democracies despite marked differences in their systems of government and to deny that a formally 'federalist' system such as the Soviet Union is a democracy. The difference —the theorist maintains—lies within the norms as expressions of purpose. Apart from the absence of individualism as a value in the Soviet system, the very nature of the Soviet attitude to norms as the effect of historical causes makes such formal similarities as may exist irrelevant to theoretical analysis. What concerns the theorist is that if norms were reducible to expressions of 'cause', the two systems—democratic and totalitarian—would logically be found to converge, the empirical evidence notwithstanding. Norms have to be something more than the product of historical forces or the result of a particular educational process in a particular society. Unless they have a conceptual element so that they can be manipulated and directed by the individual in order to decide about the rightness or wrongness of an act (without actually engaging in trial and error policy-making), we are indeed the helpless victims of forces beyond our control. Norms that are merely a part of a causal chain are

functionless. Norms for political theory, then, must have a teleological element; political theory cannot accept a kind of 'teleology' that can be reduced to, or expressed in, terms of causation. (The difference in requirement is well expressed by two conceptions of history: 'History never repeats itself' and (Lord Acton's dictum?) 'Those who don't learn from history are doomed to repeat it.' The first view rests on standard causal theory, which is linear or dendriform and never cyclic; the second assumes that men, if given purposes to live by, are capable of determining the conditions under which they choose to live. Teleology is indeed a meaningful concept.)

What is important to a political theorist is the study not only of the validity of norms—an essentially philosophic problem—but also of their function. Regardless of whether they are valid or not, absolute or relativistic, to a political theorist they are *facts* about society and he needs to know their relation to other 'facts', such as the constitution, government organisation, public policy, decision-making, etc.

With regard to norms as 'facts' there are two possible ways of analysing their function. On the one hand, they can be regarded as part of a deterministic scheme in which they are causes, effects or both. (This is the only position science has allowed, essentially for the reason of schematic simplification.) A good deal of political theory, on the other hand, is based on the view that the norms of a political order also operate as part of a teleological system. It should be noted that at this point the issue is not the validity of either view but the effect which exclusive adherence to one or the other has on democratic theory.

Traditional democratic theory has always been strongly teleological. To assert that a democratic society values equality and freedom and that Great Britain and the U.S.A. are examples of democratic societies is not to say that an analysis of their practices and institutions shows that the norms are ideally realised, or better realised there than in other societies calling themselves democratic. Political theory is not a branch of comparative anthropoolgy. In classical theory, the attribution of democracy to a society was equivalent to saying that members of the society and, above all, those in government believed in its norms and used them to determine policy. In practice, society might be divided into classes and its government more of an aristocracy than a democracy (this was certainly true of Britain throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries); classical theory would nevertheless hold that policy and the direction of legislation show a clear democratic direction which cannot be satisfactorily accounted for in terms of pressure groups, economic conditions or other factors that are assumed to supply a causal explanation of social change. Because it is teleological, 'classical' theory has always focussed on legislation as the source of change and on the analysis of the normative implications of fundamental democratic principles as guides to policy. All that the behaviouralist school can contribute here is advice about the political wisdom of introducing a particular piece of legislation at a particular time. What 'classical' theory seems to argue is that because legislation is a deliberate attempt to change

conditions or behaviour in a society, it is necessarily teleological in character, and that it is only on this type of theory—which allows for a teleological element—that advice to policy-makers can be based. If we do not acknowledge, this, legislation becomes a kind of social experiment based on trial and error, much like B. F. Skinner's instrumentalist Utopian proposals in *Walden Two* (1948). There was a time when a democratic society was reckless enough to try this approach, as in the great prohibition experiment in the U.S.A. in the 1920s. The experiment failed for reasons that any political theorist could have predicted simply by analysing the norms of democracy.

Notes:

1. Charles Taylor, *The Explanation of Behaviour* (Routledge & Kegan Paul, London, 1974); Andrew Woodfield, *Teleology* (Cambridge University Press, Cambridge, 1976).
2. *Taylor, op.cit.*, pp. 63-64.

[Professor W. J. Stankiewicz teaches Political Science at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver, Canada. He has written and edited several books of which the most recent are *British Government in an Era of Reform* (editor) (Collier Macmillan, 1976), *Aspects of Political Theory*: *Classical Concepts in an Age of Relativism* (Collier Macmillan, 1976), *A Guide to Democratic Jargon* (Gliwa, 1976) and *Approaches to Democracy*: *Philosophy of Government at the close of The Twentieth Century* (Edward Arnold 1980.]

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

TONY BENN

Tony Benn—A Political Biography. Robert Jenkins. Writers and Readers Publishing Cooperative. £6.95.

There are perhaps half a dozen British politicians who are bound to be of real significance in the 1980s. Mrs. Thatcher, of course, Jim Prior, possibly. The Gang of Three? Yes, in some shape or form. Denis Healey and Tony Benn certainly. We are told, at the time of writing (21 September 1980) that, if the Labour Party constitution were revised to suit the ideas of the present Left Wing executive, Tony Benn would be chosen Leader. It does not look just now very likely that this will happen. But at any rate, after thirty years in Parliament, still in his early 50s, he has come close to the top and is not likely to disappear from the scene in the foreseeable future.

This political biography makes good reading. It is something of a curiosity since its author is a young merchant banker with Conservative political aspirations. His father is reported as having expressed the hope that the son, Robert Jenkins, would not come to any harm through the book before us. I hope not, but one cannot be too sure.

Every now and then Robert Jenkins sticks in a word or two of scepticism about the viability of Benn's proposals. But by and large it gives the impression that the author knows very little about the Labour Party except what he learned from Tony Benn himself. One example must suffice. In Autumn 1976, there was a showdown in the Labour Executive between those such as Benn who supported the appointment of Andy Bevan, a Trotskyite Marxist as Youth Officer, and those such as Jim Callaghan, then Prime Minister, who violently opposed it. 'The crucial meeting of December 15', says Mr. Jenkins, 'saw commonsense prevail.' In other words the Trotskyite/Marxist was appointed. That this appointment should seem commonsense to a potential Conservative candidate is sufficiently staggering.

What have been and still are Benn's outstanding characteristics? Why does he infuriate so many and arouse the devotion of an almost equally large number? During his ultimately successful struggle to be allowed to remain in Parliament after inheriting a peerage, I came to regard him as abnormally ambitious, even in a profession where ambition is an occupational vice. I still do not retract that opinion but, more recently and indeed particularly after reading this book, I realise that he stands for much wider and deeper causes than personal advancement. He is called by Mr. Jenkins, quite correctly, a populist, and certainly he has a capacity to communicate in all sorts of different ways with the general public that his rivals may well envy. But even that is by no means the whole story.

I found nothing more revealing in the book than the statement he made to the Bristol South East Labour Party when he was seeking that seat in 1950, himself still in his middle 20s. 'I never', he assured them, 'became a Socialist. I always was one. Don't let us ever forget that Socialism is not just a question of material progress. It isn't only concerned with wages and taxation . . . it is a faith and a way of life and a way of thinking that can find its expression in every city and every community and every home. We are trying to build the sort of society where everybody "counts for something" and no one is neglected or left out: where "love your neighbour as yourself finds practical expression".'

I have never been one of Tony's intimates, though I became close to his

father in his last years. But I feel that I know enough about him to say that he has never waivered in the faith he expressed thirty years ago. Deviations, yes, but the main thrust has remained unaltered.

When all is said and done, Benn's strength lies in the fact that he remains a Socialist in a Party which has verbally at least clung to Socialism. Certainly when my wife and I joined the Labour Party in the 1930s, we proclaimed ourselves Socialists and I would not now repudiate the title. But so many of the people I admire most would, today, in private at least, call themselves Social Democrats, that one is not sure whether the word Socialist applied to the Labour Party as a whole is meaningful. But Benn is, indisputably a Socialist, which gives him a legitimate advantage over those who are not certain whether they are or not.

I shall be surprised myself whether he ever becomes the Leader of the Labour Party. However the constitution is 'messed about' with, one cannot suppose that the Parliamentary Party will ever allow a Leader to be imposed on them from outside, and I cannot quite ever see them choosing Tony Benn. But with his energy, rhetorical gifts, endurance and public concern he will always count for a great deal in the affairs not only of the Labour Party, but of the British people.

FRANK LONGFORD

AMERICAN RADICAL MOVEMENTS

Power on The Left: American Radical Movements Since 1946. Lawrence Lader. Norton. £9.25.

Laurence Lader's history of the years since 1945 is a bitter chronicle of the America of the other side of the tracks. It is a story of violence and of turmoil, but it does not make clear whether there was any consistent theme, any Left-wing strategy running through these years. It is hard to see as aspects of the same movement Henry Wallace, the idealistic farmer who had been close to F.D.R. or Martin Luther King on the one hand, and agitators like Malcolm X or Eldridge Cleaver, the Weathermen or 'Weatherpeople' and the urban terrorists.

Some of the causes he describes, like the Montgomery bus boycott or the campaign for black voter registration, are liberal and noble; others are merely terrorist, and there is too little distinction made between the two. The book is immensely useful, however, as a handbook of the facts of the protest story of the last 30 years. It is rich in portraits—of Vito Marcantonio, Tom Hayden, Cleaver, Huey Newton. It would bring, however, no pride to Marx, or to Du Bois, for it is a story of violence for violence's sake, of drug addiction and easy morals rather than the struggle for liberal causes envisioned by the Socialist Founding Fathers. Violence, and the curious fame it brought, became ends in themselves. The Left was weakened by internal squabbles, by its own capacity for self-destruction, and even more by fealty to Moscow—the Marxist-Leninist parties together probably have no more than 25,000 members today. There have of course been immense political gains, with black mayors now in Atlanta and New Orleans. The gains, however, are middle-class and due to persuasion far more than to terror. Black unemployment has doubled in the last decade, and tripled for black teenagers, and neither Government nor the Left know what to do about it. There is continuing tension in the inner cities and it could erupt at any time. But neither among whites nor blacks, Republicans nor Democrats, is there any longer a faith in Socialist Utopias or terrorist Valhallas.

ESMOND WRIGHT

HUMAN RIGHTS IN THE USSR

A Chronicle of Current Events, No. 53, Journal of the Human Rights Movement in the USSR. Amnesty International.

This journal was created by the Soviet Civil Rights Movement in 1968. Its aim was then and continues to be to draw attention to the violation of human rights in the USSR. This, the latest volume in the series, reached Britain in January 1980 and has been duly translated. It makes sad and poignant reading.

Most of the book is devoted to items such as trials, detentions, confiscations, arrests, searches, interrogations and imprisonments. It describes in cool and factual terms the fate of individuals not prepared to accept the rigid conformism dictated by the Soviet version of Marxism-Leninism. The manipulation of the Russian legal system for political purposes is, of course, well recognized in the West, and the book provides numerous examples of the forms which this perversion takes—courtrooms packed with KGB agents, harassment of witnesses, inadequate defence councils, the passing of particularly harsh sentences on those convicted of circulating 'libellous and seditious literature' (for example, Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago* and the relatively new journal, *Perspective*), the ever-present forensic psychiatric team with its venal doctors only too willing to dub the accused schizophrenic and confine him or her to an institution.

Conditions in prisons and labour camps are next described. They vary from site to site but in general are harsh, rigorous and restrictive with frequent harassment, exiguous medical care for disease, strict censorship of mail and the provision of a diet almost always lacking in calories and nutrients. Hunger strikes are stated to be relatively frequent amongst prisoners. They are usually dealt with summarily and savagely by installation of the individual in a punishment cell and by rigorous methods of force feeding.

The saga of Soviet psychiatric hospitals is already familiar to Western readers but some new examples are provided of the misuse of the specialty for political purposes. Over-prescription of psychotropic drugs is continuing; people espousing any form of religious faith are increasingly labelled insane and admitted for compulsory treatment along with those whose published work includes opinions critical of the Soviet system.

An especially worrisome section of the book deals with the mounting harassment of the Crimean Tatars. Their deportation has continued apace in spite of protests lodged to Leonid Brezhnev and other members of the Politburo, hunger strikes and other attempts to draw attention to their plight. Plots of land belonging to them are still being confiscated, electricity and water supplies cut off from their houses and discrimination against them in the labour market appears to be on the increase.

Religious persecution too shows no sign of abatement. It now affects a broad spectrum of denominations including Orthodox Christians, Adventists, Pentecostalists, Baptists, and Catholics. KGB officials have been notably active in this area with their customary threats and interrogations; there have been attacks on believers in the press, on radio and on television; and some of them have recently been confined to psychiatric hospitals and strict regime camps.

These horrific events are described by Amnesty International in a straightforward, factual and unemotional manner. The organization continues to perform a great service in bringing to the notice of humanity such manifest infringements of basic human rights. It would be chimerical to hope for much

change in Soviet domestic policy under the Politburo as currently constituted. But the pressures towards liberalisation of the regime must not slacken, and in the long sweep of history the role played by Amnesty International will undoubtedly be regarded as both creditable and laudable.

JOHN A. LORAINE

A NEW STUDY OF THOMAS GRAY

Thomas Gray: His Life and Works. A. L. Lytton Sells. George Allen and Unwin. £12.95.

Thomas Gray—a vulnerable, scuttling creature if ever there were one, albeit furnished in the undercarriage with a poisonous barb—has tended to attract a surprising weight of crushing critical severities. Dr. Johnson hoped (not particularly devoutly) 'not to be looked on as an enemy to his name, if I confess that I contemplate (Gray's poetry) with less pleasure than his life.' Professor Saintsbury considered that Gray was 'after all, but a second-rate poet.' The artificiality of Gray's language caused vexation even to his contemporaries, some discerning few of whom, moreover, suspected that there was nothing new in his subject matter. Another irritant has been the monolithic quality of the *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard:* why was this (relatively) all, when he could achieve such famous 'sublimity', and his learning was known to be prodigious?

What we have now in Professor Lytton Sells' posthumously published Gray study, a work of lively scholarship, is the most disconcerting analysis of the *Elegy* ever previously printed. Line by line, virtually, he points to the sources from which Gray took his thoughts, his images, his very words. Gray's conception of poetry was that of a mosaic of what oft was thought and of what was so well expressed elsewhere that it merited felicitous adoption. Such was the legacy of his successful hours of Latin verse-making at Eton—at which stage he remained fixated in more ways than one—and he did not consider the practice to be plagiaristic.

Professor Lytton Sells moves easily through the eighteenth century—his portrayal of Gray's Cambridge is as powerful as many biographers' treatment of Victorian Cambridge—and his range of reference makes him an ideal protagonist of his rather sad task of dissection. His view of Gray is effortlessly comparative; for example, 'he might have learned the art of omission from the epigrams in the *Greek Anthology,* or from the *Maximes,* in which La Rochefoucauld usually dispenses with epithets, or uses only those which are essential.' In a stern, final chapter, Mrs. Lytton Sells examines Gray's poetic diction, finding even the line, 'The ploughman homeward plods his weary way' tautologous and jejune, 'the idea of weariness being implicit in the verb "to plod".' A consideration of Gray's prosody leads Professor Lytton Sells to the important point that Gray 'broke with the regular decasyllabic rhymed couplet as practised by Pope, Johnson and Goldsmith and prepared the way for later poets, more by experiments in prosody than by the subjects and tone of his verse.'

How, then, does Professor Lytton Sells estimate Gray's much-admired life of study and virtue? As that of a sphinx without a secret, would seem to be the answer. He was not an original thinker, and his withdrawn mien reflected merely his untranquil disposition and interpersonal difficulties, not a preoccupation with the lofty and exalted. Above all, Professor Lytton Sells proves beyond all doubt that Gray was a *dilettante* in everything that he undertook—even in poetry. He was *not* Temple's 'Perhaps . . . the most learned man in Europe' in comparison with, say, Tyrwhitt, Malone, Voltaire or

Diderot. It is the waste of Gray's lucubrations that is deplorable; Professor Lytton Sells is ever sharply at his elbow to demonstrate where he should have made contributions to learning in, for example, medieval historiography, Hellenic studies or books of Eastern travel. Even that attractive later aspect of Gray the naturalist is seen to be sterile: his work was no more than descriptive, and he failed to survey the Cambridge countryside with the vision of a Gilbert White. Worst of all, he looked at Stoke Poges through the eyes of Virgil.

MOLLY TIBBS

THE SHAH'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

The Shah's Story. Mohammad Reza Pahlavi. Translated from the French by Teresa Waugh. Michael Joseph. £8.50.

This is bound to be a pathetic book but, besides its author's self-delusion, it reveals sincerity. An example is the confession that to form, as was done in March 1974, a single-party system was an error. Argument, factionalism and parties are boons to a people resentful of government. For Iranians they are devices for maintaining a balance of forces they instinctively believe are essential for stability in a highly diversified land, and which afford individualistic and very articulate people scope for action. Imposition of the 'Renaissance Party' seemed to spell utter dictatorship and even control of opinion. The regime's cruelty would not have been so prominent an issue had it not attracted foreign attention and afforded the possibility of driving a wedge between a suspect Shah and his foreign support; but a One-Party system threatened the whole tenor and fabric of Iranian society. It was the last straw, as the Shah

Till the additional chapter on a dying exile's discomforts and bitter appreciation of his 'allies'' uselessness in adversity, President Carter is hardly mentioned. But the self-delusion appears in the belief that United States Treaties, though on the Iranian side due to his initiative, were concluded with him personally, not between governments. Personalizing politics is common in the Middle East. In this instance it seems to have meant that the Shah believed treaties aimed to protect his State were also to protect him, even against his own people; a proposition he would have defended on the grounds that his departure would mean Iran's vulnerability to the very kind of aggression these arrangements were intended to obviate.

For he assumed that Iran could not survive without him; that he was divinely ordained to dispel its 'medieval shadows'. This book repeats the belief he published long ago, that he was directly supported from on high. In later years, these delusions became so grandiose that even for former intimates dialogues with him were impossible. In solitude, impressions which none had seems to have realized.

the courage or address to challenge clouded his mind. Hence, his last essay in autobiography is a farrago of falsified and imprecise history, of truth, untruth and half-truth. The prevalence of the last two show how far his assumptions went unquestioned. Perhaps, unlike the Shah's other allies, only President Carter questioned them.

The Shah is tactful enough not to launch a diatribe against Carter. He simply excludes him, as he does Kennedy, from those Americans he respected: Eisenhower, Truman, Nixon, Harriman and Johnson; Eisenhower being the favourite. What is made obvious is his abiding antipathy for the British whom, like many Iranians, he makes the real authors of evil. Yet even they do not emerge the chief enemy. This rôle is reserved for the Oil Companies.

Suspicion of the western oil cartel runs like a thread through the book. He even suggests that his Italian friend Mattei, with whom he was able to conclude an advantageous oil agreement, might have been murdered by agents of the Oil Companies. When he was in Morocco his *idée fixe* seemed to be that his downfall was owed to western governments. When he wrote this book, the Oil Companies seemed to have been cast as the villains.

His account of the Iranian Revolution is compulsive reading; any light on that event is welcome, and certainly the book is too interesting to have been so carelessly produced. But the publisher deserves praise for publishing this pitiable last testament, in which, at least, some of the positive achievements of the Shah's reign are decently recorded. His fall can hardly be condoned by East or West, though some day it will no doubt be satisfactorily explained Then, how often an arrogant but also sick man was duped by prominent elements in the society he thought he was serving will doubtless become as clear as it ought to be.

PETER AVERY

BURKE AND HARE

Burke and Hare. Owen Dudley Edwards. Polygon Books. £7.95.

The selection of Messrs. Burke and Hare, purveyors of prime corpses to the anatomical schools of Edinburgh, as subjects (unfortunate word) for a book, may seem at first glance a somewhat curious choice on the part of the Reader in History at Edinburgh University. And, indeed, Owen Dudley Edwards is at pains to inform us that it was dictated by the sober intention of pressing those immigrant hibernian miscreants into posthumous academic service as type specimens illustrative of the conditions of Irish immgrant life in the Scotland of the early nineteenth century. Given the quite unusual amount of detailed information recorded in regard to their wretched existence, the choice was in fact a sound one, and Mr. Edwards has unquestionably succeeded in his primary purpose. But he has also proceeded far beyond the restrictions of his original socio-ethnic brief. It is invariably fascinating, and frequently valuable, when interdisciplinary boundaries are transgressed, and skills acquired in one department are brought to bear on a completely diverse area of learning. What in the present instance we are offered, is a social historian's view through a psychologist's borrowed spectacles of the criminologist's terrain. And quite apart from his objective skills, Mr. Edwards imports to his task the subjective bonus of his own Irish background and his enthusiastic absorption of the Scottish milieu to which he has been professionally translated.

The result, not precisely a criminological work, is unlike anything else that has been published on the case, both in its methods and in its conclusions. Undaunted by the very considerable corpus of writings on the crimes which has accumulated over the past 150 years, Mr. Edwards has, like all worthy researchers, gone back to first principles, and in so doing has discovered a great deal of error as to both fact and emphasis. Even the redoubtable Roughead, whose *Notable British Trials* volume has stood for nearly sixty years as the standard treatment, is regretfully castigated for sundry carelessnesses and naïveties in accepting the zealous exaggerations of contemporary moralists and sensation-mongers. In particular, the horrendous account of Burke's despatch of his pathetic young victim, Daft Jamie, by breaking the lad's back over his knees, is exposed as a sensationalist's gloss. Similarly, the hitherto widely accepted story of Hare being flung into a lime pit and ending his days as a blind beggar in the streets of London, is identified as a Victorian moralist's cautionary tale.

More important is Mr. Edward's finding of convincing indications of the existence of an Establishment cover-up, contrived to spare the lawyer's medical brethren the embarrassment of too close a public involvement with the tradesmen upon whose services they relied. In this context he sees William Burke and his mistress, Helen Macdougall, and the exemption of William Hare and his wife, Margaret from prosecution, as evidence of legalistic chicanery. Likewise, the Crown's proceeding on a particular count of a tripartite indictment—and that count conveniently happening to be the only one which would not require the appearance of Knox the anatomist in the box—has the appearance to him of singular manipulation.

The author's evaluation of the character of Burke is novel, although one cannot perhaps go all the way with him in his charity to that undesirable gentleman, but his gallant defence of the innocence of Helen Macdougall is undeniably persuasive.

For the criminologist, as for the social historian, this is a most significant book which achieves what one would have thought impossible—the provision of a totally new dimension to the old, old story of the two strangest contributors to the Scottish Enlightenment.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

MARIVAUX

Marivaux: Up From the Country (Le Paysan Parvenu) novel, and two plays, *Infidelities (La Double Inconstance)* and *The Game of Love and Chance (Le Jeu de l'amour et du hasard).* Penguin Classics. New translations by Leonard Tancock for the novel, and David Cohen for the plays.

What a splendid idea to combine a volume of Marivaux's neglected novel, and two of his most popular plays. Plus assorted notes, it is not only value for money but a marvellous cross-section of his work and informed appraisals. Although having gone this far, a simple list of plays and other works, with dates, should have completed this valuable publication.

Marivaux is almost a symbol for style and escapism, in French terms. It makes the task of any translator all that more difficult. Not that any French dramatists have fared terribly well, as witness the many struggles to bring Molière to life on this side of the channel. So it is hardly surprising that Leonard Tancock is able to get an easy general atmosphere in his interpretation of the unfinished novel, while David Cohen has to labour harder to bring the plays to the English printed page—not that he hasn't faced the challenge of directing them in the theatre.

We are fortunately in safe hands with both. They are English versions, so to speak, because of course they are English. There are some archaic qualities, but it is always to be remembered that it is a daunting task. 'Sire' or 'Sir' has a very different resonance than '*Monsieur,*' and that is just the very beginning of the problems to be faced. In the case of the two plays, it is hard enough to read original stage works of the English language, rather than hearing and seeing them. So, without petty qualifications, or cavil, one is bound to say that this is a very good attempt at it indeed.

A fine achievement. One that can only do good to the more than worthy cause of Marivaux (1688-1763), one of the greatest masters of elegance in the French language.

FRANCIS COLEMAN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Countdown, Britain's Strategic Nuclear Forces (Hale. £8.25). During his distinguished career in the Royal Air Force, the author, Air Vice-Marshal Stewart Menaul, has been closely associated with Britain's nuclear forces when under the RAF. At one time he was Deputy Director of Bomber Operations with special responsibility for nuclear weapons and the V-Bomber force. He was also Senior Staff Officer at HQ Bomber Command from 1961 to 1965. This book does set out his account of the course of nuclear weapon policy and action since the war. More particularly he is concerned with the period 1957-1968 when Bomber Command with V Bombers exercised a truly independent deterrent, compared with the present deterrent of Polaris submarines under the Royal Navy. He summarises his argument: 'When Britain misguidedly abandoned surface-to-surface missiles by cancelling Blue Streak, and failed to acquire Skybolt or Minuteman from the United States, but accepted instead a small token force of four Polaris submarines (missiles supplied by the United States), she virtually opted out of the nuclear deterrent business altogether'. He deplores the weakness of a single nuclear delivery system, and compares the French with her triad system. As for the future, Air Marshal Menaul is against the Trident submarine ballistic missile system. 'The cruise missile would have been a more effective, more credible and a much cheaper system'. It is a pity that the author has to be almost contemptuous of the motives of the anti-nuclear lobby. This is certainly a forceful book, which deserves great respect. The volume is well illustrated.

Eternal India (George Allen & Unwin. (£25.00). Mrs. Indira Gandhi, the Prime Minister of India, has contributed the text of this remarkable volume of some 250 pages, of coffee table size, devoted to the cultures, ways of life and social conditions which make up India against the patterns of the past. There are chapters on Daily Life in Harmony of Dharma, Cultural Life, Religious Life, Festivals and Pilgrimages. In her account of India Today, some of her comments on the colonial era, perhaps inevitably, are unfair and unjustified. She stresses the importance of technological and industrial development in the developing countries. 'To withhold technology from them would deprive them of vast resources of energy and knowledge. This is no longer feasible nor will it be acceptable.' The visual impact of the volume, however, consists of the superb photographs, in colour and monochrome, which are on almost every page. In his illustrations, Jean-Louis Nou has captured the spirit of India in so many varied ways, as well as being illustrations of the text.

Literature and Western Man (Sphere Books. £2.25). J. B. Priestley's well known historical survey was published in 1960 and is now re-issued as an Abacus paperback. Mr. Priestley points out in his Introduction that Western includes Russia and America. He starts with the second half of the fifteenth century, from Machievelli to the 1930s, analysing and evaluating the great writers of his choice through five centuries. He insists that 'this is not a work of scholarship', although much of it contains assessment in depth. It is much more than a literary history. It is closely linked with historical events in other fields. In an age of 'supreme crisis', 'some account of Western Man in the terms of the literature he has created and enjoyed, might help us to understand ourselves and to realise where we are and how we have arrived here'.

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FRENCH PRESIDENTIAL PROSPECTS 1981

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incorporating The Fortnightly

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FRENCH PRESIDENTIAL PROSPECTS 1981

by Byron Criddle and David Bell

THE first ballot of the 1981 French Presidential election will be held on 26th April with the decisive second ballot following on 10th May. When President Giscard d'Estaing completes his present term of office he will be the first directly elected French president to do so, and assuming he stands for a second term in April he will become the first directly elected president to seek—and almost certainly to win—a second term. Whether he will go on to become the only French president, including the less important varieties of the Third and Fourth Republics, ever to complete a second *septennat* time alone will tell.

Since the last presidential election in 1974 the context of French politics —both national and international—has been transformed. Aside from the tensions created by the energy crisis and economic recession, the international climate has been worsened by the Soviet action in Afghanistan and by the workers' strikes in Poland, both of which events have served to measure the extent to which the French Communist Party remains a loyal ally of the Soviet Union. On the domestic front the neat Left-Right bipolarisation of political forces that developed in the 1960s has given way to what Maurice Duverger has called *le quadrille bipolaire*—the four-fold division of French electoral opinion. The governing Right (or *majorité*) was seriously destabilised by the election of Giscard d'Estaing in 1974, an election that deprived the Gaullists of their monopoly of power and which was followed by a progressive reduction of their share of power thereafter. Where there had been in the 1960s and early 70s a 'dominant' Gaullist party there developed by the late 1970s a raging feud between giscardians and gaullists, with the latter fighting what looked increasingly like a losing battle for survival. Likewise on the Left, division and conflict have superseded unity and cooperation. The Communist party, having calculated that its alliance with the Socialists had worked disproportionately to the benefit of the latter—and to such an extent that the PC's dominant position on the Left was being sacrificed—decided in 1977 to end the collaboration and campaign ruthlessly to save its own skin.

As far as the presidential election of 1981 is concerned this means running its own candidate against the Socialists and not, as in 1974, doing virtually all in its considerable electoral power to ensure the victory of the Socialist candidate Mitterrand as the sole representative of the Union of

the Left. If the years of Giscard's presidency have seen the collapse of bi-polarity in the fullest sense it is, however, essentially a collapse at elite level and not reflected as clearly in the electorate at large. There, certain time-honoured electoral traditions persist: Communist and Socialist voters are still more likely than not to come together out of a sense of 'republican discipline' and the bourgeois forces bifurcated by Giscard and the Gaullists can be expected to respond to the call *'barrer la route'*. This would suggest that no matter how divisive a quadripolar campaign for the first ballot in 1981 will be, the decisive second ballot will still see a re-affirmation of France 'cut in two'. Assuming a four-party line up at the first ballot, a Louis Harris poll published in *L'Express* on 13th September suggested that Giscard will lead with 36%, followed by the Socialist candidate with 20%-24% (depending on who the candidate is), the Communist Marchais with 17% and the Gaullist Chirac with 12%. The second ballot run-off would thus be between Giscard and the Socialist with Gaullist votes going to Giscard and Communist votes to the Socialist.

The re-election of Giscard d'Estaing would seem to be guaranteed as much by the divisions among his opponents as by the electorate's assessment of his record since 1974. On the right his Gaullist competitors have been divided and demoralised since 1974: some of their leaders have taken jobs in the Government. Others, like Chirac, after resigning as Premier in 1976 and refashioning the party in a more populist form, have conducted periodic caustic campaigns against the Government whilst studiously refusing ever to vote for a censure motion that might provoke a dissolution followed by the grave uncertainties of a general election. By late 1980 it looked as if two leading Gaullists would be standing: Debré and Chirac himself (though he had not announced his intention). Thus the Gaullists seemed set for a re-run of their public disunity during the 1974 campaign. Meanwhile on the left the Communist candidate Marchais will be seeking to beat the Socialist, whether Mitterrand or Rocard—and that choice will depend on the outcome of a rather messy dispute inside the Socialist party over the presidential nomination. The incumbent Right in the Fifth Republic has retained power in the past by focusing upon the palpable inadequacies of its opponents. The victory of a united Left was always depicted as threatening a constitutional crisis and (given its Communist component) a 'change of society'. A *dis*united Left has merely to be depicted as no alternative at all. Giscard's own record need not arise: the non-realisation of many of the reforms proposed in 1974; the record level of 1½ million unemployed; inflation rising to 13%; the deeply unpopular austerity programmes of the Barre Government.

The effects of the economic recession ought to be causing real problems for Giscard and yet, thanks to a strange constitutional system that enables the President to shovel off responsibility for unpopular economic (or any other domestic matters) onto the shoulders of the Prime Minister, it is Barre and not Giscard who is blamed for the freeze and squeeze—and he is not up for re-election in 1981. At the same time the foreign policy arena, for which Giscard is unequivocally and manifestly responsible, has afforded

the President a means of pursuing policies or striking attitudes (on Afghanistan, British lamb imports, Spanish and Portuguese entry to the EEC, the neutron bomb) of a sort reassuring to the Gaullists whose second ballot votes are essential to his success.

Yet for Giscard some uncertainties do exist. First, if the economy seriously worsens he might not be able to continue to escape the blame. Second, the very absence of a credible threat from the left might well encourage many voters to 'go fishing' on the second ballot, believing that nothing is at stake. (Victory in 1974 and 1978 was, arguably, assured by the stark reality of the threat posed by the Union of the Left.) Third, the presence of candidates such as the Gaullist Debré or the Socialist Rocard (if he runs) could be damaging. Debré's vote, though taken from the electorate of the *majorité* might not return to Giscard at the second ballot; and Rocard is a Socialist with a certain appeal among the managerial and professional classes who traditionally form part of the Right's constituency.

If the Gaullists have no hope of winning the presidency in 1981 they still have a crucial role to play before the second ballot to influence its outcome. Moreover, their performance in 1981 could well determine their prospects thereafter. They have been in decline for six years: in 1978 their vote was reduced to 22% in the general election and in the European election a year later it fell to 16%. In that election the Gaullists trailed behind the Giscardians in all but 7 of the 95 departments. Already weakened by the rival attractive power of President Giscard the Gaullists can ill-afford to campaign in 1981 as divided as they appear to be. Debré's self-nomination in mid-1980 makes it harder for Chirac to enter the lists with any hope of a respectable vote, either to maintain morale for the general election due in 1983 or to keep alive his own presidential hopes for 1988 when he might more realistically expect to have a chance. The Debré candidacy is a focus for the anti-Chirac forces in the Gaullist movement. Debré is a Gaullist *pur et dur*, a committed opponent of the Giscard presidency in the name of high-Gaullist principles—although he does also berate the regime for high prices, unemployment, a falling birthrate, rising external debts and so on. He is essentially the purveyor of the Gaullist remedy of an '*homme providentiel*' placed 'above political factions' and is supported by the senior Gaullists (the 'barons') Chaban-Delmas, Guichard and Peyrefitte, a leading member of the Barre Government. In part this grouping could be a reflex solidarity of the close supporters of the General, but equally it could be a manoeuvre to head off a Gaullist party (RPR) campaign on behalf of Jacques Chirac, whose style, personality and tactics are disliked by the 'barons'. Chirac himself has noted that 'there cannot be two Gaullist candidates'—a formula which is ambiguous so long as it is left unclear by Chirac whether he considers Debré as 'truly Gaullist' or not. In the early autumn Chirac unleashed some strong attacks on the government but seems determined to put off to the last possible date any decision on his own candidature. More difficult for the RPR and Chirac is knowing whether to risk standing at all in 1981 or to wait until the general election of 1983 and the presidential election of 1988. Much will

depend on whether Debré's campaign takes off or if it remains a marginal sub-5% phenomenon—an expression of Gaullist nostalgia. At the time of Chirac's resignation as Prime Minister in 1976—when he made Fifth Republic history by being the first of its Premiers voluntarily to quit—he had as an option a run for the presidency in 1981. The logic of the resignation was that only by cutting loose from Giscard could such an ambition be fulfilled. But if Debré persists as a candidate the path from Chirac's spectacular resignation in 1976 will lead not to the Elysée but to another humiliating encounter with the electorate.

It has been an open secret for about two years that the Communist party would put up a candidate for the 1981 election and that the candidate would be the Secretary General, Georges Marchais. In fact the Communist presidential campaign began effectively after the defeat of the quarrelling Left in the general election of 1978. After that election the PCF changed the line it had pursued for the past sixteen years and repudiated a strategy of Left union based on a programme of government with the Socialists. Thus, unlike the other political formations the Communists have been working for their candidate for some time and the summer of 1980 saw a quasi-presidential campaign by Marchais across France—apart that is from the Olympic Games fortnight when he was to be seen frequently on television amongst the spectators in Moscow, greatly enjoying the event. A repudiation of the alliance with the Socialists means that the Communists must make a good showing on the first ballot: although it is unlikely that they will poll more than the Socialist candidate they may well be counting on a figure of at least 20%, comparing well with Jacques Duclos' performance in 1969 and the party's showing in subsequent general elections.

The repudiation of the Union of the Left by the Communists has also meant the adoption of a new political, social and economic line. The party has effectively ruled out the possibility of a reforming Left government in the forseeable future and effectively destroyed the great mobilizing hope that pervaded the French Left in the 1970s. In order to present this to its own electorate and to its activists in an acceptable form it has changed a number of its 'reformist' attitudes. It has reaffirmed its links with the Eastern bloc; it has started to push its activities in the social and economic arenas to extremes; and it has sharply increased its use of revolutionary rhetoric. Whilst noting the appearance of these new verbal usages and the new strategy it is, however, important to point out that the Communist party is not turning towards a violent seizure of power. On the contrary, the purpose of the change is electoral: to push the Communist party, and its candidate in 1981, ahead of the Socialists. French Communism is returning to the fields it knows best in order to defeat the Socialist challenge by outbidding it on the left. On social matters the Communists have been trying to make the running in strikes and agitation throughout 1980. The Communist-run CGT union federation has been behind a number of (unsuccessful) strikes apparently designed to show that the Communists are the party of the workers and that the other Socialist-inclined unions

are reformist and ineffectual. This campaign has been pushed to great lengths and the Communists have met bitter resentment from the other unions who favour more realistic bargaining postures.

The party has also strongly supported the Russians over their invasion of Afghanistan seeing it as 'aiding the regime when help was requested': there could hardly have been a starker symbolism of the Communists' 'retreat to Moscow' than the sight of Georges Marchais defending the Soviet action from a press conference *in* Moscow. That has been followed up by an absence of analysis of the Polish strikes. For the French Communists the Soviet bloc is once more the 'Socialist' bloc with a 'globally positive' balance sheet constituting the 'hope for mankind'. Communist rhetoric is well illustrated by the book launched as part of Marchais' electoral campaign, *L'Espoir au présent*. This book, written probably by a committee, underlines the changing Communist style by talking about 'revolution', 'struggle' and the 'Socialist' countries. Marchais continually returns to the theme that the Communists can and will produce results in politics and economics here and now. Change, says Marchais, is possible and will take place in the immediate future if the PCF is sufficiently reinforced.

Communist behaviour since 1977/78 has profoundly embarrassed the Socialist leader, Mitterrand, whose entire career for the past 15 years has been built upon the construction and maintenance of the Union of the Left, which formed the basis of his bid for the presidency in 1965 and 1974 and for his reconstruction of the Socialist party after 1971. Since 1978 this orthodoxy has been challenged by Michel Rocard, leader of the party's right wing and Mitterrand's rival for the presidential nomination. Rocard argues that the only conclusion to be drawn from the Communist antics is that the Left alliance is dead, that it has become a 'hopeless dream', that Afghanistan was the last nail in its coffin, and that the Socialist party should not wait for a Communist change of heart but campaign autonomously, seeking Communist votes, certainly, but avoiding any dealings with the Communist party, and aspiring ultimately to govern alone. Rocard's very considerable problem inside his party is that he is seen as a 'social democrat' and as the creation of the media and the pollsters. For over two years he has been given a poll rating far superior to Mitterrand's and has, according to the polls, a more certain chance of overhauling Marchais in the first ballot (with 24% compared to Mitterrand's 20%) and a better prospect of winning at the second ballot where he would come within 2% or 3% of Giscard, while Mitterrand would trail by some 10%. Although such figures suggest that Rocard is the Socialist candidate who would not so much win as lose least badly to Giscard the possibility of a close run-off exists. Rocard's misfortune, however, is to be popular with the voters and with many Socialist councillors worried about the prospects of their re-election since the breakdown of the Left alliance, but greatly mistrusted by those who control a majority of the votes within the party. Apart from his reformist leanings (his distaste for state centralism, nationalisation, class war vocabulary) he is disliked for his popularity

among middle class voters beyond the Socialists' normal electorate and because of the belief that he would be less likely to gain the second ballot support of Communist voters than Mitterrand. Mitterrand's backers, more antagonistic to Rocard than Mitterrand himself, and the left wing group CERES on which Mitterrand relies for his control of the party will not have Rocard at any price and have even suggested rather less well known alternatives, should Mitterrand decide not to stand, as 'stop Rocard' or 'Rocard *jamais*' candidates. Were it merely a question of personalities Rocard would be allowed to run: Mitterrand is now clearly less popular than he was and he is a two-time loser. But what is at stake is the control of the Socialist party and its ideological and strategic orientation. Internal party problems can be solved for the present by nominating Mitterrand, but all the signs are that what will be good for the Socialist party will be even better for Giscard who on poll predictions would comfortably outdistance Mitterrand at the second ballot. It is ironical that a party whose growth in the 1970s has transformed it into an electorally-orientated office-seeking party should attempt to block the one candidate within its ranks who affords it the best prospect of success in 1981. Were the decision to be left to Mitterrand alone it is possible that he would not seek to prevent Rocard's nomination: if defeat is likely in 1981 it might be as well to let Rocard carry the responsibility for it.*

In 1974 there were eight candidates additional to those representing the major parties. In 1981 such minor candidates face a considerable hurdle in the shape of a change in the electoral law: candidates now have to obtain the support of 500 sponsors—drawn from the ranks of elected representatives (deputies, mayors, councillors)—and spread geographically over at least 30 departments (previously only 100 names were required from 10 departments). The new regulation is a real barrier for groups who have had little national electoral success and for those groups that cannot agree on running a single candidate: 500 sponsors for one candidate being easier to assemble than 1500 for three. The most important and growing minor party phenomenon is the ecologist movement, which polled 1.3% in the 1974 presidential election, 2.1% in 1978, 4.4% in the European election in 1979, and which is given ratings of up to 10% in opinion polls.

The most important Ecologist candidate in 1981 is likely to be Brice Lalonde, who is already campaigning on the classical ecological themes of energy crisis, pollution and waste, but wants also to widen the argument to a demand for institutional change—hoping to lift the ecology movement from the ranks of the apolitical also-rans. The ecologists' problem remains however their insufficiently precise conception of society and the possibility that rival candidates will run against each other.

Apart from the ecologists there are the '*soixante-huitards*'—the representatives of the small left wing marxist groups such as the PSU (represented by Hugette Bouchardeau); *Lutte ouvrière* (Arlette Laguiller) and *Ligue communiste révolutionnaire* (Alain Krivine). The problem faced by these candidates will be the accumulation of sufficient backers, though the PSU, with about 600 local representatives is best placed of the three. Arlette

Laguiller and Krivine both ran in 1974, with the former becoming something of a Left Bank folk hero for a while. Krivine appears to favour the Union of the Left (between Socialists and Communists) which no longer exists and of which he has never—as a Trotskyist—been a part. As a counterpoint to candidates such as these there is likely to be some representation of the extreme right—notably in the person of the ex-Poujadist deputy, Jean-Marie Le Pen, who was an also-ran in 1974, securing 0.74%. Other candidates who might run include Pompidou's last Foreign Minister, Michel Jobert and the ex-PC intellectual Roger Garaudy.

Finally, of the small parties, the Left Radicals (MRG) will perhaps be represented by their leader Michel Crépeau, the ecologically-minded mayor-deputy of La Rochelle. Such a candidature—accorded no more than 1% in the polls—would have as its purpose an attempt to preserve the identity of this small ally of the Socialist party. It could also have the undesired effect—in the event of a close race for second place between Marchais and the Socialist candidate on the first ballot—of denying a crucial fraction of support to the Socialists. If the minor candidates' votes in 1981 equal the 10% of the votes collected by them in 1974 the final outcome will certainly be affected by the distribution of these votes at the second ballot. The marxists' votes can be expected to be cast against Giscard as indeed, according to the polls, can the bulk of the ecologist vote, notwithstanding its political heterogeneity. From a vantage point six months away from the decisive second ballot, barring untoward developments, Giscard's re-election seems assured. The Socialist deputy Laurent Fabius recently calculated that, as Giscard first entered government in 1959, his victory in 1981 would set France on course for 'thirty years of Giscard' by the end of his second term in 1988: that is if the French do not discredit all the conventional wisdoms about their predictably cautious electoral behaviour and overturn the apple cart in May 1981.

* Since this article was written Mitterrand has announced that he will be a candidate, and Rocard has, in response, withdrawn.

[Byron Criddle, Lecturer in Politics at the University of Aberdeen and David S. Bell, Lecturer in Politics at the University of Leeds, have been studying the political scene in France for *Contemporary Review*. They will contribute a second article after the elections due to be held in May 1981.]

TWO 'COMMENTS ON CHRISTMAS'

By the Very Rev. R. L. P. Milburn

IN March, 1884, Matthew Arnold returned from a lecture-tour in America. The visit had not been a great success and he was troubled with pains in the chest which he rightly regarded as presaging the end of his life. But he continued to write energetically and in April 1885 there appeared in *Contemporary Review* (Volume 47) his 'Comment on Christmas'. The argument of this article reproduces thoughts that had been developed a decade earlier in *Literature and Dogma* and *God and the Bible;* but it is sharpened by compression and by its emphasis on one section only of the Gospel narrative.

Arnold, in his views about religion or anything else, had begun in a mood of radical pessimism summed up in the famous lines of 'Dover Beach':—

> And we are here as on a darkling plain
> Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
> Where ignorant armies clash by night.

But his acceptance of the post of inspector of schools, procured for him by Lord Lansdowne in 1852, marks the victory of the other side of his character—the eager, headmasterly desire to instruct and improve along reasonable and enlightened lines. Appalled by bourgeois Philistinism and increasingly apprehensive of the rising power of democracy, Arnold sought to enlist the forces of religion, plain, uncorrupt and practical, in the service of civilisation. He strove to steer a middle course between extreme scepticism and a superstitious reliance on miracles, fulfilment of prophecy and so forth which would but serve to veil the truth that religious men talk nonsense when they enter the field of metaphysics and ought to recognise that their faith is concerned simply and solely with conduct.

Arnold did so far modify the rigour of his equation of religion with morality that he allowed righteousness to carry with it the additional bonus of joy. Though savagely mocked by philosophers such as F. H. Bradley for suggesting the patent untruth that piety is a guarantee of temporal felicity, Arnold is thus able to allow a certain aesthetic charm to hover around religious utterances, and it is on this note that he begins his 'Comment on Christmas'.

> Who (he writes) can ever lose out of his memory the roll and march of those magnificent words of prophecy, which, ever since we can remember, we have heard read in church on Christmas-day, and have been taught to regard as the grand and wonderful prediction of the miracle of the Incarnation? 'The Lord himself shall give you a sign: Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel. Butter and honey shall he eat, until he shall know to refuse the evil and choose the good. For before the child shall know to refuse the evil and choose the good, the land that thou abhorrest shall be forsaken of both her kings'.

Arnold has little difficulty in explaining Isaiah's words. They are to be understood not as forecasting the Messiah's miraculous birth but as indi-

cating that a prince whose name, Immanuel, declares the protecting presence of God, will shortly be born and will grow up while Judah is desolate and her inhabitants depend on the wilderness food of goats' milk and wild honey: before, however, he is old enough to know the difference between good and evil, the enemies of Judah, the kings of Syria and Israel, will be overthrown. 'Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David and upon his kingdom'. In this latter part of the prophecy, as well as in the former, Arnold concludes:

> The prophet undoubtedly has in view, not a scion of the house of David to be born and to reign seven centuries later, but a scion of the house of David to be born immediately; a scion who in his youth should see Judah afflicted, in his manhood should reign over it restored and triumphant.

Having demolished the argument from prophecy, Arnold proceeded, gently but firmly, to pour scorn on miracle. In his work *Literature and Dogma* he had declared 'There is nothing one would more desire for a person or a document that one greatly values than to make them independent of miracles', not because each one can be strictly disproved but because 'what we call the Spirit of Age' is sapping the proof from miracles. Arnold's approach to miracles resembles that of Robert Elsmere, hero of the amazingly successful novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward, Arnold's niece. Elsmere, a clergyman of energetic and enterprising cast, formed the view that 'Christian dogma based on miracle' had alienated the working-classes and that, if all philosophy and reliance on the miraculous were cut resolutely away, a faith based on and leading to principles of right conduct would stand out firm and clear. Elsmere's wife felt bound to reply that a religion which amounted to no more than an exhortation to good behaviour was unlikely to impress the working-classes or anybody else. Her standpoint is akin to that of Mme. de Sévigné *'Epaississez-moi un peu la religion'*—'thicken my religion a bit: it evaporates entirely when you start refining it'. She was, no doubt, a follower of Wordsworth in his belief that the spiritual love of God and his creation

> Acts not nor can exist
> Without Imagination

by which the poet meant not so much the faculty of naïve story-telling as the force of intuition which may, on occasion, range more deeply through the unknown than does logical thought, with its settled rules of orderly procedure.

Arnold does indeed allow that legend, however alien from the enlightenment of the 1880s, may play its very restricted part in presenting truth:

> The solid fact of history marked by Christmas is the birth of Jesus, the miraculous circumstances with which that birth is invested and presented are legendary. The solid fact in itself, the birth of Jesus with its inexhaustible train of consequences, its 'unspeakable riches', is foundation enough, and more than enough, for the Christmas festival; yet even the legend and miracle investing the fact, and now almost inseparable from it, have, moreover, their virtue of symbol.

Arnold, however, warns that 'symbol is a dangerous word', sometimes used as a cloak for outdated beliefs, and that, in any event, the Gospel writers, when recounting a legend, had no idea that they were speaking

symbolically. The value of symbol lies in its service to the cause of right conduct:

> In times and among minds where science is not a power, and where the preternatural is daily and familiarly admitted, the pureness and elevation of a great teacher strike powerfully the popular imagination, and the natural, simple, reverential explanation of his superiority is at once that he was born of a virgin. Such a legend is the people's genuine translation for the fact of his unique pureness. In his birth, as well as in his life and teaching, this chosen one has been pure; has been unlike other men, and above them.

Arnold holds that 'the pre-eminent, the winning, the irresistible Christian virtues were charity and chastity: perhaps the chastity was an even more winning virtue than the charity. It offered to the pagan world, at any rate, relief from a more oppressive, a more consuming, a more intolerable bondage.' And, should there seem a certain lack of balance in statements of this kind, it has to be added that Arnold identified sexual licence with the tendency to revolution and collapse. Turning his eye across the Channel, he noted the defeat of the French in the Prussian War as the merited result of personal immorality, leading to national confusion and decay. So, in his 'Comment on Christmas', Arnold explains that the legend of the miraculous conception and birth of Jesus, like the legend of the miraculous conception and birth of Plato, is 'the popular homage to a high standard of pureness: it is the multitude's way of expressing for this its reverence. Of such reverence the legend is a genuine symbol'.

Arnold is not wholly consistent in his estimate of the Gospel story of Christ's birth. On the one hand it is legend, and no modern man will mistake legend, however poetic, for fact. Yet 'Jesus is the bringer to the world of the new dispensation contained in his method and secret, and in his temper of *epieikeia*, or sweet reasonableness, for applying them'. And truth of this kind can never, in Arnold's view, be adequately appreciated by scientific method alone. 'A correct scientific statement of rules of virtue'—so he puts it—'has upon the great majority of mankind simply no effect at all'. Arnold comes, for a moment, very near to accepting the point of view that history sometimes floats beyond the bounds of straightforward chronicling or logical argument. Matters may be so august or incalculable that the method of portraiture rather than photography has to be invoked—portraiture that gains its value not from distortion or eccentric additions but because it interprets a complex or mysterious subject so sympathetically and concisely that the reasonably receptive spectator may draw out its deeper levels of meaning. What Arnold in fact says is:

> Experience of the saving results of the method and secret and temper of Jesus, imperfectly even as his method and secret and temper have been extricated and employed hitherto, makes the strength of that wonderful Book in which, with an immense vehicle of legend and miracle, the new dispensation of Jesus and the old dispensation which led up to it are exhibited, and brought to mankind's knowledge. This makes the strength of the Bible, and of the religion and churches which the Bible has called into being.

And, after again touching on the themes of chastity and charity, he concludes on a prophetic note scarcely less capable of wide-ranging interpretation than the passage of Isaiah which he criticizes at the start:

> The price demanded, by the inexorable conditions on which the kingdom of God is offered, for the mistakes of our past, for the attainment of our future, this price may perhaps be required sooner than we suppose, required even of us ourselves who are living now; 'verily I say unto you, it shall be required *of this generation*'.

Harvey Goodwin, bishop of Carlisle, felt impelled himself to comment, in the *Contemporary Review* of February, 1886 (Volume 49) on Arnold's 'Comment on Christmas'. He assumes the pith of the earlier article to be that 'the doctrine of the virgin-birth of our Lord is not true, that it was not foreshadowed by ancient prophecy, and that it is a legend expressive of the opinion of the multitude concerning the purity of the life and character of Jesus Christ'. This line of thought, he explains, is not a particularly original one, having been adumbrated, twenty years earlier, by such German critics as David Strauss. Goodwin develops his own argument along three lines: the reliability of the Gospel account of Christ's birth, the correct approach to texts drawn from Hebrew prophecy, and the purpose in the minds of the Gospel writers when they drew up their narrative.

In arguing for the historicity of the birth-story, Goodwin relies almost entirely on St. Luke, since St. Matthew 'describes its circumstances with less particularity while St. Mark and St. John do not record it at all'. He notes that, on grounds of style and language, St. Luke's Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles must be claimed as coming from the same hand, and he also, very reasonably, accepts the tradition that the author is in fact to be identified as Luke 'the beloved physician', companion of St. Paul during the final period of the Apostle's missionary endeavours. The eyewitness account, in Acts, of St. Paul's voyage from Asia Minor to Italy and the shipwreck leads then to:

> a strong belief, that St. Luke was a man possessing in a high degree the habit of careful observation which his medical profession demanded and fostered, and also that he had in eminent abundance the valuable faculty of setting down accurately and clearly the things which he had observed.

Goodwin's argument here is not entirely overthrown even if the author is held to be not Luke himself but someone unidentified who wrote from Caesarea round about 80 A.D. in Luke's name. For the style and arrangement of the Gospel mark it as written by a man of culture and fit in well with the claim made in his introductory words to set down an orderly record of events:

> even as they delivered them unto us which from the beginning were eyewitnesses and ministers of the word.
>
> I must insist, observes Goodwin, that in judging of what St. Luke tells us we ought to have before our minds the thought of the intelligent, observing physician; the man of science, such as science then was; the historian of demonstrated accuracy; and not a mere dream of a misty collection of legends, coming we know not whence, and recorded we know not how.

In some respects Luke's claim to exactness may be described as a convention, but an ancient writer, no less than a modern one would expect to be believed if he stated that he relies on first-hand information, and the Bishop therefore asks the question: From whom could the story of the Nativity have been derived other than from the Virgin Mary herself, 'the

one competent witness'? Goodwin here brings in the story, told only by St. Luke, of Jesus' boyhood, where, after being lost by his parents for three days, he is found 'seated in the midst of the teachers, both listening to them and asking them questions'. Goodwin emphasises the 'crisp, original touch' about the whole narrative and the absence of any tendency towards miracle. Quoting 'His mother kept all these sayings in her heart', Goodwin asks 'Who could have narrated that lovely tale of the boyhood of Jesus Christ but the mother herself?' In the century since these words were written the inclination of thought has turned against theories of detailed eye-witness and in favour of the view that vivid, legendary material depends in large measure on the Evangelist's literary artifice. But this is a matter of mood and fashion in New Testament interpretation, and the Bishop is perfectly entitled to voice his intuition that natural, lifelike stories imply a narrator who was both sympathetic and well informed. Where Goodwin's views have to be modified is in his stress on the fact that Luke was writing for the Gentiles. Luke certainly does not, in the orthodox, Hebraistic fashion of St. Matthew, underline events with the comment: 'that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet', but, after writing the first four verses of elegant introduction as a Hellenistic man of letters, he adopts a style heavily charged with Semitic phrases and fashions of speech. And whereas, according to Matthew, the final charge to the Apostles was to go and preach the gospel to all nations, Luke ends by bringing the disciples back with great joy to Jerusalem and the Gospel ends, as it began, in the courts of the Temple. Luke may have been writing primarily for Gentile readers, but he is a sufficiently exact historian to recognise that the contemporary background of thought, for those who received the gospel first, was deeply coloured by the visionary hope of the prophets that God, if he is to be true to his nature as loving unto his people, must visit and redeem by means of his Anointed.

Bishop Goodwin accepts it as likely that 'there is not a single prophecy concerning Christ which did not in its primary application refer to some other object'.

> But (he rightly adds) this does not destroy the fact that somehow or other the prophecies of the Old Testament were not regarded in the time of our Lord, by those to whom the prophecies were specially given, as being then exhausted; rather were those persons, many of them at least, in a condition of feverish anxiety to witness their fulfilment.

The prophets are therefore not to be imagined as so many Old Moore's Almanacks but as creating the atmosphere and the imagery on which God or man may build. And, the Bishop might have added, it is in this sense that the mediaeval jingle may be applied: 'In the Old Testament the New lies hid; in the New Testament the Old becomes manifest'.

Goodwin has no use whatever for Arnold's explanation that the story of Christ's birth originated in 'popular homage to a high ideal of pureness'. He points out that the prime concern of the early Church was not with rules of conduct but with facts of history, interpreted as eternally hopeful facts. The essence of the Scriptural record, later summed up in the Apostles'

Creed, contains only two miraculous occurrences, Christ's entry upon earthly life and his departure from it in the circumstances of resurrection and ascension. The Bishop implies, though he does not quite state, that, if it be allowed that Christ is unique, certain unique, that is to say miraculous, features must be expected to mark his life, however resolute he may be in withstanding his temptation in the wilderness to bludgeon his followers into faith by displays of supernatural might.

Like Arnold, but drawing rather different conclusions, Goodwin makes appeal to Coleridge's 'Aids to Reflection', where he finds the words 'There are indeed mysteries in evidence of which no reason can be brought. But the true solution of this problem is that these mysteries are reason—reason in its highest form of self-affirmation'. This somewhat obscure passage acts a solvent to Goodwin's thought:

> If the will of God, the knowledge of God, the mysteries of God, are in any way to be communicated to mankind, this must be done, as it would seem, by human means. Messages from heaven to earth have come apparently, from time to time, by the lips of men endowed with extraordinary gifts, or specially furnished for the task by the Spirit of God. Is it inconceivable, does it not rather approve itself to our highest powers of thought, that the supreme message of all should come by the lips of one 'fairer than the children of men', and who can claim to be divine?

Dean Inge was later to assert that 'Christianity is a system of radical optimism, inasmuch as it asserts the ultimate correspondence of value and existence, or, to put the same thing in less technical language, it asserts that all will be well, some day and somehow'. Such a philosophy implies that it is too good not to be true that, as the Epistle to the Hebrews has it, 'God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son'. Goodwin is careful not to tie the Incarnation to acceptance of the virgin birth, particularly since many New Testament writings seem to ignore it: 'How far it may be true that this was the only possible method of Incarnation it would perhaps be both useless and irreverent to enquire'. But he reaffirms that the virgin birth, so far from being a legend evolved out of popular respect for Christ's character, is recorded by a historian, well-informed and exact, who verifies his sources. It has to be classed as a miracle but then also as a miracle entirely in keeping with God's mysterious determination to answer the half-formed hopes of his people by entering, decisively and personally, into that mighty process of creation and revelation which He had initiated.

UNEMPLOYMENT: THE 1930s AND NOW

by Stephen Constantine

WHEN the unemployment figures in Britain began to rise steeply in the 1970s to top one million in 1975 it was perhaps inevitable that it revived grim memories of the 1930s. Television and some sections of the press reproduced the harrowing visual images of those years, dole queues, hunger marches, clusters of shabby men idle at street corners. The T.U.C. adopted as a campaign cry 'Forward to the 80s not back to the 30s'. In Manchester in the summer of 1980 the Royal Exchange Theatre Company caught the concern and revived *Love on the Dole,* the play by Walter Greenwood and Ronald Gow which had first been produced in the city in February 1934. Now that unemployment is officially standing at over 2 millions (Sept. 1980) and prophecies of worse to come are being frequently aired, references back to the 1930s are coming thick and fast.

Defendants of current government policy reject the claim that high rates of unemployment are causing today the same degree of distress experienced in Britain in the 1930s. It is argued that the sting has been taken out of unemployment by comprehensive social security provisions—unemployment benefit, earnings-related benefit, supplementary benefit, redundancy payments, tax rebates. Indeed, some commentators fear that life on the dole has now become too attractive and that figures are being swollen by the 'voluntarily unemployed'. Furthermore, it is argued that higher levels of unemployment are a necessary price to pay in the more pressing war against inflation. The social and economic consequences of inflation are regarded as more grave than those of unemployment.

But are the effects of unemployment to be so lightly regarded? Is it true that the distress experienced in the 1930s is not being reproduced today as unemployment grows? To answer these questions recent studies of the condition of the unemployed can be compared with investigations made in the 1930s.[1]

Those earlier studies showed that unemployment was a major cause of poverty. It was responsible for about 35% of the poverty in the East End of London in 1928, nearly 29% in York in 1936 and over 32% in Bristol in 1937. It was difficult for the families of the unemployed to avoid distress: nearly half those living in Sheffield in the winter of 1931-2 lived in poverty and nearly three-quarters of those in York in 1936. What these figures reflected, apart from the country's severe economic problems, were, firstly, contemporary methods of defining poverty. Though assessments differed, all investigators calculated a poverty line as the minimum income needed to meet essential family expenditure on rent, household running costs, clothing and the food required to maintain health. On the whole it was a standard of subsistence, of basic survival. Families without the minimum income were classed as living in poverty. The poverty figures also revealed that, although most manual workers had been covered by unemployment insurance since 1920 and the length of benefit had been

extended and dependants' allowances provided from 1921, the financial assistance available in the 1930s was evidently inadequate. Too often the families of the unemployed were obliged to live below the poverty line.

Benefit levels were increased in real terms after the Second World War. Supplementary benefit rates, for example, rose from 55% of average earnings in the late 1950s to 70% in the early 1970s. Though this ratio has since fallen, there can be no doubt that recipients of today's social security payments receive an income which in real terms is well above, for example, Rowntree's 1936 poverty line. It might be argued from this that unemployment today is not the cause of poverty it once was.

However, even Rowntree recognised that a definition of poverty could not be based solely on the income required to maintain the mere physical efficiency of the individual. Some attention had to be paid to contemporary social expectations and standards. Accordingly, in calculating his poverty line, he paid 'due regard to national customs' in his consideration of diet and he added on an allowance for such socially defined necessities as a daily newspaper, beer, tobacco and a wireless. Since 1936 rises in living standards have altered and increased the range of such social requirements. The Supplementary Benefits Commission, which now calculates the official poverty line, incorporates some of these needs into its assessments. The poor today are those who fall below this level. Measured against today's standard rather than against the now anachronistic standards of the 1930s, it becomes apparent that some of the families of the unemployed are still liable to fall into poverty.

When the post-war Welfare State was created it was intended that the unemployed would be adequately maintained by insurance benefits alone, and, indeed, in 1948 only 16% of them were obliged to draw supplementary benefits (then called national assistance) to bring them up to the poverty line. But by 1976 over 46% of the unemployed were dependent on such help. Families either found standard unemployment benefits too low to meet their needs or because of recurrent or long-term unemployment they had exhausted their rights to such benefits. As a result by 1976 the unemployed constituted over 50% of the supplementary benefit claimants below pensionable age, double the figure for 1960. Although such assistance kept the majority of unemployed families on or above, if usually only marginally above, the state's poverty line, a substantial minority still fell below. In 1972, 120,000 families in which the breadwinner had been out of work for more than three months were officially reported to have an income below supplementary benefit levels. Local studies in Coventry, Hammersmith and Newcastle showed that in 1971 at least 17% of those out of work for over four weeks lived below the minimum, and a 1976 study in North Shields found that over half a sample of unemployed families lived on or below the poverty line. Since poverty can only be adequately defined in terms of contemporary needs and expectations, it would appear even by official calculations that in spite of increases in the real value of social security payments since the 1930s unemployment has returned as a major cause of family poverty in Britain.[3]

Moreover, social investigators in the 1930s did not believe that the strains brought about by lowered living standards were the only or even the most serious consequences of unemployment. They were disturbed by the evidence of psychological distress. A Ministry of Health team in South Wales 'from the first . . . were struck more by the aspect of depression among the unemployed men and their listlessness than by any other sign of poverty', and other official reporters believed that an increase in neurotic maladies in Co. Durham could be ascribed to persistent unemployment. Unofficial studies, such as that carried out by the Pilgrim Trust in 1936, noted similar consequences elsewhere, and there was some evidence that being without work drove at least some people to suicide. There were family strains too, occasionally broken marriages.

The distress caused by idleness underlined the importance of work to the working class in the 1930s. Work provided them with more than an income. For one thing most working people fully accepted the concept of work as a duty. Skilled and semi-skilled workers often had a justifiable pride in their craft, but even most unskilled workers shared the feeling that work gave a man respectability and a proper status in society. Observers sometimes feared that some of the young and some of the previously low paid had accepted unemployment too easily, but as the Pilgrim Trust report put it, 'many workers, probably the great majority, prefer to work even if the financial gain from it is slight'. There was little evidence that the work ethic had been undermined and a class of 'workshy' been created. One reason was that work also gave men their status within the family. For fathers and husbands work justified their traditional role as head of the household. Since the risk of unemployment increased with age there were times when such breadwinners found themselves dependent on the earnings of their children. One South Wales miner described himself as 'a pauper through having to depend upon my children for a living'. George Orwell noted that in spite of unemployment, housework remained woman's work: the husband's reluctance to share the tasks was a feeble attempt to preserve what was left of traditional roles. Losing a job also severed the social contacts which men tended to develop at work. Only in the most depressed areas where unemployment and the risk of unemployment was high did communities show little sign of dividing into two parts—the employed and the unemployed. The latter suffered especially because as the Pilgrim Trust put it, 'Work provides for most people the pattern within which their lives are lived, and when this pattern is lost they have thrown on them a responsibility which, in the case of most unemployed men, their working lives have in no way qualified them to bear, the responsibility for organising their own existence'. As one man bluntly put it: 'Time is my worst enemy now'. The highlights of the week might be signing on or a desultory search for non-existent work. Otherwise days were passed killing the hours on street corners, in the warmth of the public library, perhaps in the unemployed men's club or at the cinema. Observers noted that compared with those in work the unemployed got up later and went to bed earlier.

There is nothing to suggest that social changes in the last forty years

or improvements in social security arrangements have lessened the social importance of work or moderated the distress caused by its loss. Ours is still a society in which social status and self-esteem are derived greatly from people's occupations. The work ethic is still a dominant influence, accepted by most and enforced on others by government and media campaigns against 'social security scroungers'. The investigations and controls to which the unemployed are subjected when claiming benefits reinforce the desire of most claimants to find jobs. Studies have shown that a few workers might understandably be reluctant to accept low paid work in place of higher benefits and that in areas of poor job prospects the eagerness with which the unemployed look for work is less than in more prosperous regions. But if we define the 'workshy' as able-bodied workers unwilling to take jobs at decent rates of pay even when they are available, then no study has yet shown them to be anything but a small number. The attitude of most workers to work was vigorously expressed by one interviewee: 'All I wanted was a job, so that I could hold my bloody head up.'

Recent investigators have found that, as in the 1930s, men without work often believe that their role in the family has been damaged. Some feel devalued in the eyes of their children, and there is the same fear about losing their 'manly status' by doing the housework. As one man put it. 'I'm here and the wife's out at work. It's a complete reversal. It's ridiculous.' Tensions inevitably develop: 'I feel very depressed—and take it out on the family.' The National Women's Aid Federation has recently claimed that rising unemployment is causing an increase in cases of wife and child battering. As in the 1930s, the social contacts which employment had previously provided are lost. 'I miss the people at work', reported one man, 'Even the people I didn't like, I miss them.' There is the tendency today as earlier for the unemployed to form a community of their own into which they slip when out of work and from which they escape only with a new job. Nor are the unemployed today any better equipped to deal with the unwanted leisure which unemployment has thrust upon them. When employed, work structures not only their days but also their weeks. The unemployed complain as in the 1930s about the vacuum they have to fill, especially the afternoons when odd jobs are done and dole money collected. Moreover, 'when you're working you enjoy your weekend off but for me it's no change.' Much time is burnt up watching television and reading, 'but it's rubbish—science fiction, thrillers'. When investigators in North Shields asked unemployed men what was the worst thing about being out of work, 'more mentioned boredom, monotony or loneliness than mentioned the lack of money. . . The men who had returned to work seemed to remember these effects more vividly than they did the financial problems—nearly twice as many mentioned the psychological impact as mentioned the financial impact.' Ours is not a society which has encouraged people to regard being out of work as an opportunity to find constructive and fulfilling uses for their time.

While it is difficult to measure and compare the degree of suffering

caused by unemployment in the 1930s and today it is at least possible that the distress is now greater than it was. In the 1930s working-class expectations were on the whole low. Although real wage earnings were perhaps on average 19% higher in 1938 than in 1920 this had been caused primarily by a fall in prices rather than by any increase in money wages: workers were generally defeated when they tried to resist wage cuts during the depression. Moreover, poverty or the risk of poverty remained an accepted and unavoidable element in the lives of most working-class families. Rowntree discovered that in York at least half the working-class population passed through two periods of poverty during their lives, as children and in old age, and at least a quarter of them passed through a third period in early middle life, as the parents of income-consuming dependants. The insecurity of life was normal. Unemployment was but an additional burden, and unemployment in the 1930s had been preceded by a decade in which the unemployed had rarely constituted less than 10% of the insured workforce. Unemployment had also been a frequent scourge of the class before the First World War. In the face of poverty and unemployment working-class communities had available by the 1930s some well-established strategies for survival—the use of the pawnbroker, the clothing club, 'tick' at the corner shop, help from neighbours and temporary escape in the pub.

In many respects conditions had changed by the 1970s. A period of affluence followed the Second World War. Average weekly earnings rose more than 33% in real terms between 1955 and 1967. The effect of this trend on expectations was enhanced by the way it was achieved: wage rates were rapidly increased, growing faster than the rise in the cost of living. It rained the fruits of affluence down upon working people: better houses, better food, more holidays, more consumer goods. By 1975 nine out of ten homes had a vacuum cleaner, more than two out of three a washing machine, three out of four a refrigerator, and in 1973 there were 13½ million cars in Great Britain, one car to every four people. Unemployment seemed to have been banished with rates usually as low as 1 or 2% until the end of the 1960s, and this removed much of the insecurity traditional to working-class life. Sons expected higher living standards than their fathers, and were happy to accept such long-term financial commitments as hire-purchase agreements, mortgages and car finance loans. But now that unemployment has returned it may be hitting harder those who have acquired a taste for affluence and who have had less experience of coping with hardship. In an attempt to preserve acquired standards unemployed families are reluctant to give up the television, the goods bought on hire purchase, in some cases the family car. Most economies are made on food and clothing, sometimes leading to the poor diet and shabby appearance reminiscent of the 1930s. The sense of deprivation may be greater today than between the wars because of the earlier marked improvement in living standards.

Will this lead to other serious consequences? In the 1930s social investigators wondered if economic depression was undermining social harmony and causing a breakdown in law and order and encouraging the growth

of political militancy. Were angry and embittered workers being driven by poverty and frustration into crime? Were they embracing the political dogmas of left or right extremists or at least engaging in politically-inspired demonstrations and outbreaks of violence? On the whole there was in fact little cause for serious alarm. Continued respect for law and order and the political quiescence and apathy of the unemployed were the more striking. It is true that national figures in the 1930s suggested that unemployment and crime by men over the age of twenty-one rose and fell together, but an examination of behaviour in particular towns showed no exact correlation: Gateshead had a much higher unemploymen rate than Norwich between 1934 and 1936 but far less crime. Furthermore, juvenile delinquency continued to rise through the later 1930s in spite of improvements in employment prospects. Unemployment may have contributed to crime but the effect was neither automatic nor considerable. Similarly, while the hunger marches and demonstrations by the unemployed attracted a good deal of government and press attention, neither the British Union of Fascists, nor the Communist Party, nor the Communist-led National Unemployed Workers Movement ever succeeded in recruiting more than a very small minority of the out-of-work.

It is possible that similar perhaps unexpectedly mild consequences will result today. If so, this will reflect partly the effectiveness in the 1980s as in the 1930s of a social security system which prevents a very severe fall in the living standards of the unemployed. But it will also be due to the psychological consequences of persistent unemployment. Observers in the 1930s found that the mood of the unemployed went through a cycle, beginning with a period of optimism when workers first lost their jobs and they enjoyed a holiday feeling and believed new work would quickly be found. This rapidly degenerated, as unemployment lengthened, into anxiety, pessimism and depression. Finally came a time of apathy and fatalistic resignation. Recent studies of the conditions of the unemployed have identified a similar cycle today, leading again to dull despair: 'I'm getting—sort of—given up hope of getting a job—lazy, don't want to do nothing.' It may be that we will again find that even widespread long-term unemployment actually discourages angry militant activity, whether of a criminal or political kind.

There is a chance, however, that reactions may change this time if unemployment gets worse. In the 1930s the resentment of working people was in part muted, especially in the most depressed areas, by the kind of communities in which most of them lived. Residing in almost exclusively working-class areas, the unemployed tended to compare their problems with those of other unemployed workers or with their employed but still often poorly-paid neighbours. 'There's lots worse off than ourselves', seems to have been a frequent response. Rarely did they express resentment at the comparative prosperity of higher groups in society, with whom they had few social contacts and to whose standards they rarely aspired. Such attitudes limited their sense of deprivation and so inclined them to resignation. Only government cuts in rates of benefit in 1931 and 1935 could stir up widespread indignation. Otherwise unemployment was

regarded by most as a disaster for which neither the government nor any other social class was really responsible.

It is possible that such responses may not remain so typical today. Since the Second World War it has been much more generally believed that the government can and should direct economic affairs in such a way as to create acceptable living conditions including full employment. Unemployment is more likely to be regarded as a defect of human decisions than as an Act of God. Furthermore, although working people are still highly concentrated in discrete urban areas, their experience of past affluence and their knowledge, derived from press and television, of the prosperity of other groups in society, may heighten their sense of deprivation and lead eventually to more bitter reactions. We may find that in the South East and West Midlands, now troubled by a degree of unemployment hardly experienced in the 1930s let alone in the 1950s and 1960s, lost prosperity may engender novel responses. Moreover, unemployment today has selected amongst its principal victims two groups in the labour force who do not figure in the rollcall of those most badly affected in the 1930s. Young people under the age of 21 today form a substantial section of the unemployed. Their opportunities to enter the labour force as cheap workers, which kept their liability to unemployment very low in the 1930s, have diminished. Whilst most are without work for less than six months, job prospects at least for the unqualified are deteriorating. Similarly, ethnic minorities are being badly affected: between February 1979 and February 1980 the rate of unemployment among them rose four times as fast as overall figures. The young and especially young coloured workers are probably the groups least well-integrated into society and least tolerant of existing social restrictions and political standards. The bitterness and frustration which could build up may in time be reflected in more militant political movements of the left, of the right and of the coloured communities. Or it may show up in the crime figures or in outbreaks of rioting in the more depressed and deprived areas of our cities, as earlier this year in Bristol. There is at least some reason to believe that social disorder may be greater in the depression of the 1980s than it was in the 1930s if current unemployment trends are allowed to persist.

Unemployment has not yet reached the proportions of the 1930s. Exact comparisons are difficult because of changes since the Second World War in official methods of calculating the figures. Not only is the labour force greater today than in the 1930s but before 1948 not all the labour force was covered by insurance and was not therefore counted in the official unemployment figures. This means that the numbers out of work in the 1930s are underestimates compared with figures released today. There is then less of a similarity than at first appears between the 2 million registered unemployed in September 1980 and the best and worst figures for the 1930s: 1.5 million in 1937 and 2.8 million in 1932. Long-term unemployment, lasting over twelve months and causing most distress, remains at under 350,000, some way below the 400,000 or more recorded in 1932. The difference is brought out more by the unemployment per-

centage rates though in this case the 1930s figures are overestimates in comparison with today's calculations. Even so the 22% of 1932 and the 11% of 1937 are well in excess of the 8.4% of the insured workforce now recorded as out of work. This does not mean we can afford to be complacent about unemployment in Britain today. We must avoid a mere 'unfelicific calculus' which reckons that in the light of conditions in the 1930s a given amount of unemployment will always cause the same degree of distress and have similar social consequences. It does not then follow that improvements in welfare provisions since the 1930s will eliminate the distress which otherwise would have been caused. For one thing, the evidence shows that the personal and family stress caused by being without work is not being prevented by social security hand-outs. Moreover, since the social and historical context which determines how individuals and communities respond to unemployment is not a constant and has changed since before the war, other consequences of the depression in the 1930s may not be reproduced. There are grounds to suspect that if unemployment intensifies some of those put out of work may not remain so tolerant and resigned.

NOTES

1. This article draws on a number of sources but especially on *Men Without Work* 1938, The Pilgrim Trust.
   B. S. Rowntree, *Poverty and Progress* 1941. H. L. Beales and R. S. Lambert (eds.).
   Memoirs of the Unemployed 1934.
   E. W. Bakke, *The Unemployed Man* 1933.
   D. Marsden and E. Duff, *Workless* 1975.
   M. J. Hill et al, *Men Out of Work* 1973.
   F. Field (ed.), *The Conscript Army* 1977.
   North Tyneside Community Development Project, *In and Out of Work* 1978.
2. If instead of using the Supplementary Benefits Commission's minimum standards definition of poverty we adopt Professor Townsend's relative deprivation standard and define the poor as those lacking 'the resources to obtain the diet, participate in the activities and have the living conditions and amenities which are customary, or are at least widely encouraged or approved, in the societies to which they belong', then the problems of the unemployed appear even more grave. In 1968 18% of those unemployed for ten or more weeks in the previous year were below the state's poverty line, but 33% fell below the relative deprivation standard: Peter Townsend, *Poverty in the United Kingdom* 1979.

[Dr. Stephen Constantine began postgraduate research on 'British colonial development policy in the 1920s' at Wadham College and later at Nuffield College, Oxford. Since 1971 he has been a Lecturer in History at the University of Lancaster. His book, *Unemployment in Britain between the Wars*, was published by Longman in July 1980.]

THE SINGING STONE

by André van Dam

DURING centuries, the natives cherished the tiny islet in their tumultuous Paraná river. The islet consisted of a few stones making a singing noise when the waters hurried by. They called it 'the singing stone' or *Itaipú*, in their guaraní language.

The islet is gone, victim of the world's largest hydro-electric project, at present under construction. The natives (and the non-natives) now do the singing, pleased with the work, income and pride that the extravagant construction of the huge barrage bestows upon them.

The Itaipú barrage will be six times larger than Egypt's Aswan dam, and a third larger than America's Grand Coulee. Itaipú will alter the face of Paraguay and change the equilibrium in the River Plate basin. What is said here about Itaipú will, *mutatis mutandis*, apply to Yacyretá as well, and also to Corpus, if and when the project materializes. If we restrict ourselves in this article to Itaipú, it is solely because this project leads the way to an altogether different configuration of geo-economics along the Paraná river.

Although Itaipú is being built on Paraguayan and Brazilian soil, it is likely to affect Argentina's future as well.

Itaipú is truly impressive by its sheer size. Once completed in 1989, the dam will generate up to 14.00 megawatts. It will have absorbed as much concrete as Argentina produced in 1976-1978. The total investment will add up to US$14 billion (in today's purchasing power). It will turn Paraguay into the world's largest exporter of electricity.

Itaipú is a vital project to Brazil. The 80 billion kilowatts which Itaipú will generate are the equivalent of 180 million barrels of petroleum. At US$ 23 per barrel, Itaipú saves its owners US$ 4 billion per year. Under the Itaipú contract, Brazil can buy all the electricity that Paraguay does not need. Brazil can therefore substantially reduce its import bill for petroleum which this year runs at US$ 7 billion or 40% of total imports.

The above comparison explains why Brazil grants the highest priority to the Itaipú barrage. Brazil is engaged in an all out effort, at any cost, to have the first turbine operating in January 1983 and to complete the 20 turbines six years later. Itaipú, even at a US$ 14 billion investment, will produce relatively cheap power. Itaipú's power will cost half that of petroleum, on the basis of kilowatt equivalent. Itaipú, at any cost, is a bargain to Brazil which generates almost 20% of its electricity today by thermo plants burning fuel oil. Itaipú's main dam will be 1,500 meters long. Its crest will be 200 meters above sea level. Its maximum height at 160 meters from the lowest foundation point. The reservoir will have a surface of 1,400 km² and hold a maximum of 30 billion m³ of water. There will be 20 turbines of 700 megawatts each. Besides generating 80 billion kwh of electricity, Itaipú will engage in flood control, fisheries, irrigation, tourism and recreation. (But the project includes no sluices to allow

shipping). Itaipú requires 56 million m³ of excavations, 21 million m³ of dikes, 225,000 tons of steel.

If Paraguay would decide to sell its share of Itaipú to Brazil, it would collect US$ 300 million (in today's value) in 1985 and twice that amount, per year, as from the late 1980's. Quite a good return on a zero investment.

In fact, Paraguay has not invested a single penny in Itaipú, nor will it. Itaipú Binacional operates on a paid-in capital of only US$ 100 million. Paraguay's share of US$ 50 million came from a Brazilian loan. The bulk of the investments stem from suppliers' credits and loans from the World Bank, the Inter-American Development Bank and other sources. So far, Paraguay has enjoyed a net inflow of foreign currency on account of deliveries of goods and services to Itaipú, to the tune of almost US$ 800 million. Paraguay's overall participation in the construction of Itaipú has so far been some 20%. In engineering it runs at 40%. In addition, Paraguay supplies half the manpower (varying from 24,000 to 30,000 people) for Itaipú.

Itaipú is all but remodelling Paraguay's economy. After all, Paraguay's share of the investment, US$ 7 billion, is more than twice its current gross national product. Paraguay's share of the electricity generated will be 7,000 megawatts, compared to Paraguay's current consumption of electricity: 200 megawatts. Paraguay's economy is overheating, however. According to the Central Bank, the annual growth rate has been 9% for four years in a row. Most observers think that it is higher, and quite a few observers expect an annual growth rate of over 10% for the next ten years.

The fallout of Itaipú is that the pressure for manpower has been such that wages have been rising much faster than the cost of living. This is compounded by the construction boom, expanding at 25% per year for the 4th year and still going strong.

Yet, Itaipú constitutes a tremendous dilemma to Paraguay. Within a year or two the country must decide either to sell its share of the electricity to Brazil, for a handsome if not over-generous fee, or to attract energy-intensive industries at all costs. At present, the prevailing sentiment favours the sale of electricity for two overwhelming reasons. On the one hand, energy-intensive industries constitute a relatively minor source of employment, and the creation of employment is a great priority in Paraguay where the population is youthful, and expanding at the rate of 3% per year. There is also a latent fear that large foreign enterprise of the type that use giant quantities of energy, would distort Paraguay's socio-economic model and way of life. On the other hand, Paraguay can use the US$ 300 to 600 million worth of annual fees it would collect for its electricity, not only for infrastructures but above all for the establishment of labour-intensive agro-industry, including pulp and paper.

Almost half of Paraguay's territory is covered by forests. Of the other half, less than 10% is presently taken up by arable land. The priority for agriculture, livestock, fisheries and forest industry makes a lot of sense. It will provide the massive employment that Paraguay needs, ensure

balanced rural development, adequate food production, ample exports of commodities and processed product, open up Paraguay's vast empty spaces including the Chaco, which is well suited for extensive ranching operations. It will preserve Paraguay's identity, yet provide sufficient industrialization to safeguard a balanced and thriving economy.

Itaipú is a classical case of what economists call a 'non-zero-sum-game', whereby there are only winners. Brazil will utilize Itaipú to accelerate its semi-independence from non-Latin American OPEC members. In addition, Brazil will take advantage of Itaipú to modernize and industrialize the south and southwest, so as to decompress the utter concentration of economic activities in the triangle Sao Paulo/Belo Horizonte/Rio de Janeiro. Brazil will also use Itaipú to seek demographic penetration of empty spaces, strengthening its position vis-a-vis Argentina and Paraguay in a geopolitical strategy called 'dynamic borders'.

Argentina will, perhaps somewhat belatedly but certainly not too late, understand the long-term implication of the Parana river's hydro-electrical potential. Argentina will hurry the construction of the Yacyretá dam, following Brazil's example of 'damn the cost', and thus reinforce its position vis-a-vis Paraguay, which it traditionally enjoyed (and risked losing over Itaipú). Argentina may like the experience so well that it will after all decide to build its masterpiece, the Corpus barrage, somewhat smaller and just downstream from Itaipú. Technical squabbles with Brazil have so far prevented Argentina from taking this great jump ahead. Finally, Argentina will take advantage of these major investments in the River Plate basin to start decompressing its extreme and ecologically dangerous concentration of economic power in the greater Buenos Aires areas, and then regain its glorious past.

Meanwhile, the tumultuous Paraná river will continue flowing. It will do so long after the last drop of petroleum has been pumped up from South America's earth. The huge hydro-electrical potential will ensure that much beyond the year 2000 every Argentine, Brazilian and Paraguayan along its shores will sing, like the stones of the former islet Itaipú. The overwhelming lesson of Itaipú's dam is the assurance of a proper balance between electrification and rural development, as well as a fair admixture of economic growth and ecological sanity. In that perspective, the inherent monetary cost, no matter how extravagant, is all but immaterial.

[André van Dam is a Dutch economist, and the director of planning for Latin America with CPC International Inc. He undertakes future research in Asia, Latin America and Africa, works with the Club of Rome and the Aspen Institute of Humanistic Studies.]

IRAN'S ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES

by Peter Avery

IN the long run it must be salutary for the West to have been shown that its values are those a people like the Iranians are capable of rejecting. Not all of them have done so; but one of the many things that do not seem clearly grasped is that the westernised acceptors of what the Shah's government was attempting comprise an exceedingly small minority in a population of some thirty-five million. The majority have seen Ayatullahs, and especially Ayatullah Khomeini, as indeed Godly symbols of the heavenly order here below: true representatives of a way of life which is also their religion, so that to change that way even in minutiae is to desecrate the Faith. A meaning of the title *Ayatullah*: it is really an honorific for theologians of accepted eminence.

What is alluded to here, Islam's having no room for the western concept of secular and lay, temporal and spiritual, is common to all forms of Islam; but almost virulently characteristic of the Shi'ism prevalent in Iran since the early sixteenth century. For then Shi'ism was recruited by the political and military genius of the first Safavid, Shah Isma'il (1502-1524) and combined with the fervour of his family's Sufi adherents, to establish an Iranian unity welded together as if the entire nation were a religious Order, its loyalty focused on the Safavid Shah, who had semi-divine honours. For Isma'il had accomplished two important things. He had solved the perennial Muslim problem of where to place the secular and military ruler in a state whose religious character left him no room. Since the fall of the 'Abbasid Caliphate before the pagan Mongol, Hulagu Khan, in 1258, the fiction of secular authorities in Islamic areas being invested and sworn by the Caliphs, so that an Imam remained the source, if only titular, of the Law, which was that of the Faith, had gone; but the Safavids' adoption of Shi'ism and claim to descend from the Prophet through 'Ali, his son-in-law and first of the Shi'ite Imams, gave them a special legitimacy. The Shi'a sectarians had always upheld the principle of legitimate descent of leadership of the Muslim Community from the Prophet Muhammad through 'Ali and his progeny down to the Twelfth Imam, who disappeared in the ninth century and whose advent after a period of concealment affords the sect the basis for its millennial aspiration with expectation of this Imam's return, near the end of time, to inaugurate justice and peace in an evil world. Meanwhile secular rulers were regarded as a temporary expedient, not to be adhered to at the expense of spiritual loyalty to the Hidden Imam; but secular rulers who carried, through kinship with him, something of his aura, naturally attracted more fidelity than the, as it were, absolutely secular.

Moreover, and this was Isma'il's second achievement, Islam in the Iranian areas had since 1258 been subjected to Mongol Il-Khans, who till 1295 with one brief exception remained pagan, and their putative successor, Tamburlaine or Timur (1369-1404), with numerous Turcoman and

other petty dynasts in between, none of whom fulfilled the criteria for leadership of devout Muslims, and most of whom, especially the Mongols, were considered by the devout a polluting stain on the pure face of Islam. This preoccupation with the purity of the state was a peculiarly Iranian feature: Isma'il's apparently impeccable credentials allowed him to inaugurate a state in Iran purged of errant and what were regarded as ritually positively unclean ruling elements. For, while it is the advent of the Hidden Imam which counts, it is the duty of his flock to keep the house into which he will come clean for his arrival.

Though the Safavids, notably Shah 'Abbas the Great, (1588-1629), managed to eliminate the Sufi factor in those who had promoted their rise, and indeed their fashioning of Iran into something resembling a nation-state which differed from and had a combative *esprit de corps* against the non-Shi'i, Sunni growing power and expansion of the neighbouring Ottoman Empire, clearly the Shi'i build-up could not be abandoned. By the reign of the pious but ineffective Shah Sultan Husain (1694-1722), Shi'ite divines had acquired dominant influence; some historians attribute Iran's collapse under Sunni Afghan rebels in 1722 to the power over government held by religious dignitaries.

It seems they were never again to enjoy such power until today. From 1722 until 1979, though in various degrees generally courted and pampered by secular Shahs, the members of the religious hierarchy saw their influence kept in check. The pampering often included payment of a danegeld in subsidies, such as those the last Shah's government paid members of the religious classes until the new Prime Minister, Mr. Amuzegar, succeeded Mr. Hoveida in late 1977 and stopped them. But other, more fundamental grudges had been built up. With the exception of Nadir Shah (1736-1747), liberator of Iran from Afghan and Ottoman occupying armies and invaders, from the 1722 catastrophe till very recent times the secular powers acted with caution towards the spiritual. Nadir tampered with the Faith; even attempted to destroy the ascendancy of the Shi'a. He failed in this and the Shi'a hierarchy remained, to continue its role as spokeman for the people, particularly, of course, in times of crisis when the people's woes were coming to a head.

It remained powerful enough to encourage war with Russia in the 1820's and attempt to halt military and civil reforms influenced by western models in the same period. Then in 1906 many, though not all, the leading and certainly the more popular religious leaders joined the westernized liberal intellectuals and the merchants in the amalgam of forces which brought about the Constitutional Movement, a chief aim of which was the curbing of royal powers, especially the fiscal. Eventually another amalgam, in which Bakhtiari tribal khans played a conspicuous part, salvaged the Constitution in 1911. Although the preamble contained clear references to secular government's temporary nature, pending return of the Imam of the Age, and the Constitution embodied provision for a committee of clerics to oversee enactments and exercise the power of veto on those not regarded as Islamic, it could be contended that in the Constitutional Struggle the

religious classes lost; other groups, as it were, captured the Constitution. Still, however, the religious classes were supreme in matters of law and this involvement in people's transactions down to the most personal kept them close to the people, whose point of reference in matters of supreme moment clerics continued to be. And it was a member of the religious classes who, when Iran was slipping into harrowing financial trouble, assassinated Nasiru'd-Din Shah in 1896, and another, Mudarrisi, who was one of the few opponents in the Majlis to the assumption of sovereignty by Reza Shah in 1925. Reza Shah's relations with religious leaders, many of whom had, it should be remembered, encouraged rather than opposed his accession, since they preferred monarchy to the kind of Republicanism they observed under Kamal Attaturk in Turkey, were, to say the least, often turbulent; but there always seems to have been a dialogue, of which during his son's later years there seems to have been none.

But Reza Shah's crime in the eyes of the religious classes was his secularisation, with the exception of personal, of the laws; by reforming divorce law and the status of women in the nineteen sixties, Muhammad Reza Pahlavi further eroded what remained to the clergy of their legal functions. Reza Shah also reformed education, that other field in which clerical influence had reposed. Whatever Reza Shah's capacity for, while intimidating clerics as he did most other sections of the community, maintaining a dialogue with them, his dynasty early showed clear signs of seriously jeopardising a tradition already beset from outside by non-Islamic influences inimical to it, and from 1925, faced by a forceful secular, militaristic government within. If Ayatullah Khomeini represents a comeback deferred since 1722, though attempted in 1906-1908, he notably stands for the religious forces triumphant over a regime one of whose Prime Ministers could say in 1968, when asked about the religious forces, that 'That's all over'. In a country like Iran, where concern for the life of the spirit has always been peculiarly prominent and never more so than when the overwhelming majority of its people, the poor, the peasants, the ekers out of a subsistence livelihood in harsh conditions and a land vulnerable to invasion, have had only the preternatural to turn to for some kind of consolation; spiritual food where the other kind was not to be had, whether it was this Prime Minister who advised the Shah on the lines of this remark, or whether he was echoing the view of the Shah, is immaterial—both men are now dead—but it was an extremely frightening thing to hear said by a man in such a position. As a very much more representative Iranian once said, but in the same year, 'Our religion is not like yours: it is our patriotism, our "Iranism".' As it has many of the younger generation in the West —it could be said, no doubt, because they do not know on which side their bread is buttered—materialism has disgusted, because it was not, after all, succeeding in buttering much of their bread, as was the case with a large majority of the people of Iran. Khomeini came along, in a tradition which has sufficient precedents for his emergence not to be a matter for surprise, to galvanize this disillusionment into a movement backed by this large majority whose sorrows and, in western eyes at least, ignorance and

proneness to superstition make it easily led by such a leader, representing the values he does.

In a sense, it might be a case of this Iranian religiously-stirred majority against the rest of the world; not a position by any means alien to Iranians' view of themselves, for they have often been against the world as a whole since it gave them too little for other-worldliness not to have a powerful appeal; and against much of Islam, too, because Iran's persuasion is not that of the majority of Muslims, while this Sunnite majority might easily take the obverse of Iran's having made the Shi'i persuasion its own badge, and consider grappling with Khomeini's brand of Islam *their* patriotic duty against Iranians who are neither, for example, Arab nor Pakistani. Religion which has no dictum about rendering unto Caesar what is his makes missionary activity highly suspect; its division from politics is, as it happens, a tenet upheld by some Ayatullahs, even in Iran, who fear that too much involvement in day-to-day affairs may be damaging, and who remember that one of the advantages of the state of affairs from 1722 until the last year or two has been religion's being aside from secular failures and thereby the better able to be their critic. It is perhaps on grounds of this sort that Ayatullah Shari'at Madari refused, though he is now probably restrained from, a more positive role. Voices have been raised on these lines of criticism of Iran's present regime from the religious centre in Mashhad, though not in outright condemnation. Whatever the West may now, painfully, be learning about the effect of a religious position which includes the concept of secular government being wicked, it should not be forgotten that this doctrine includes adherents who nevertheless believe that religious leaders' task should be to prepare themselves and their followers to be spiritually pure enough to be known by the Imam when He comes; not to become embroiled in secular affairs. Still, it would be extremely foolish to see in this doctrinal difference some, well, political force which could be harnessed against the powers which are at present in some measure of control; the grave danger of fiddling with the extraordinarily delicate *balance* of powers in a country like Iran must by now be apparent even to those with the least patience for its deep cultural roots and exceedingly impressive history of survival in circumstances which have very rarely not been threatening.

When so often all has been lost, irrigation ditches years have been needed to construct and coax into providing water, battered under the feet of marauders' horses, bodies racked and mutilated on despots' whims, or those of their cruel, desperate and degraded minions, to be pitted against the world might be somehow normal, especially when the schooling of losing 'all' inculcated a sense that not all was in fact ever lost: God remained and deprivation was part of His design, and always taught as the most effective way to Him. Masochism is an ugly word, but in the way of human resilience, and Iranians are celebrated for resilience, perhaps the buffetings of history have resulted in their being furnished with the capacity to welcome them. Remembered is the question a Reuter correspondent asked in Abadan in the midst of the 1951 oil crisis: 'What is this

national craving for self-immolation? Has it something to do with the ancient worship of fire?'.

Clinging to religion can betray lack of self-confidence. A feature of Iranians is the habit of blaming events on outside forces, a habit Iranians themselves, who have more, though sometimes a wry sense of humour than lack of it, often mock. But it is a habit which tells how history and geography, that vulnerability to invasions and that history of them, may have combined to waste self-confidence and make Iranians believe that there is no point in being self-reliant; forces greater than any they can muster will always prevail. The Iranian, therefore, can always be poised to snatch some short-term advantage, win a negotiating point, but at the same time, since major advantages will probably elude him, while he is forever on the defensive, he must watch for any opportunity an inimical world offers for blame to be placed on the outsider; and God cannot add to the other misfortunes visited upon him by allowing him to be wrong, so when anything goes wrong, it must be the fault of others. In other words, ultimate irresponsibility is carried to baffling lengths, and, so to speak, we Iranians, like, when you come to think of it, for Iranians are in lots of rather extreme ways exemplars of the human condition, most of us, can never, never be wrong. But to reach some further understanding of what has been happening in Iran, the effects of this collapse of self-confidence need weighing.

First, having dealt with some aspects of the religious climate, a cursory glance at the geographical characteristics of the country, with their influence on the political climate, might help. Iran is almost wholly landlocked. The Caspian Sea is shallow and its Iranian coastline short. The Persian Gulf is also shallow and, while it gives Iran with the Gulf of Oman its longest sea-coast, it is really an open-ended lake which the Arabs have traditionally treated as such and which they have to regard as of supreme importance because it is a main waterway to the Arab Mesopotamian area, besides being for many miles the Arabian peninsula's northern boundary. The land frontiers link Iran with Central Asia, Anatolia and the Afghan passage into the Indian Sub-Continent. The wealth and flourishing of its culture owed much to the crossing of Iran's frontiers by the ancient Asiatic trade routes. Their being transferred to the world's seas did much to waste Iran economically, a process which was completed by European, chiefly British development of maritime trade in the Persian Gulf, and for which oil is too temporary a source of wealth and has been too little integrated into the economic life of the whole people perhaps ever adequately to compensate. What, for instance, happened to those numerous villages once enriched by breeding and hiring out mules for trans-continental transport?

Generally speaking the land frontiers are not easy to defend. Hence the vulnerability to invasion already mentioned. But topographically and climatically Iran is distinct from steppe and desert in Central Asia, the desert of Arabia, mountains of the Hindu Kush and mountainous eastern

Turkey. It is a plateau rimmed in the west, north and south by mountainous lips and sloping eastwards towards the Hindu Kush. Iran thus presents a geographical entity, identity. This, as well as defence needs and the policing of a population not only ethnically mixed but of different styles of life, nomadic and sedentary being a principal contrast, has invited unity. But it has always been a fragile unity. Poor internal communications made poorer by the salt desert which occupies much of the plateau's surface, as well as ridges of uplands with passes not always easy in winter snows, have promoted strong regional sentiments, and combined to force the main cities to occupy sites round but within the mountain rim as an arc of oases facing from west, north and south onto the arid interior, but having access to the outside world, from which caravans and invaders have so frequently burst upon them from beyond the mountain walls.

Clearly these circumstances mean that Iran lacks a centre. The heart is characterized by salt desert. Distances and wide ranges of inhospitable country leave many frontier districts beyond consistent control, but strong and, through a pomp often decried and scorned, an aura-emitting central government from time to time ensured sufficient intimidation of land-hungry neighbours to put them off detaching bits of Iran for their own purposes. Here is one of the reasons why, besides geographical there have also been political reasons for Iranians to hope for, while often suffering from, strong central power. Its absence greatly increased their vulnerability to invasion. This in its turn increased suspicion of foreigners, supposed always to be conspiring and 'against us'. Privacy is constantly in danger, so that fear of its 'invasion', even by too many western technicians and people sent to Iran under the last Shah to help it into the future, becomes a phobia, the full play of which is now obvious for all the world to see.

Ethnical differences coupled with the contrasting style and needs of tribal-pastoral life on one hand and that of the settled cultivator on the other; frontier protection; keeping communications safe from robbers and improving them at costs only a national treasury could fund; diplomatic ties with other countries and the important adjunct of ensuring that these did not mean other countries' ties with regions, to jeopardize the country's integrity—these factors combine to account for the persistence of, if not the monarchical tradition—and petty regional kings alternated with 'Kings of Kings'—at least the desire for some form of effective paramount government. Danger of disintegration was always there, too dangerous to encourage. It is, of course, a major threat today, as if to recall to memory the equally salient fact that Iran's history has alternated between a mosaic of regional autonomies, the kind that invited a conqueror like Tamburlaine in in 1380, and periods when the land was united under some warlord who had proved stronger than the rest.

The need to gather and hold together this fissiparous whole has its negative aspects. Central government has frequently felt constrained to behave arrogantly and repressively where disintegrative tendencies and deep suspicion of any government, and misunderstanding of its purposes

by those whose horizons are limited to local considerations, have been characteristic. The ideal of unity has never eradicated entirely a stout individualism. Moreover, generally the unifying government, though welcomed as such, was not achieved by consensus but by conquest. The conquerors were expected to uphold law and order; and served by a succession of Iranian *vazirs*, ministers who, while they did not always escape the penalty for it, strove to teach the newcomers to power how to maintain the balances upon which, above all else, the peace of Iran depended. But there was no sentiment of loyalty or respect for these unifiers: they were to serve a purpose and, if they failed, they were considered expendable; Iranians can also be, though apparently wildly fanciful, ruthlessly pragmatic. Strong central governments also ran the risk of being hated as oppressive, curtailers of local liberties and traditions improperly understood and insufficiently cherished, and cornerers of as much as possible of the nation's wealth, which they needed for the very purposes they were intended to serve, but which they also took, more often than not in excess, as what they, pragmatically as well as greedily, regarded as legitimate wages for their trouble and a sensible precaution in conditions always uncertain. Meanwhile, central powers were too suspicious of the regions, too conscious of the risk of outside intervention, too untrusting of the regions' capacity for fidelity, easily to delegate authority and responsibility beyond the capital. In 1961 the last Shah made moves in the direction of, for example, activating municipal councils. Experience as well as suspicion inhibited the process. There was any Iranian central government's recurrent nightmare of the provinces and the principal cities becoming seats of foreign influence, or of foreigners who might seek to use provincial dissatisfaction with the centre to their own advantage; and Tehran paled at the slightest disturbance on a frontier.

Since the Second World War, foreign penetration has been mainly represented by the U.S.A., constituted as Iran's chief support and, in their eyes at least, not by any means entirely for the sake of the Iranians. Rather, because Iran was a major producer of oil and cast in the role of one of the West's chief bases against the U.S.S.R., covering its southern flank. On 15 August 1953 the then Prime Minister, Dr. Muhammad Mussadiq, refused the Shah's order dismissing him from office. On the 16th, the Shah fled the country. He was restored a few days later in a *coup d'état* now almost universally accepted as having been completely engineered by United States agencies, a verdict those who wish to use it today should bear in mind is subject, if not to appeal, assuredly to a great deal of refinement. But this episode is taken to mark the high point in American interference in Iranian affairs, a belief which has not least been encouraged by publications written by Americans. Once again it is a case, supported by foreigners themselves, of the assumption that Iranians on their own could not have been capable of reactivating the Shah's regime. Lives lived in the immediate present, with a past too awful to contemplate and a future too uncertain, seem to preclude the shaming assessment of large-scale gullibility.

Iranian circumstances, as will have become apparent, have always left room for swift reversals of fortune. Such reversals could have very unpleasant results for individuals, especially if responsibility for the past could be pinned on them. Iranian officials are wary of making decisions —one of the elements, incidentally, which seems to have bedevilled the U.S. hostage situation—or, if decisions cannot be avoided, the officials are extremely careful to avoid leaving too much evidence of their part in them. Responsibility must if possible be shed onto others. The more conspicuous foreigners become in the country's affairs, the more disliked they are as intruders into Iran's privacy, and the more amenable they become to receiving blame for anything else Iranians do not approve of, but for which it would be dangerous to blame internal agents. Thus foreigners come in handy as planks in the political platforms of those who wish to rally the people behind them against, for instance, what they regard as foreign-backed tyranny. Foreigners are rarely praised for any good their activities might have engendered. It is as if, as an American writer has cogently suggested, the old Iranian belief in the twin forces of opposing Good and Evil, Light and Darkness, Hormuzd and Ahriman, still persisted. Ayatullah Khomeini has used the words 'Satan', 'devil', 'diabolical' of the United States Government; of Mr. Carter, even. This is no doubt as inappropriate a slur on a Southern Baptist as it is on Khomeini to suggest that he reflects the pre-Islamic, pagan Iran's ancient dualism.

His first major attack on the Shah, printed and distributed abroad was seen in 1963. It concentrated on the evil of the American presence in Iran. One of the Shah's obsessions, as all will recall, was Land Reform. When in 1961 he finally managed to implement it, it seemed as much to be aimed at destroying landlords' political and social influence as at improving the lot of the farmers. But at first, under a brave and highly intelligent radical named Hasan Arsanjani, it began to look as if the farmers might become a social and political force more formidable and effective than ever a minority of gossiping landed magnates controlling Parliament could be. The impetus of Land Reform was diminished and Arsanjani ousted. But the process continued, in a less radically exciting but more bureaucratic manner, and eventually it posed a threat to the endowments in which the religious establishment's main source of income lay. Then in 1963 another Pahlavi ambition was relaunched and extended in the granting of the vote and of equality to women, a measure the by now really apprehensive religious establishment saw as unislamic and, in any event, since it was to do with individuals' personal status, as taking away from the religious almost the last legal functioning which had not hitherto been reserved for secular lawyers.

Although ostensibly prompted by the Shah's reforms, Khomeini's 1963 protest was detonated by an enactment by which U.S. citizens in Iran, guilty of infringement of the law, were to be tried according to their own rather than the host country's laws. This development smacked too much like a return to the dreaded Capitulations Agreements, which to Muslims since the first of them in the sixteenth century (between France and the

Ottoman Empire) had seemed to mark their gradual and humiliating subordination to the Christian West. They were the enactments whose removal from treaties and statute books in the first decades of the twentieth century had always been used to mark defiance of the West and liberation from its thralls. Khomeini could hardly be expected to overlook such an unfortunate lapse on the part of the Shah's government and his United States advisers. He also struck another chord which was bound to have popular reverberations when he spoke of American interference in Iranian trade and trading methods, and blamed a spate of bankruptcies among Iranian merchants on this interference in the country's traditional economy. In 1963, who Ahriman was must have seemed clear to Ayatullah Khomeini, as it has been ever since.

Throughout Iran's stormy history, one class has remained remarkably intact and unchanged, at least until recent times. The merchants' class, with its far-reaching and encodified means of communication, has been enabled to persist as a special entity, with contacts all over the Middle East and often much further, relatively unaffected by the rise of modern nation states and the rise and fall of modern governments. It is a kind of benign mafia; but when technocrats of the Pahlavi era with their western training, and the entrepreneurs conditions under the Pahlavi regime encouraged, began to introduce new patterns of trading and finance, to open department stores, investigate being partners with foreign concerns in food-storage, packaging and purveying, the merchants' mafia stopped its benignity. It turned against the Shah whose father, in 1924-25, it had done a great deal to promote.

Khomeini was able to exploit the old alliance between the mercantile class of the bazaars and the religious classes. From merchants, he was helped during sixteen years' exile; no doubt many of the donors saw this as a kind of insurance for the future. The bazaar styles of communicating meant that much could be done so secretly that it remained impenetrable to the Shah's security services and foreigners relying on them for information. The Shah had also made the tactical error of affording Khomeini an exile whence he could conduct operations more obscurely.

In Iran itself there were plenty of diversions. The security forces' preoccupation with urban guerrillas no doubt served supporters of the Ayatullah well. A continuing and growing antipathy to the regime was kept aflame while the extent and organization of the more fundamental opposition, among people often very far from eager Marxist and Maoist martyrs and western-style socialists and cultured liberals, remained neatly concealed. It must be repeated, lest the lesson still has to be absorbed, that Khomeini's people comprise millions in contrast to the few who represent secular opponents of the former regime and, now, of the new type, to them, of ideological tyranny which has come in its stead; Khomeini brought out the centuries-tried and oppressed core of the nation. Land Reform, especially in its first fervent and radical phase, lit a flame in this core which he had only to fan.

Moreover, its going wrong accelerated flight from the villages to cities, which became, especially Tehran, crowded with jobless cultivators, on hand to swell the Pro-Khomeini demonstrations. As if to isolate and hold up to universal obloquy the destructive urban terrorists, demonstrating that they in reality had no cause with which to justify heinous crimes, in 1977 the Shah began to relax the severity which certainly, beginning in 1955 and assuming fresh momentum in 1963, had cowed to a most depressing degree the population at large and turned Iran into a mutually suspicious, divided society full of the kind of fear that made old friends chary of having a conversation. The removal of some of the gloom of a police-state might expose the terrorists to the full glare of public disdain; but, at the same time, a ruler who felt himself far more dependent on the goodwill of the United States, and particularly of successive United States Presidents, than has perhaps been properly appreciated in the West, who was sensitive to a hair's breadth of change towards him in any President's attitude, could, by relaxing oppressive and population-affrighting measures, propitiate a President who set great store by human rights, especially, it seemed, in Iran.

Already by September 1977 Tehran was alive with rumours of the large bank withdrawals being made by those with money to withdraw. The flight of money abroad appeared to reflect what many thought would result from relaxation of the methods which so many had condemned and some had had horrible opportunities to experience. Then the Shah changed his Prime Minister for one, a technocratic type, even further removed from the manner in which most Iranians think and react than Mr. Hoveida, his predecessor, had been. Perhaps this new Prime Minister was thought better able to handle the White House than the European—rather than United States-oriented Mr. Hoveida. He seemed an aggressive, go-ahead kind of man, of the kind United States business circles are supposed to admire.

There now seems to be ample evidence in his ill-health to go a long way towards explaining the Shah's increasing uncertainty in the last years, and what was described as his growing 'megalomania' was being mentioned in circles close to him as early as 1975. This symptom made it impossible, it was averred, for any, even formerly intimate counsellors, to have a useful talk with him; but there appears to be no reason to suppose, and certainly Michael A. Ledeen and William H. Lewis, in their outstanding 'Carter and the Fall of the Shah: The Inside Story,' of *The Washington Quarterly* of Spring, 1980, or George Lenczowski in his excellent, 'The Arc of Crisis: The Central Sector,' in *Foreign Affairs* of Spring 1979, give none to question that Mr. Carter's election and personality resulted in a situation which helped to undermine the Shah's confidence and augment his growing sense of insecurity. By April 1978, he was reliably reported to have expressed deep personal concern about the extent to which he could continue to count on support from the White House.

Following the dismissal of Mr. Amuzegar, it must have become clear to the Shah that he was going to be in trouble finding a Prime Minister. Sharif Imami agreed to try. Then a General, but this proved no solution.

Finally, Dr. Bakhtiar accepted, but on his own conditions. Yes, the Shah had obviously few friends left; but what is of more significance is that politicians of experience knew that great changes were impending, and their unwillingness to take office indicates that they no longer believed in the Shah's ability to direct change, or in the fact that the choice of change would any longer be either his or theirs. On such occasions, it is not what an Iranian says that counts: it is what he does or, in refusing, as several did, office, what he does not do. The trouble holding office might bring must have seemed far greater than any rewards. Of an expendable breed, this Shah showed signs of failing; it was better not to be associated with him too obviously. But what of the extravagantly equipped army?

The Shah had kept his senior officers isolated from each other. The lawyer and idealist who in the end became Prime Minister under him and, with every Constitutional detail carefully observed, as befits a lawyer and a man devoted to Iran's 1906 Constitution, which merited devotion, eased the Shah out of the country and insisted that he had powers over the army in the absence of its Commander-in-Chief, for Dr. Bakhtiar was a believer in law and order. He also tried to open a dialogue with Ayatullah Khomeini in France. The Ayatullah's refusal may appear to have doomed Iran to developing tragedy. But it may seem different to those who believe that only through intense suffering can good come and old evils be purged. As for the army, generals unaccustomed to conferring with each other could not have been expected to have made a good showing in a Supreme Command Directorate or Committee. It also appears that conflicting advice from abroad might in the end have been interpreted as what no doubt several already thought inevitable: that the soldiers, unable to fight a whole population, should lay down their arms and go home. Dr. Bakhtiar was left with little to do but telephone a brave kinsman to come and give him a lift into hiding.

A western base had crumbled. Forces had been released in Iranian cities which nobody has so far found a way of controlling. The hope that the man who did most to bring them out would be the only one capable of returning them to more usual avocations has doubtless played a great part, leaving popular fervour aside, in the continuation of his power and, more particularly, for power seems very dispersed, influence. Ayatullah Khomeini, from the moment he landed in Tehran, seemed as much the prisoner of the circumstances he had called into being as everyone else in Iran was a prisoner of his. At times he seems aware of the balance of forces Iran always requires for its peace. Perhaps his initial and subsequent sporadic bursts of support for Mr. Bani Sadr indicate awareness that too much clerical dominance, that of his own cloth, would create a dangerous imbalance. But clearly his grasp, even his, on the situation is now waning fast. In any event, he would not wish to become contaminated by seeming to be too much in the hands of any specific group; to be so would be very un-Iranian.

Meanwhile, there are the bickering and the growing economic difficulties, though it has to be remembered that Iranians, so inured to privation, can

survive economic pains far longer than many would, or would expect them to. Over all, there is the fear of the U.S.S.R., the most frightening of the Powers in the eyes of any Iranian, if only because the nearest. The U.S.S.R. might watch and slightly hasten Iran's disintegration. Or it could try and win, probably without success, Iran's love and trust by judiciously injecting aid which some of its own contingencies might make a trifle parsimonious. Or it could hope for and encourage the success of a relatively well organized but deeply suspected and small Iranian communist party, whose chances have always been injured by suspicion of its affiliations outside and which is now threatened by active suppression. Or it could do what it has done in Afghanistan: enter Iran in force, a move which somehow seems as unlikely, for a number of very sound and universally appreciable reasons.

A Yalta this time that would follow a war which might nearly be but never quite fought. But whatever the choices so far as the Soviet Union is concerned, the sense is inescapable that to a nineteenth century European statesman, over Iran the obvious alternative would probably have seemed to be some kind of *détente* that was about more than being better-mannered. It is rather irksome, if not embarrassing, to have to recall the 1907 Anglo-Russian Convention, by which Iran, Afghanistan and Tibet were divided, without their being consulted, into Russian and British spheres of influence with 'neutral zones' between.

But such a proposal today would close at least one door. Even if, as may be the case, the U.S.S.R. does nothing, Iran's natural fear of it might make it look, as many Iranians are already doing, to the West for succour. Perhaps that door should not be closed? Europe should be ready to be Iran's bridge back to stability, and rescue from a collapse, from a peak of an artificially stimulated and in many respects shakily founded prosperity, into a state whence the fall into complete disintegration and dismemberment could be near. Such readiness on the West's part should entail as little implication as possible—the taking of hostages, as no doubt the hostage-takers are aware, makes this difficult—in present Iranian factions; but an alert vigilance for the first real sign of genuine request for help. It is to the survival of this great land and people that a compassionate world should now be looking.

[Peter Avery is a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge where he is University Lecturer in Persian Studies in the Faculty of Oriental Studies. Born 1923, he read Persian and Arabic at the London School of Oriental and African Studies after war service in India. He first went to Iran in 1949 and has ever since had a deep interest in that country and its literature and history.]

POEM

KOSCIUSKO PARK: LITTLE WARSAW

Here are the streets I tramped as a child
how long they seemed not so long ago
when I'd run for a spell
and catch my breath lagging behind,
having to pause, wait for it to come up.

—Hiding places, old ghosted houses,
layered roofs made for us to jump across
—Hell, it was a good city then,
before I knew it was tenements
and slumlords and misery
before I knew the damn thing
was a prison. . . .

The snowdrifts piled high
over the heads of the biggest of us
and we would run through the stuff,
eat it like candy.

But that was before we knew it was grey
and all other snow was white.
That was before we knew about mittens
and boots and the street cleaning machines
that always broke down before they came
screaming down our streets.

Here are the streets I tramped as a child
how long they seemed not so long ago
and there are the children running
like leaves blown into corners
piling high to dry
waiting to burn.

JOHN HORVATH

POEM

THE DIARIES OF LAFCADIO S.

Like grubs exposed to light
the diaries of the crank
poet Lafcadio S. were
issued quietly 15 years
after his decease as
stipulated in the will.
Esteemed members of the
literary community had
attended the announcement.
The setting had been
subdued. Notwithstanding,
following publication
there was a not unforeseen
run on the diaries for
it was widely known the bard
had not minced words.
Gnarled and surly at the
end he had made many
an enemy during the
course of a lifetime
and a thin smile crossed
the aged widow's lips
as she surveyed
the wreckage wrought by
Lafcadio's final assault
15 years after his departure.

MONROE COBURN

THE MALTESE THEATRE CONNECTION

by Adrian Rendle

HOLIDAY brochures apart, what do we know of Malta? Invariably the name arouses memories of the hardship of war and the relief of the island by the legendary Malta convoy, although that is a very long time ago for most tourists, who might have been four or five years old when the bombs were crashing onto the harbour of Valletta. Other people will know something of the previous great siege suffered by the island when the Knights of St. John led by La Vallette stood as the vital barricade to the Turkish infidel. The Knights of Malta crop up at various intervals throughout literature and even today a local personality may sometimes find himself referred to as a 'Grandmaster'.

Latterly, the political conflict of the island surrounding its recent independence and formation as a Republic can be said to have reached abroad with the controversial figure of Dom Mintoff, its present Prime Minister, known for his volatile speeches and insistence on the future of Malta as a centre of peace in the Mediterranean.

The centuries-old concept of Malta as a fortress island is taking time to disappear, if indeed it ever will, despite the emphasis that is being placed on both trade and cultural development in a microcosmic society that is fiercely independent in its own Nationalism and above all its own language.

This then is the sketched background to my visit and subsequent work in Malta that has lasted over the last three and a half years, where I have been establishing a Theatre and Drama Training programme attached to the Manoel Theatre in Valletta.

To write about this experience sensibly is quite simply the gentle art of selectivity, for many details are pertinent where some of the grander scale items are so obvious that they become less valid in the understanding of a community that has a real artistic caring at the top of its intellectual society, matched by an egalitarianism in social thinking that prides itself on the friendship of commonalty. The Maltese are very much a mixed level of society; their peasant class has emerged to govern and their old aristocracy has in the main vanished into the cracks in the walls like lizards, or else remained rich in the proscribed Phoenician trading spirit of the island. There is no real poverty in Malta although stories of official forms being completed with the occupation given as 'beggar' are within living memory.

It would seem clear that the theatre of today and its way of interpreting life at performance level has much to give a society such as this, although it was not apparent to me on my very first visit to the Manoel Theatre and its attendant authorities. Malta is naturally an island which enjoys a sense of dignity inherited through its association with the various European influences. The theatre itself is a presentation jewel box that has been best described as a 'pocket sized La Scala'. Furbished and restored in the beautiful baroque style of the 18th century, the Manoel Theatre offers itself as a kind of 'Imperial' standard for an acting school that purports to be

widely based and anxious to spread attitudes on the theatre as an art form into all corners of Maltese life, rather than one bottled up in a gilt and crystal mausoleum.

The use of the Manoel Theatre as Malta's National Theatre is a sincere ambition, although the standards achieved by some of the touring companies presenting an ad hoc programme of lightweight farces, either in English or Maltese, gives no indication of any clear theatre policy. Musically the importation of soloists and the occasional instrumental group presenting classical recitals ensures a far higher standard than the drama. During my years there I heard two piano recitals from the well known Peter Katin and one from Tamas Vasary. More recently the newly constructed Mediterranean Conference Centre staged a visit of the Czech Ballet Company giving Prokoviev's *Romeo and Juliet.*

Clearly the wishes of the Manoel Theatre must be for this kind of standard to be matched by Drama, although the movement of overseas companies complete with sets and costumes is a much more expensive undertaking.

An independent theatre group named simply 'Atturi' (Actors) has abandoned the Manoel Theatre to set up a small Arts Complex at Sliema on the other side of the harbour and are struggling to make a programme of plays work on a more artistic level. In their last season they presented good repertory fare from productions of *The Miracle Worker, The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* and *Orpheus Descending* all in English. Rather naturally, they have proved one of the most receptive grounds for drama students who have graduated but even so the commercial requirements of carrying a programme that aims at 'one play each month' tends to make their policy haphazard; the Maltese theatregoing public is not large and Atturi have to take refuge in farce in order to survive financially for there are no Arts Council subsidies in this part of the world. In any case the pattern is familiar enough to Repertory Theatres in England.

Malta has a history of acting that stems directly from the spin off of *commedia del arte* groups; Italianate and British influences coming through the languages and bequeathing Grand Opera and Shakespeare in turn. The Maltese love of local farce is bubbling with bastardised forms of Pantalone and Arlechino; and in English theatre their tastes have reflected the traditional forms of light comedy from the days of Ben Travers to Alan Ayckbourn. If it comes to being 'absurdists'—the Maltese actor is good at it; sometimes better than his sophisticated intellectual European counterpart, because the natural sense of the logical answer to the illogical proposition is something he can enter into with great fun and zest. For a nation keen to have its own theatre training this aspect was something that revealed itself more as the time went on.

The work of translating major plays into Maltese is a vital aspect for the future but original playwriting in Malta is understandably less well developed. Francis Ebejer is the only writer who reaches out for international status and has compiled three volumes of plays that have been written in both languages. On the international scene his work may not be

as unique as it is in his own country but several plays including one short piece which he wrote specially for drama students have all the indications that they would travel well.

The fact that original plays are wanted in Maltese is a clear indication of the desire to nurture a culture that is personal to the island which for so long has been one of the outposts of quasi-European influence. In fact, Malta is ripe for its writers almost more than it is for its actors. But then, conversely, if the plays are written the actors must be trained and there to do them well.

To begin at the beginning (always a difficult undertaking) there had been several attempts by different persons to 'do something' about training actors in Malta. Theatre workshop schemes had got off the ground; there was a real live and artistic excitement in the air of 1977 when I arrived, that welcomed me with enthusiasm and glanced at my intentions with suspicion. What was there new in this training? That was the question uppermost, followed quickly by the statement that with Malta being the size it was, surely a professionally intended Theatre Training School was attempting to turn a part-time occupation into a part-time career. In fact the most important factor that needed to be faced properly was whether the envisaged training was vocational or recreational. I decided that in Malta it was both, since being good as part-time artists is just as important to standards—particularly where the spirit of part-time work is so much involved with the various levels of society throughout the country.

There has been so much written about the art of the actor that it seems only adding to the intolerable burden of words to write down a further 'credo'. The most exciting thing that has emerged from the Malta years has been a growing awareness of the values that lie in studying an art form properly in order to express this in the indigenous language which has bloomed and developed over the last twenty years.

The structure in dramatic classes for speech, voice production, improvisation and movement have proved their disciplinary worth over and over again; the component parts of acting are always there to be taught and used as a main prop to any system—but undoubtedly the gradual development of the Maltese training towards more and more work in their mother tongue was the most essential and original factor of the scheme I had devised.

Malta has been a multi-lingual community for centuries. The fact that Maltese, although spoken and written, was regarded for so long as a kitchen language was at first puzzling and at times horrifying. The battle had raged between Italian and later English as the first language, with 'Maltese' sitting at the nation's table rather like a poor relation, and to many the idea that the Maltese language could be anything more than a curiosity made its psychological and unifying use no more than a policy of cranks. In some of the schools only a few years ago, for Maltese pupils to be 'caught speaking Maltese' meant a punishment being meted out. The mother language was therefore growing up in a state of suppression; and the favouring of language was undoubtedly a political point of refer-

ence. I can do no better than quote a relevant passage from Henry Frendo's essential book, *Party Politics in a Fortress Colony*. Mr. Frendo writes:

> What is striking about the Maltese language question—the pivot of party politics—is that it should have been so central and prolonged, so causative and divisive. To explain this phenomenon we must look outside it, to the stresses in Maltese society itself that caused and sustained it; the cosmopolitan and the insular; the national and the parochial; patterns of value, of change, of honour and shame; over-crowding; mass illiteracy; family rivalries; lack of resources other than labour; smallness of size and utter weakness before larger powers; economic dependence on, and political subjection to, Britain; literary and sentimental ties with Italy; the theocratic nature of religious beliefs and structures; a romantic setting at the centre of a classic sea; an ancient history and a unique language without a literature.

The catalogue of causes and effects in this passage put a great deal of the Maltese situation in a recognisable perspective; a perspective that is essential in a specialised art such as the theatre since the work of the playwright in direct relationship to an audience depends on so many of the factors listed by Mr. Frendo.

I find that to relate some of the work carried out within the M.T.A.D.A. (Manoel Theatre Academy of Dramatic Art) as the establishment became known, is useful. After all, it is always a minority that attend the theatre in any country and although we may find that minority growing, it will remain a minority regardless of how much public finance is put at the disposal of the arts. This is not to say that there should not be extensive and liberal funding of the Arts; subsidy is the one way of bringing artistic standards into the lives of everybody.

In the categories mentioned by Frendo he refers to Maltese 'mass illiteracy'. It is hard to believe, with the Education Department struggling to create social systems for the future rather more than the emphasis on academic education, that illiteracy will be entirely eradicated. The theatre attracts those who watch and listen rather than read and M.T.A.D.A.'s record of plays tranlated into Maltese ranged over Chekhov (*Jubilee*), Gorky (*The Lower Depths*), Brecht (*The Good Woman of Setzwan*), Wesker (*Roots*), all of which show a certain peasant ingredient from the world of European theatre in Russia, Germany and Britain. The question of temperamental texture is vital in such translations and the obviousness of Italian dramatists as, for instance, Carlo Goldoni, Luigi Pirandello and Edourdo de Fillipo is easily explained.

That Italian dramatists should be translated into Maltese more than those from other countries is rather surprising remembering that Malta's population spoke Italian as a first language for so long. Incidentally most middle-class families (a term not always accepted) speak Italian. The result of Maltese translations at once enlivens a further linguistic debate on the disparagement of Italian or a slight ridiculing of Maltese according to which way your background makes you swing. I remember that this was much discussed when a group of ex.M.T.A.D.A. students who had graduated were brought together in a local television presentation of *Saturday, Sunday, Monday* and the inflections of Italian were incorporated in a

Maltese version; not a happy mixture.

The growth of the drama training programme was steady and in this respect it laid down a pattern of work that has been handed on to the Maltese authorities who are entirely responsible for the Academy as from this September.

Naturally the recruitment of local staff was a high priority and I was encouraged by the fact that there were several tutors of skill and integrity who were able to work capably in both English and Maltese productions. But without doubt the most significant contributions in the two years from September 1977 to the Spring of 1979 came in the form of four additional English tutors whom I was able to engage as further experts in the training field. These attachments were placed at different times as another professional ingredient, spreading the tutorial load, and in most instances giving Maltese staff and students an opportunity of working with a variety of skilled directors. I believe that this feature is an essential to any training programme in Malta for the future. The island's claustrophobic intellectual society demands that fresh ideas and expertise be imported at regular intervals, if for no other reason than that it breaks through the parochial concept and overrides the petty jealousies that exist in a climate of limited ambitions.

The talent of the good Maltese student is unquestionable and although they are naturally competitive (as indeed all would-be actors are) they respond to serious tutorial work that is doled out from foreigners quicker than they do when listening to their own kin. It is not untrue to say that many Maltese students respect the observations of imported directors simply because they feel that the local prejudices can in no way apply to any assessment that is being made of their work. It is an understandable viewpoint but it remains a grave weakness when considering the future of theatre training now that the project has been finally handed over.

To say that I was made aware of the problems that I eventually faced on this question of 'hand over' within the first three months of my work in Malta is simply to underline the fact that a long term scheme is something that gives ground for immediate speculation. Malta is a natural society for gossip and it was initially somewhat alarming to learn that certain tutors were already looking for my job as and when my contract ended. Probably because it was authorised on a year-to-year basis and the idea of missing the band-wagon made them a mite nervous.

In a way this only bears discussing because it highlights the two primary features of the Maltese temperament when geared to working for a major organisation: (a) How do I best use my ambition?, (b) How generous can I afford to be towards another's work? I am sorry if both these facets sound slightly distasteful but the fact is that the Arts, and particularly the theatre, be it in public performance or in school classroom tends to be tainted with the complex of 'I am the greatest'. No one denies this, but in a small corner of the world like Malta, climbing to the top of the pile is a noticeable occupation; you can't get there without treading on a few feet.

All this is not to preclude the vital factor that talent exists at all levels

of theatre work. There are some exciting Tutor/Directors who have worked in the theatre and television for some time and there are one or two new Tutor/Directors who are beginning to emerge from the completed training courses at M.T.A.D.A.

This is an excellent sign for the immediate future. It assists in creating the full circle of experience that must re-plant the work from those who have been there before.

But the need for continued blood transfusions from outside sources (British or Italian) is something that Malta is keeping in mind.

We, in England, have come to look on our many sources of theatre training as a highly specialised area and most of us are all too aware that the number of students likely to find opportunities in an already overcrowded profession are very few. Here the training is full time and vocational, supported by grants to students from local authorities. No such thing exists in Malta. How could it exist? But they are interested in standards and in widening the range of their theatre work—albeit on a part-time level. Cultural development is not necessarily about finding full employment but about stimulating the right areas of appreciation and skill. Full scale professionalism (that is, earning your living from acting every day of your life) is not realised by many and in England as in America there has been the important rise of the 'alternative theatre'. This has grown out of the artistic necessity for Writers, Directors, Actors, Scene Designers to put their ideas to work and not always think of the favoured rewards of the accredited West End theatrical success. What I am saying is, that in a new theatre and television employment area many of Malta's actors will work as often as many of their fully professional counterparts. But of course it isn't simply a matter of the number of parts, or the number of days worked. The value of a Maltese Theatre Training can be that from this a national group could arise and the insularity of Malta be broken by the possibility of small groups performing in schools and also touring away from the island; acting, in fact, becoming a cultural export.

That is a long way from the present situation. Yet, happily, already it has been possible to create a link with one of the Drama Student theatres in England and for Malta to look forward to a possible short exchange of work that will be a tiny step towards widening the range both of performance and thinking.

During its first three years, M.T.A.D.A. was too young to do anything beyond establish a training pattern, although I remember drafting some suggestions on the possible formation of a permanent company. Certainly the work which has been done by way of M.T.A.D.A. students participating in T.I.E. (Theatre in Education) programmes and touring schools has been a feature that has made sound contacts with the Education Department there.

Perhaps the greatest misgiving one can have is that Malta's administration sees fit to separate the functions of Culture and Education under two Ministries rather than one. Education without culture or vice versa is rather like having banks and money separated; the dichotomy only pro-

duces a frantic borrowing of one from the other. However, the administration is recognising the need for a continuance of theatre training and is anxious that the work of the last three years is not lost.

To endorse this there exists a splendid spirit of exploration in many of the new students who will be making up the numbers of M.T.A.D.A. in the Autumn term.

The numbers have nearly always remained the same in the two areas of Junior and Senior students and by the Christmas of 1980 there will be approximately 100 attending the Academy in both acting and stage-management classes.

Over the preceding years some seventy students have graduated, which naturally allows for some 'drop outs' on the way, but over the next few years there may be fewer if the search for standard is maintained.

As cultural development the arrival of Theatre Training in Malta has meant that fresh talent is being seen from younger people, and that as further education the stimulation of theatre appreciation at all levels makes for a wider understanding of life.

[Adrian Rendle has recently completed a period of three and a half years in Malta where he has been working as a Drama Adviser there, instituting a theatre training course, appointed under the British Technical Co-operation Agreement with Malta. He is a director in Theatre Training as well as in the professional theatre in England and has also worked abroad for the British Council.]

The January issue of *Contemporary Review* includes *The Remodelled Select Committee System of the House of Commons* by R. S. Lankester, *Chadian Crisis: Is There a Solution?* by S. E. Orobator, *The Age of the Refugee* by Keith Suter and *The Gainsborough Exhibition* by Cyril Fradan; also *The Ring Road* by John Elsom, the first in a series of four short stories by contemporary authors.

QUARTERLY FILM REVIEW

by James Morton

1948. A hospital in Budapest. A meeting of the staff. *Angi Vera,* who has been brought to the hospital as a war refugee and has graduated from domestic work to nursing, speaks out against the management. She is sacked but her outspokenness is noticed by the local communist party who select her for a residential training scheme.

The film after that is of her inexorable corruption under the guise of enlightenment and self-discipline which in this context can be taken as a synonym for self-interest. Together with perhaps another sixty or seventy political hopefuls including some dissident miners she undergoes what seems to be about a three month course. The spotlight is on helping each other and because of her good nature Vera (the Christian names are reversed) is popular with the less literate and the older women in her group. In particular she befriends one older woman who has been a journalist. One of the miners falls in love with Vera but she fancies the lecturer, a married man with a rather puddingy wife and child. Love blossoms amidst an orgy of political recrimination. Vera sees just in time the error of her ways. She is seen leaving her bed for the lecturer's room and at the end of term self-analysis meeting denounces herself and him. He is seen no more; she ends up in the back of the lush motor car heading for a career in the party as a journalist.

Without doubt this can be ranked as a major film to stand alongside the more or less contemporaneous Polish *Man of Mirror.* Pal Gabor has evoked a marvellous reconstruction of thirty-five years ago in post-war Hungary. By no means are the characters black and white, everyone is a little grey round the edges except perhaps the miners who have no real comprehension of the political turmoil going on around them. In a curious way it resembles *Animal Farm,* with the miners as Boxers and Dobbin. I leave you to work out the identity of the rest of the characters, both in their relation to the book and to the various traumas the left has undergone.

Franco Brusati's last offering to London was his satire of life as an immigrant Swiss, *Bread and Chocolate.* Now we have *Forget Venice,* a wholly charming study of middle-age and deviance. The film is set in a farmhouse within a day trip of Venice and turns on the last hours of a once famous opera singer now suffering with a heart condition and her nephew, his boy friend, a female cousin and her girl friend. Once we have passed through the establishing frontal shots so that we are left in no doubt as to who loves whom, sexuality is more or less put aside and we are left with what amounts to a quartet with piano added. It is a genuine and genuinely well acted assessment of relationships. At one point the boy friend makes love to the cousin but this is not a grand moment in that it changes her life, it is merely a gesture of affection. She will never defect from her love of her school-teacher friend. He will, of course, move on to

other men, indeed he has done so by the end of the film, but it is not a moment which will alter his predilections. That is perhaps the strength of the film.

Beautifully photographed, it has a number of flashbacks to the old lives of the cousin and the nephew. The birthday party of the cousin as a young girl is particularly attractive with her father acting the role of a magician and the nephew the handsome prince who steps out of the frog's skin. The flashbacks have the device of the adult watching her or his childhood from a vantage point rather as we all look over our shoulders. I have a friend who, as what is now called 'a gay', disliked it intensely. I found the whole rather world-weary approach effortlessly watchable.

Bronco Billy is directed by Clint Eastwood and he is also the eponymous hero. In the supporting cast is the Eastwood stock company including Sondra Locke and Dan Vadis. Eastwood is the owner of a tatty third-rate Wild West show playing fourth rate venues. Eastwood naturally performs the major stunts such as throwing knives at his assistant on a revolving wheel. Locke plays the rich young thing trapped into a useless marriage by a wicked stepmother and an equally wicked lawyer. It is a bit after the Colbert/Gable *It Happened One Night*. How she becomes Eastwood's assistant is the key to the story. The film in its moods closely resembles *Breaking Away* with its down-home-corn-pone philosophy. Eastwood started his career as a director with the homage to Hitchcock *Play Misty for Me* and then switched to westerns. In his last films as director, *The Gauntlet* and *The Outlaw Josey Wales*, he parodied his own image as the invincible macho but in this film he is in gentler vein. Summed up in a phrase the punch line is East West America's Best. That seemed to be the message of *Breaking Away* and it certainly is the message here. All right folks, we've got to take the knocks along the way but if we stick together and remember Old Glory then things is sure to turn out fine. And they do. And it's also right to say that the audience, or at least a goodly number of them, is weeping at the dénouement. It is basically a fairy tale which comes true.

Apparently the film has done very badly in America and it is difficult to see why. Eastwood is growing old gracefully; Sondra Lock displays a good deal of talent as a comedienne. There are some good visual jokes, some good action, parodies of a few old films, fight scenes for the kids. It really does have everything for family entertainment.

Bernard Tavernier's *Une Semaine de Vacances* is a sad disappointment. The night I saw it either the projectionist was off-course or it had been shot out of focus for no clear reason. Since the subtitles were in focus I suspect it was the latter. His last film to be shown commercially in England was the exceptionally good *Watchmaker of St. Paul*. That film was set, as is the present one, in Lyons and concerned Phillipe Noiret as the watchmaker whose son was on the run for killing his employer. Now the son is in gaol and the watchmaker is a peripheral character, as Natalie Brey, a school teacher, has an identity crisis. As a result she takes a week off from school and for most of it, from her boyfriend, who seems far too

understanding. Most of the time is spent wandering around Lyons in the rain except for a trip to the village where her aged parents still live, and now thoroughly bore her.

In the sixties Eric Rohmer had a series of *contes Moraux* where the characters sat around and talked without doing very much. This seems to be an epilogue to the series. I think it was Wodehouse who described a play by Chekhov as 'Nothing happens until the fourth act when the moujik shoots himself.' In this film no one even shoots him or herself in the last reel. Noiret adds a good deal of his usual charm when he turns up in the same café for dinner one night and reflects sadly on the fate of his son. This seems to galvanise—far too strong a word—our heroine back into action as a teacher who seems, in fact, to be more than usually successful even when going in less than overdrive. There was once a French comedy called *L'Emmedeuse* and this aptly describes Natalie and the film.

Sometimes, in despair, I think my life is spent watching remakes. This time Brooke Shields has escaped from the New Orleans bordel where we left her in *Pretty Baby* and surfaces in the old Jean Simmons role in *Blue Lagoon*. The only possible interest is whether she will discover that first cousins can still make love. This prurience apart there is not much for post pre-teenagers apart from the scenery and Miss (she is still too young to become Ms) Shields' remarkable eyebrows.

Not an actual remake, but you can tell its parentage (by *Psycho* out of *Klute*) is Brian De Palma's sex-cum-horror-cum-comedy film *Dressed to Kill*. This is reducing the cinema to the level of a newspaper comic strip or what the Italians call the Fumetti—those comic strip stories with real photographs. Angie Dickinson, beloved from so many old westerns, is the dissatisfied middle aged housewife who fantasises in the shower half hoping that something nasty and exciting will happen. She confesses all to Michael Caine, her 'shrink', in his Harry Palmer comes to New York role. Something nasty does happen. She gets VD (current wages of sin) but before she has time to go to the clinic she is decimated in the lift. This latter disaster is witnessed by Nancy Allen in the old Jane Fonda role and she is now pursued through the New York of *The Warriors* by the knife-wielding lady. Aided by boy wizard scientist she discovers the truth. Will the police get there in time to save her? It is all good, if not clean and wholesome, fun. We never for a minute really fear for the late Ms Dickinson or the living Ms Allen. There are *frissons* and our pants shake but we are not scared out of them. One of the troubles is that although Caine and Dickinson are by no means inconsiderable actors De Palma gets absolutely nothing but stock acting out of them. It's all too much a job of work. The other trouble is that there aren't enough characters to provide decent suspects. Anyone who has seen *Psycho* or even read an abridged Best of Sigmund Freud will know within minutes who did her, long before the poor woman is dead. That said, there is quite an enjoyable postscript. A wet Sunday afternoon film, but not with Aunt Edith.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

WAS WAVELL GREAT?

The Chief—Field-Marshal Lord Wavell, Commander-in-Chief and Viceroy, 1939-1947. Ronald Lewin. Hutchinson. £7.95.

This fascinating and masterly piece of military biography leaves us with an unresolved and highly provocative question. Why was Wavell considered a great soldier and a great man? The author finishes his book by quoting, evidently with approval, the opinion of T. S. Eliot written to Bernard Ferguson (now Lord Ballantrae) on the publication of the latter's Memoirs.

> I do not pretend, [wrote Eliot], to be a judge of Wavell as a soldier, although I accept the opinion of yourself, and other competent authorities, that he was a great soldier. What I do know from personal acquaintance with the man, is that he was a great man. This is not a term I use easily; there are very few men whom I have met in all my years in two continents, and amongst all the variety whom I have known, who seem to me great men. But about Wavell I feel not a doubt whatever.

But Wavell had, in fact, a very mixed record as a Supreme Commander. He presided over many campaigns and, as Lewin points out, though he rejects the implication, his successes were against Italians or Vichy French, whereas 'every campaign conducted by Wavell against Germans or Japanese ended in disaster'. It would be as easy on the material provided so lucidly and candidly here to argue that Wavell was a great military failure as that he was a great success.

Yet there is no getting away from the fact that men of the utmost ability, some professional soldiers others, like Peter Fleming, brilliant amateurs looked upon him as a man apart. Their devotion stopped hardly short of idolatory. The mystery of why they felt this way is not fully explained by Ronald Lewin, perhaps never could be. Churchill took against him from the beginning. Attlee when his time came did not care for him either. Wavell did little to conciliate his political masters though he was not above asking to be made a Field-Marshal and, rather amazingly, on this one occasion Churchill took his side and granted him the baton.

Churchill commented unpleasantly on Wavell: 'I do not understand his intellect. It may be my own fault but I always feel as if in the presence of a Chairman of a Golf Club.' Someone very close indeed to Churchill at the same time (1941) said of Wavell to me, 'the bloody fellow is always on the defensive'. So *everyone* was not favourably impressed. But almost everyone who worked closely under him was. And as Lewin remarks 'his subsequent reputation has reached its widest range not because of his prowess as a soldier or pro-consul but because of his anthology OTHER MEN'S FLOWERS'.

Perhaps the best of the personal appreciations quoted of Wavell here is that of General Sir Henry Pownall his Chief Staff Officer in the critical times of 1942. 'Fond of poetry and books, with a fine command of the written word, he has an immense capacity for taking hard knocks. Day after day he would receive bad news due to enemy action or our own failures with just his usual comment: "I see". He carries responsibility unflinchingly, yet he certainly feels its weight.' And then this utterly revealing recollection 'My trouble is that I am not really interested in war' (Wavell to Pownall). Compared with Slim,

Montgomery and Alexander, Wavell would appear to be a flawed General and a very strange man. But if T. S. Eliot placed him among the few really great men that he knew one hesitates to offer a contrary opinion.

FRANK LONGFORD

COMMUNICATION AND TECHNOLOGICAL CHANGE

The Geopolitics of Information. Anthony Smith. Faber. £6.95.

This highly academic treatise makes hard reading. *The Geopolitics of Information* is the latest of Anthony Smith's disturbing explorations into the nature of the impact which present continuous technological changes in the methods of communication are having on the societies in which they operate. Earlier this year, the Oxford University Press published under the title *Goodbye Gutenberg* his analysis of the ways in which television's use of such information-giving techniques as Oracle, Ceefax and Prestel are affecting the publication of newspapers and books. In this complementary study he is arguing the even more revolutionary notion that any steps which liberally minded information men in the West may take to spread technological know-how to the developing nations in the hope of assisting them to achieve such desirable objectives as the freedom of the press and broadcasting are doomed to failure. This, as I understand his argument, is because even any kind of understanding of the required technology demands an acceptance of Western attitudes to life which thereafter dominate all thinking, even communications within the national boundaries of developing nations.

In considering Mr. Smith's book I have used all too often the phrases 'seems to argue' or 'seems to suggest'. This is because in the course of my detailed study of his writings I have failed, alas, to find in them any succinct statement of his important thesis. That it is important is, I believe, undeniable and, in my view, should be required reading for every one of the thousands employed in making programmes for or about the developing nations.

Nevertheless, I find it difficult to account for the success with which Mr. Smith has convinced the intelligentsia that he is presenting in each instance a powerfully argued reasoned case. He has achieved this, or so it seems to me, simply by amassing, densely, many accumulated facts and supplementing these with hundreds of quotations from writers who appear to prefer verbal generalisations to the actual hazards of working in the creation of television programmes. This defeats any reviewer who cannot expect to have at his disposal funds, time and the research facilities which Mr. Smith has apparently at his command. It is only when experienced television personnel, armed with similar resources are able to question some of Mr. Smith's powerful-sounding arguments that any reviewer can expect to deal adequately with his undoubted intellectual skills and his valuable theses.

GRACE WYNDHAM GOLDIE

A DEPRESSING U.N. REPORT

Employment, Income Distribution and Consumption—Long-term Objectives and Structural Changes. UN, New York, 1979. HMSO. £7.15.

This seminar, attended by officials from Eastern and Western Europe and also from Canada, was held in France in September, 1977. It contains all the glib and optimistic assumptions of those who find themselves unable to accept the concept of the finite planet and the increasing imbalance between population and resources at the global level. Read in 1980 it could belong to a completely different historical epoch.

The discussion on structural unemployment is technical and is replete with all-too-familiar economic jargon. Eastern bloc countries are lauded for the example which they provide; for instance, it is stated that the Soviet Union has an 'employment participation rate' of 92 per cent in the working age group. No mention is, of course, made of the fact that many of these people, although they attend for work, are far from fully occupied. Pronatalist policies resulting eventually in increases in the labour force are welcomed. Only in countries with high population densities—and it is to be remembered that participants in the seminar included those from some of the most thickly settled countries in the world—could a movement to zero population be regarded as tolerable.

The section on income distribution and consumption patterns compared and contrasted the market and centralised economies. It was claimed that the former had achieved a marked reduction in poverty while continuing to permit gross discrepancies in wealth distribution. The more distributory character of socialist economies was stressed with resultant benefits as far as human welfare was concerned.

Economic growth in both the short and the long term received its customary panegyric. International co-operation irrespective of ideology was essential to ensure its continuance; more 'balance' in world trading patterns was mandatory although the means whereby such a situation could be brought about was not spelled out; the mixture of capital and labour had to be right; technological development had to be used wisely otherwise it could rapidly get out of hand.

To someone with an ecological perspective a document of this type seems strange and unreal. The world of 1980, in deep recession unlikely to be relieved for decade upon decade, with unemployment destined to become ever more obtrusive and with the flames of inflation being steadily fuelled, bears no resemblance to the type of society envisaged during the seven-day long seminar. The report is therefore deeply depressing. For it shows that in both East and West officials cannot bring themselves to face up to the exigencies of the present and particularly of the future. As long as documents of this type continue to be accepted as the conventional wisdom the movement of the world to a more sustainable type of society will not be encouraged.

JOHN A. LORAINE

THE POETRY OF JON SILKIN

The Politics of Compassion—The Selected Poems of Jon Silkin. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £4.95.

Jon Silkin uses language more directly than any major contemporary English poet; attitude and experience are expressed without any attempt to hide behind the language transmitting them, and without any concessions to 'taste', either in the verse form or the feeling that forged it. A healthy sign of the present poetry readership is that this directness has already achieved a wide popularity for some of the poems, for instance, the much anthologised 'Death of a Son':

> He turned over on his side with his one year
> Red as a wound
> He turned over as if he could be sorry for this
> And out of his eyes two great tears rolled, like stones, and he died.

But Silkin's most important achievement lies ironically in the reasons for which he is frequently considered 'difficult' and 'obscure'—a genuinely radical vision whose statement is normally quite plain. At one level, one of the difficulties in approaching Silkin's poetry is simply the insistence on *what* is

being said, expressed as it is with an immediacy, unfamiliar to much modern poetry; there is no gentle immersion in sound in which the reader can bathe before tackling complex thematic issues; (in contrast to the way in which many readers can initially enjoy Eliot's *Four Quartets* for instance). This is not to say that Silkin's poetry is without great vibrancy; but its intonations are rhythmical rather than metrical with delayed cadences that perhaps have their roots in Hebrew:

> Cedars from Lebanon in community, move into the swart,
> pointed hills.
> I don't say many. On two legs bound into one,
> rooted into terraces between drops of rock-face, in sparse
> soils
> cornered where wind pushed that.

But what gives this language its forged acerbity is the dramatic shift in standpoint that the poems demand of the reader—a move from the position of comfortable, detached observer to a direct identification with the object, where ideas and experience are in this sense 'lived in':

> Here moss cools; it has no children;
> It amplifies itself.
> Could that over-knit fiction of stubbed threads reproduce
> Defined creatures?

It seems to me that it is this shift from the hidden gentility of modernism, (and by 'gentility' I mean here the protected elitism implicit in its frequent detachment and impersonality), that is the triumph of these poems, and it is the political demands of this shift that most frequently results in their misapprehension. For the book is fiercely political, not just in its overt pieces like 'Killhope Wheel' and 'Breaking Us', but in its entire perspective of the world and its value judgements on how we should relate to it.

NICK MALONE

THE EXPERIENCES OF SOLZHENITSYN AND NEKIPELOV

The Oak and the Calf. Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn. Collins and Harvill Press. £8.95.

Institute of Fools. Victor Nekipelov. Victor Gollancz Ltd. £7.95.

They tread softly in the groves of Gulag, for

> If you distribute leaflets and write protests, if you insist that Solzhenitsyn should be published and that there is no freedom in the Soviet Union, if you do not vote in elections and ask for a Bible in prison, then you are very, very crazy. (Nepikelov.)

If you are the great, smouldering force that is Solzhenitsyn, you lie low for years in the camps and in exile, memoring your own writings and bottling up your choicest work literally in a bottle in the ground. Under Khrushchev, Solzhenitsyn dared first and somewhat 'lightened' publication with *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich.* Official approval did not last long, but the dammed-up torrent had begun to flow and his manuscripts circulated in *samizdat* (underground form) and were smuggled to the West, not, as he reveals, through intermediaries, but through his own hands, 'the Nobel Prize Winner flitting like a schoolboy through unlit streets at unearthly hours'.

This ironically-termed 'memoir' or 'sketches of literary life in the Soviet Union' relates in a cascading river of words the background to all the great works, and the grim game of bluff with which he pursued his grand design of completion and publication, until the day of expulsion. There has never been anything quite like it. Informed with all Solzhenitsyn's *saeva indignatio,* this extraordinary document, not conceived as a finished *oeuvre,* has a life of

its own and is a record of courage and inflexible purpose—'our children (should they have been taken hostage) were no dearer to us than the memory of the millions done to death, and nothing could make us stop that book (The Gulag Archipelago)'. The insistent, pounding style, circumstantial and particular, asks a great deal of the reader.

'Can't the author think a bit more kindly of people and of life?' was the incongruous and ridiculous question 'hurled' at Solzhenitsyn. Victor Nekipelov, born in 1928, a Russian poet not yet published in the West, has not lost that quality of 'kindness' although he may now be well on the way to doing so, since he was imprisoned again in December, 1979, having previously served two years in a labour camp in 1974-5 for *samizdat* activities. He feels, however, the greater contempt for the doctors at the Serbsky Institute in Moscow, through which perfectly sane dissidents are known to have been processed on their way to psychiatric hospitals. He himself was lucky by his own standards because although removed to the Serbsky in 1974 for assessment he was pronounced 'responsible' and fit to stand trial—possibly as a response to Western criticism of psychiatric abuse at that time.

It is important that the prevailing Soviet theory of schizophrenia (school of Snezhnevsky) should be understood. Its diagnostic criteria are extremely broad; three main forms are recognised—continuous, shift-like and periodic. Sub-types of the continuous form are defined by the rate at which the illness progresses: rapid, moderate and 'sluggish'. It is the 'sluggish' form which is often ascribed to dissenters, as in the well-known case of Leonid Plyushch, and it is claimed that schizophrenia may be 'theoretically' yet not clinically present.

Nekipelov found himself in Section 4 of the Institute, which appeared to be for schizophrenics, and where he made the astonishing discovery that 'Ninety-five percent of the men in Section 4 were sound of mind'. The abuse that he uncovers, apart from the sprinkling of dissidents, is that the Soviet penal system is so severe that 'Every criminal has the secret ambition to be pronounced non-reponsible', and Section 4 is therefore peopled by a picturesque gaggle of common criminals who mimic insanity with inspired artistry. The doctors sift through them, solemnly, but, according to Nepikelov, are over-concerned to fill their 'quota' of diagnosed schizophrenics. He certainly does not experience or observe any advanced research techniques and his account is the more convincing for its lack of 'snake-pit' type sensationalism. He describes unacceptable surveillance, a poor standard of psychiatric interviewing, a reliance upon criminal dossiers rather than fresh data, an indefensible excess of lumbar puncture as administered to apparent schizophrenics (although it is a more necessary and routine diagnostic tool than he recognises where an organic disease is suspected) and some questionable use of drugs. He does not go beyond his own experience. His fellow 'patients' are wonderfully described, with humour and compassion and no one could fail to be fascinated by his account of this 'psychiatric paradise' where dishes brimming with milk and honey are set before these grateful sham madmen. MOLLY TIBBS

AN ANTI-APARTHEID EDITOR IN SOUTH AFRICA

Asking for Trouble: Autobiography of a Banned Journalist. Donald Woods. Gollancz. £8.50.

This autobiography might be called the bible of anti-apartheid in South Africa, for it gives the inside view of the conflict in acute detail. Mr. Woods, who became editor of the anti *Daily Dispatch* at thirty-one, was alarmed by the fact that by August 1977 44 prisoners-without-trial had died, most under

Kruger, a Minister of Police weak in his dealings with the Security Police. Then came the fourth arrest and death of Steve Biko, a close friend, officially from hunger-strike. Woods at once agitated for disclosure of the coroner's report stating that Biko had suffered a head injury.

For alleging that he had been beaten to death, and other opposition to the government, Woods was subjected to a five-year ban. He must not work, write or speak in public, speak privately with more than one person at a time even in his home. He was kept under constant watch, with all 'phone calls and incoming mail monitored, his family harassed, threatened, police entitled to enter his home any hour of the day or night.

How any sane government could impose such a ban and expect it to be enforced seems incredible. Woods is explicit on the personal trials it entailed; yet within ten days he had started writing his book on Biko, working all night till dawn, hiding the script instalments in a music record sleeve, smuggling them out to a friend, eventually to reach London.

Obviously this constricted life could not be endured; he must plan escape with friends' help. Donning priest's dress under an overcoat, he slipped out of his East London home over a back fence, hitch-hiked to a rendezvous where two cars awaited him linked by two-way radio so that one could drive ahead and warn him of any roadblocks. Thus he was enabled to cross the river frontier into Lesotho, board another waiting car there for Maseru in the north, where wife and family joined him, and fly to Botswana, Zambia, London. The perils and mishaps of this escape make vivid drama.

The book also has revealing insights into interior politics, meetings with leaders like Vorster and Kruger. An evidently reasonable Vorster admitted that he liked talking with Woods 'off the record', even about the D'Oliveira cricket crisis. 'I like to know what the real enemy is thinking . . . I am surrounded by yes-men who often tell me what they think I want to hear.' Yet probably the book's best writing is about Woods' boyhood and youth as a trader's son in the Transkei Xhosa country of the primitive Bomvana tribe along the S.E. coast: an echo of the kind of native lore Olive Schreiner gave us long ago in her *Story of an African Farm*. His parents' first six children were born dead before the mother's thyroid condition was diagnosed and cured by a black doctor who had graduated at Edinburgh University.

Mr. Woods concludes with a warning of an impending take-over of white rule by the blacks. If that happens one hopes that the evil he so earnestly opposes may not be succeeded by a direr one for the West and much of the civilised world.

TREVOR ALLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Israel Observed, an Anatomy of the State. (Thames and Hudson. £7.95). Although Israel is constantly in the news and a great deal is written about its relations with the Arab world, little is published about the structure and organisation of the state. Now William Frankel, a former editor of the Jewish Chronicle with close contacts in Israel, has helped to bridge this gap. The object of his book 'is to describe the structure and workings of the main political and social institutions of Israel which determine national policies and influence the way people live. Since the character of these institutions reflects the attitudes and personalities of the people who run them, I have also written about some of their leaders. . . Of course as a Jew committed to the support of Israel I am not impartial.

But I have endeavoured to deal with the subject with as much objectivity as I can command.' This a fair summary of his approach. By far the most permanent and valuable part of the book is his account of the Israeli process of government. Like some West European states, it operates the party list system, based on proportional representation. There are no separate constituencies, so the would-be member of the Knesset depends for election upon the patronage of his party and the gross amount of votes polled for it. This inevitably leads to permanent coalition governments. The Prime Minister is obliged to accept in his Cabinet the nominees of the coalition parties. 'He effectively directs government policies, but the principle is that of collective responsibility'. This is rather difficult to appreciate when the Prime Minister cannot dismiss a minister, and himself remain in office. 'Ministers disagree and quarrel with each other, knowing that they cannot be forced to go'. This has become patently obvious to the outside world.

Mr. Frankel has a useful chapter on the judicial system. It derives directly from the days of the British Mandate; and both our Common Law and Ottoman law still play a considerable part in the judicial process. The independence and courage of the judiciary is impressive. One of the more interesting sections of this study is the author's discussion of the part still played by religious leaders and the religious political parties. Though the volume covers a wide field, it omits 'any systematic examination of areas like local government, science and technology, agriculture and the revival of the Hebrew language'. The omission of local government is unfortunate. In Arab controlled towns like Nablus, and more particularly in Jerusalem, local government plays inevitably a very important part in the power struggle between the Jews and Arabs. Mr. Frankel has omitted the West Bank, and the Gaza Strip. He has not included 'any discussion of the occupied territories, their administration and problems, since they are not Israel proper'. The Arab element has been reduced to a minimum, important though it must be. He has 'concentrated on the Jewish component of Israel'. As a book for the general reader, it omits source references, although there is a bibliography.

People and Places. (Robert Hale. £7.25). This latest book by J. H. B. Peel makes the most pleasant reading. The author is, of course, well known as writer and traveller through rural Britain. He has a great capacity for describing the feel of a place as well as its physical character. In this volume, he is concerned mainly with the association of well known people with particular areas, covering a large part of Britain. There are, for example, Quiller-Couch in Cornwall and Oxford, Dickens at Gad's Hill, John Masefield in the Buckingham Campden Country, Francis Kilvert and Radnorshire, Beatrix Potter in Lancashire. We are taken north to Inverness-shire and to Caithness and John o' Groats. We even have an account of Nelson's death at Trafalgar. There are altogether 27 pieces, including some poems, and line illustrations by Valerie Croker. This is not intended as a work of scholarship.

Everyman's Book of British Ballads. (Dent & Sons. £8.95). Roy Palmer, who has made a special study of folk songs, has now edited a collection of over 120 traditional ballads, with their tunes. In his useful and informative Introduction, Mr. Palmer writes: 'No other single collection so far has included, with their tunes, ballads of tradition, of the street, of the music hall, and of recent composition' drawn from material in the British Isles. This book should be widely appreciated.

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